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FOR ENGLISH HISTORY

WALES.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING
PARTS OF WALES.

EDITED BY
OWEN M. EDWARDS, M.A.,

LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

VOL. IV.

(AND LAST.)

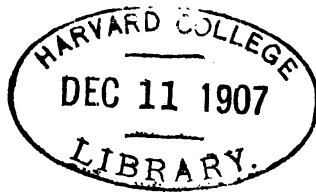


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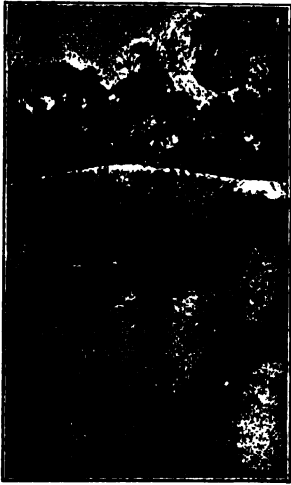
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PREFACE TO VOLUME IV.



THE preface to the fourth volume is to be the editor's farewell.

The necessity of severing my connection with WALES began to threaten me almost as soon as the January number left my hands; it became certain on March 9th. Between that time and to-day I felt fairly resigned; but now, when I have to write my words of awkward farewell, I confess that I never realised that parting would be, after all, so difficult.

The aim I had before me was certainly a lovable one. I meant WALES to be a magazine to emphasize the bonds of union between all Welshmen, rather than the causes of disunion. I hoped to make Welsh history and Welsh literature interesting to the peasants of the English-speaking parts of Wales. I trusted WALES would be, to some slight extent, a power in the development of our people in the direction of happiness and purity,—in love of reading, in enlightened patriotism, in love of flowers, in a higher conception of duty.

How far I fell short of realising my aim, no one knows better than I do myself. My only excuse is that I served my country, not to the extent of my love for it, but to the extent of my power. Month after month, year after year, I expected to have more leisure; but the leisure did not come. And now the duties of my profession demand all the short, but happy, hours I could once give to WALES. Still, it will give me never-failing pleasure to think of the articles and stories,—notably *The House of the Twisted Sapling*,—which gave WALES its value.

The support given me, by publisher and contributor and subscriber, was all I could desire. I am not richer, but I stated at the beginning that I did not intend to make money. Many offers were kindly made to continue WALES, but I thought that, in justice to the contributors who wrote for me because their aim was the same as mine, it would be wiser to make WALES disappear with me, so that anyone who feels inclined to imitate my attempt may begin afresh.

OWEN M. EDWARDS.

Lincoln College, Oxford,
Nov. 18th, 1897.

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Vol. IV.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 33.



REV. E. O. JONES, M.A.

Author of *Welsh Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century*.



In this number
will be found the
introduction to
Owen Rhos-
comyl's New
Story,—
THE HOUSE
OF THE
TWISTED
SAPLING.

THIS NUMBER IS THE FIRST OF A NEW
SERIES ON A MORE POPULAR PLAN.

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"May on Berwyn side."

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QUESTIONS TO MEMBERS OF
PARLIAMENT.

HEDDYW.

Dan olygiath O. M. EDWARDS, M.A.

MISOLYN NEWYDD, I DRIN PYNCAU'R DYDD YNG NGHYMRU.

BYDD YN ANENWADOL, AC HEB BERTHYN I
UN BLAID BOLITICAIDD.

*Hyrwyddo'r mudiadau yng nglyn ag
addysg a gwareiddiad fydd ei ymgais;
ei nod fydd codi Cymru'n uwch mewn
rhinwedd, mewn defnyddioldeb, mewn
cysur.*

PIGION O'R CYNNWYS.

Ein dyledswydd at yr iaith Gymraeg.

Beth a wneir yn ein plwyf ni?

(Darluniad o beth wneir, ac o beth wrth-
odir wneyd ym mhob plwy,—un plwy
ar y tro).

SULIAU HYD Y BYD.

(Yn y Bala, yn Rhydychen, gyda'r Wal-
densiaid, &c).

Cartrefi Cymru,—pa fodd i'w harddu
oddifewn ac oddiallan.

Diwydrwydd Cymru,—beth wna ein
llaw, a beth ddylai wneyd.

Pechodau Cymru,—pwy sy'n siarad
yn eu herbyn, a phwy sy'n ddistaw.

Ysgolion Canolraddol Cymru a'r Brif-
ysgol,—eu rhinweddau a'u colliadau.

Afiechydon Cymru; gan Feddygon.

Y mae rhai o ysgrifenywyr mwyaf grym-
us a dynion mwyaf profiadol Cymru wedi
dechreu cynorthwyo.

*Bydd HEDDYW'n llawn o ddarluniau:
ac ymdrinir ynddo a materion y dydd.*

TAIR CEINIOG Y MIS.

HUGHES A'I FAB, GWRECSAM

Y LLENOR.

Dan olygiath O. M. EDWARDS, M.A.

Unig chwarterolyn cenhedl- aethol Cymru.

POB RHIFYN YN GYFLAWN YNDDO EI HUN.

Yn y LLENOR ceir erthyglau manwl a meddylgar
ar rai o'r prif bynciau sy'n deau sylw'r byd yn y
dyddiau hyn. Ymysg testynau 1897 bydd y
rhai canlynol,—

LLAIS NA DDISTEWIR,—llais John Milton.

ADDOLI MAIR.—gyda phrif ddarluniau'r
Canol Oesoedd.

ARIAN; prif broblemau'r dydd.

PRIFYSGOL CYMRU,—ei hanes a'i dyfodol.

CWESTIWN Y TIR YNG NGHYMRU.

BYWYD LLYDAW.

LLENYDDIAETH Y GAEL.

TREM AR LENYDDIAETH CYMRU.

MASNACH RYDD,—beth ydyw heddyw.

Y TWRC A'I DDEILIAID.

LLWYBR DARGANFYDDIADAU'R OES.

OWEN GLYN DWR A'R WERIN.

YR URDDAU MILWROL YNG NGHYMRU.

LLUOEDD Y DWYRAIN (China a Japan).

PERTHYNAS MOESOLDEB A GWLEIDYDD-
IAETH.

CYFALAF A LLAFUR YNG NGHYMRU.

Darluniau Prydfertl

SWLLT Y CHWARTER.

HUGHES A'I FAB, GWRECSAM.

WALES.

VOL. IV.]

JANUARY 1897.

[No. 33.

A NEW PATH.

THE aim of this magazine is to serve the literary awakening which is spreading from the Welsh to the English speaking parts of Wales. Its sole object is not to be a medium of communication between Welshmen who take an interest in everything literary or Welsh. There are still many parts of our country in which the young men and the young women have not learnt to make books their companions. It is one of the chief aims of WALES to appeal to these,—to tempt them to read and to think, to bring them into contact with ideals, to teach them to observe, and to arouse in them a desire for serving their country and their fellow men.

WALES, as before, will deal only with questions upon which we are all agreed. Most Welshmen and Welshwomen are fully alive to the importance of religious questions, all are well informed concerning political matters; and in these directions I have no wish to wander. With religious literature of the most thoughtful and elevating nature Wales is plentifully supplied; with political liter-

ature that is, at least, full of energy, it is also well provided. I keep from these well-trodden paths entirely. Village life, bits of interesting history, men who are helping the development of intellectual and social life, stories of sacrifice and heroism among peasants,—my province will include

anything that throws light on the every day life of Wales, and on attempts,—modest and humble many of them,—to make it better.

I would be glad to help my country men to cultivate habits of minute observation; the garden, the forest, the birds, will claim attention.

From this will follow, I hope, more neatness and greater beauty in our country villages and cottage homes. It must be confessed that Welsh cottages, especially in the mountain districts, are squalid and comfortless to an extent that poverty

does not excuse. We have villages, it is true, that compare favourably, in point of white-washed neatness and profusion of window flowers, with the prettiest English villages. But there are others, and the mission of WALES will not have been in



ON ITS WAY TO THE DEE.

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vain if it can teach even a few that the poorest home can be made very beautiful.

Scenes in other lands will be described, especially in those from whose life and architecture we have something to learn. But, with the exception of about one every month, the pictures delineated will be Welsh ones. Those who have taken up the fascinating pastime of photography can give me very welcome help. Picturesque scraps,—of village life, of interesting buildings, of mountain and river scenery,—will be very acceptable.

It is my aim to select articles that are racy and short,—articles that tempt the reader, and that whet his appetite for truly intellectual and strengthening food. They ought not to extend to more than two pages, unless of very exceptional merit and interest, or unless they are very profusely illustrated.

Original poetry will be inserted, but every piece must be very short. Forty lines are the maximum length, except in very rare cases indeed. The poet who writes in English might very well accustom himself to the discipline a Welsh poet has to undergo in composing an *englyn*,—the thought must be enshrined within thirty syllables.

An attempt will be made at enabling those who do not know Welsh to enter into the heritage of Welsh literature. Short articles will be given on the chief Welsh writers, and translated passages will be given as illustrations. Some of the best of the long Welsh poems will be given if I think that the translation is really excellent. The first of these will be Ceiriog's well known pastoral *Alun Mabon*. It is translated by a descendant of Davies Castell Hywel, the translator of Gray's *Elegy* into the most melodious Welsh that man ever wrote.

Legends and fairy tales are of perennial interest, and those taken directly from peasant lips will find room at the first opportunity. They should be related as briefly and as tersely as possible.

Two pages a month will be given to passages selected to show the directions taken by thought and discovery in our own days.

Two pages will be devoted to a short chronicle of contemporary history and literature. They will be interesting in themselves, and will be convenient for purposes of reference.

Queries and replies will be continued, and will embrace more general subjects than before. Help ~~is~~ invited to make these interesting and useful.

The development of education in Wales will be very carefully watched, and illustrated articles on the university, colleges, and schools will be provided. Prizes will be offered to boys and girls in the county schools, and hints will be given concerning the various examinations for which the schcols prepare pupils.

I know that, as before, I shall find much valuable and willing help, for there are many who are anxious to do their share in raising the intellectual and moral and social tone of their countrymen. Any hints will be gratefully accepted. Records of observation of human character, of social growth in the right direction, of the enlarging of sympathy, and of work well done,—all these will be exceedingly welcome. News about the establishing and growth of libraries, new experiments in agriculture, technical instruction by the county councils,—for example in wood-carving, shoeing, dairying, nursing,—may I hope that I shall be supplied with news concerning these from the different localities? Records of observation of the habits of animals will also be very gladly received,—descriptions of the haunts of rare animals, anything about bird life, the extent to which rare birds are protected or in danger of becoming extinct. Farmers might tell me also what they regard as their enemies,—they might be in danger of extirpating a friend in mistake.

Peculiarities of certain districts are always welcome. Among these are often,—physical race characteristics, tribal nick-names, old names of weights and measures, peculiarities of dialect, legends about the origin of certain families, folklore of every description, bits of ballads which may throw light on history,—and what ballad does not?



MAY ON BREWIN SIDE.

"Do 'ye e'er see sweet May,
Sprinkling the hawthorn pale?"

ALUN MABON.

From the Welsh of Ceiriog. By ALLEN RAINE.

I.

WHEN Alun Mabon lived and sang
Upon the mountain's height,
His brow was broad, his form was fair,
His eye was clear and bright.
And though he was no learned man,
I tell you, he had store
Of precious knowledge, for his heart
Was versed in nature's lore.

His birth was on the mountain side,
And like the purple heather
That grew beside his cottage door
Through sun and stormy weather,
He lived and grew, through sun and shade
Upon the mountain side,
And there at last, like heather bloom,
He withered and he died.

II.

He dwelt upon the mountain side,
And like the lark, a full rich tide
Of music flung he far and wide,
Where there were none to listen.
Save when at eve, as legends say,
Men came to hear his tuneful lay,
And laugh or weep, as sunny ray
Will on the rain-drops glisten.

I fain would sing those ancient days,
And here recount their simple ways,
And tell how Alun's tuneful lays

Swept o'er the mountains hoary.
But why should I the legend tell
Which his own songs portrayed so well?
He takes his harp, then let it swell
The "Red Plough's" simple story.

III.

"THE RED PLOUGH."

Wilt listen, while I tell
How on this barren hill,
My sire taught me first
The stubborn ground to till,
To turn the rushy marsh
To meadows green and fields?
And this, man's earliest task,
The truest pleasure yields.

I lay me down with the sun,
And I rise ere the day is born,
And I follow the plough on the mountain's
brow,
In the breath of the misty morn.

Oh! would you know content?
Come to the mountain's brow,
Come, spend your days with me,
And learn to guide the plough.
Nor think that you will find
The real joys of life,
In town or vale below,
Or 'midst the city's strife.

I lay me down with the sun,
And I rise ere the day is born,
And I follow the plough on the mountain's
brow,
In the breath of the misty morn.

You wait your golden clocks,
Ere day unseals your eyes;
But the morning's early beam
Is the clock that bids me rise.
You search the almanac,
To see when spring will be,
But the green leaves are the book
That brings the spring to me.

I lay me down with the sun,
And I rise ere the day is born,
And I follow the plough on the mountain's
brow,
In the breath of the misty morn.

Little I know of life
By worldly joys begot;
But the rapture, well I know,
That dwells in a mountain cot,
That comes, as I sit at eve
'Neath the spreading elder tree,
And watch the crimson sun
Sink down behind the sea.

I lay me down with the sun,
And I rise ere the day is born,
And I follow the plough on the mountain's
brow,
In the breath of the misty morn.

Singers from far off lands
To you their music bring,
But I am satisfied
To hear the throstle sing,
To list to the soaring lark,
To catch the cuckoo's note,
And we joy, red robin and I,
In the song from the blackbird's throat.

I lay me down with the sun,
And I rise ere the day is born,
And I follow the plough on the mountain's
brow,
In the breath of the misty morn.

Ye men of cunning arts,
Ye dwellers in the vale,
Do ye ~~ere~~ see sweet May *He'er.*
Sprinkling the hawthorn pale,
The roses in the hedge,
The pool where the lilies hide?
Do ye not long to dwell
Upon the mountain side?

I lay me down with the sun,
And I rise ere the day is born,
And I follow the plough on the mountain's
brow,
In the breath of the misty morn.

When January binds
The earth in frosty chains,
The crystal trees are spread
Like lace upon the plains.
Beneath my cottage eaves
Are rows of diamonds bright,
And peeping through the snow
The ivy comes to sight.

I lay me down with the sun,
And I rise ere the day is born,
And I follow the plough on the mountain's
brow,
In the breath of the misty morn.

And then comes April on,
And with her, in her train,
Comes sparkling smiles of sun,
And sudden showers of rain.
And, as a maiden coy
In changeful mood is seen,
The blue sky looketh down,
Her smiles and tears between.

I lay me down with the sun,
And I rise ere the day is born,
And I follow the plough on the mountain's
brow,
In the breath of the misty morn.

IV.

Come and see the misty mountains,
In their gray and purple sheen,
When they blush to see the sunrise,
Like a maiden of thirteen.
Fly, ye lamps of night,
Hide your fading light,
Hither comes the rosy morn;
Every cloudlet grey,
Fringed with golden ray,
Hies to meet the day new born.

Come at evening to the mountains,
When the sunset floods the skies,
As a warrior, though victorious
Faints, "and in his blood he dies."
Dark and darker now
Lies the world below,
And a mist comes o'er the main;
Now the moon is nigh,
Twilight treads the sky,
Lighting up "God's lamps" again.

V.

So ends the "Red Plough's" simple song,
So end the mountain's praises;
And now my rude and rustic harp
Another prelude raises.
'Tis the loved tune of "Blodau'r Cwm,"*
No heart but knows that measure;
And for the subject! no man here
But knows its pain and pleasure.

(To be continued.)

* Blodau'r Cwm,—"The Flowers of the Cwm."



FROM THE PHILOSOPHERS OF TO-DAY.

THE SENSES.

CROOM ROBERTSON,
Manchester Science Lectures, V.

SUPPOSE, by a wild stretch of the imagination, some mechanism that will make a rod turn round one of its ends, quite slowly at first, but then faster and faster, till it will revolve any number of times in a second; which is, of course, perfectly imaginable, though you could not find such a rod or put together such a mechanism. Let the whirling go on in a dark room, and suppose a man there knowing nothing of the rod; how will he be affected by it? So long as it turns a few times in a second, he will not be affected at all unless he is near enough to receive a blow on the skin. But as soon as it begins to spin from sixteen to twenty times a second, a deep growling note will break in upon him through his ear; and as the rate then grows swifter, the tone will go on becoming less and less grave, and soon more and more acute, till it reach a pitch of shrillness hardly to be borne, when the speed has to be counted by tens of thousands. At length, about the stage of forty thousand revolutions a second, more or less, the shrillness will pass into stillness; silence will again reign as at first, nor any more be broken. The rod might now plunge on in mad fury for a very long time without making any difference to the man; but let it suddenly come to whirl some million times a second, and then through intervening space faint rays of heat will begin to steal towards him, setting up a feeling of warmth in the skin; which again will grow more and more intense, as now through tens and hundreds and thousands of millions the rate of revolution is supposed to rise. Why not billions? The heat at first will only be so much the greater. But lo! about the stage of four hundred billions there is more,—a dim red light becomes visible in the gloom; and now, while the rate still mounts up, the heat in its turn dies away,

till it vanishes as the sound vanished; but the red light will have passed for the eye into a yellow, a green, a blue, and, last of all, a violet. And to the violet, the revolutions being now about eight hundred billions a second, then will succeed darkness,—night, as in the beginning. This darkness too, like the stillness, will never more be broken. Let the rod whirl on as it may, its doings cannot come within the ken of that man's senses.

SYMPATHY OF MATTER.

HERBERT SPENCER,
The Principles of Psychology.

UNITS of sodium on which sunlight falls beat in unison with their kindred units more than ninety millions of miles off, by which the yellow rays of the sun are produced. Nay, even this is a totally inadequate illustration of the sympathy displayed by the matter composing the visible universe. The elements of our earth are thus connected by bonds of interdependent activity, with the elements of stars so remote that the diameter of the earth's orbit scarcely serves as a unit of measure to express their distances.

THE VARIETY OF ART.

JEVONS,
Principles of Science.

THE end of novelty in art might well be dreaded, did we not find that nature at least has placed no attainable limit, and that the deficiency will lie in our inventive faculties. It would be a cheerless time indeed when all possible varieties of melody were exhausted, but it is readily shown that if a peal of twenty four bells had been rung continuously from the so-called beginning of the world to the present day, no approach could have been made to the completion of the possible changes. Nay, had every single minute been prolonged to ten thousand years, still the task would have been unaccomplished. As regards ordinary melodies, the eight

notes of a single octave give more than forty thousand permutations, and two octaves more than a million millions. If we were to take into account the semitones, it would become apparent that it is impossible to exhaust the variety of music. When the late Mr. J. S. Mill, in a depressed state of mind, feared the approaching exhaustion of musical melodies, he had certainly not bestowed sufficient study on the subject of permutations.

REVERIE AS REST.

AMIEL,
Journal Intime.

WE must know how to put occupation aside,—which does not mean that we must be idle. In an inaction which is meditative and attentive, the wrinkles of the soul are smoothed away, and the soul itself spreads, unfolds, and springs afresh, and like the trodden grass of the road side, or the bruised leaf of a plant, repairs its injuries, becomes new, spontaneous, true, and original. Reverie, like the rain of night, restores colour and force to thoughts which have been blanched and wearied by the heat of to-day. With gentle, fertilising power it awakens within us a thousand sleeping germs, and, as though in play, gathers around us material for the future, and the images in which talent must clothe itself. Reverie is the *Sunday of thought*, and who knows which is the more important and fruitful for man, the laborious tension of the week or the life giving repose of the Sabbath?

FREE WILL.

G. A. SIMCOX,
In Mind.

PEOPLE who seem in some way weak or irresolute, like Johnson who was incurably indolent, or like Coleridge who in the literal etymological sense was incurably "dissolute," or Maine de Biran who was at the mercy of distractions, are remarkable for their confidence in their consciousness of free will, while great men of action like Cæsar and Napoleon are often fatalists, even though they might be dilatory like Wallenstein or irresolute like Cromwell.

There are people naturally dreamy who have taught themselves to be practical,

people naturally inattentive who have conquered application, as there are people naturally irritable who have conquered gentleness. The more closely we analyse the process of the improvement or deterioration of character through a steady/^c direction of the intention and attention, the harder it is to think away the central self which, as far as we can trace the process back, seems always active.

After all free will is not the highest freedom; it decides perplexities, it determines hesitations, it surmounts hindrances; things and people, the world and the flesh are against us, and yet to some extent we get our way in spite of them; we struggle to keep our place in the ranks, to keep our ground against the torrent; we are above and apart from nature, even our own nature, which we strive to subdue as its pressure almost overpowers us. But the action of the perfect, so far as they are perfect, is as natural as the play of a kitten, as the blossoming of a rose. Only it proceeds from a higher nature in which experience has passed through reason into insight, in which impulse and desire have passed through free will into love.

REMEMBERED!

BABBAGE,
Ninth Bridgewater Treatise.

THE track of every canoe,—of every vessel that has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power,—remains for ever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. The furrow which it left is, indeed, instantly filled up by the closing waters; but they draw after them other and larger portions of the surrounding element, and these again, once moved, communicate motion to each other in endless succession. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said or even whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand, for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle the testimony of man's changeful will.

A VISIT TO THE PYRENEES.

By Miss ANNIE FOULKES, of Llanberis.

I SUPPOSE that something like instinct prompts us Welsh people to write about our travels; for though we are not great travellers, we are a peculiarly literary people. At any rate, I should like to offer some notes of a Welsh girl's visit to the south-west corner of France and the Pyrenees, with a glance over the Bay of Biscay and a peep into Spain.

To a native of "hen Gymru fynyddig,"—one brought up at the foot of Snowdon, and who has spent the last few years at delightful Dolgellau, in daily view of Cader Idris,—who had then lived for six months at Saumur, on the rich, but monotonous, plain of France,—what could be more welcome than the prospect of visiting the Pyrenees? The reader will then imagine with what lively anticipation I started, although it was at the uncanny hour of half-past two in the morning, on the long journey southward. It was strange to walk through the silent, electric-lighted streets of Saumur at that hour, on a morning in early August; and as the train carried us across the open country, the dim, moonlit, wide-spread landscape was sweet and peaceful. At nine we reached Bordeaux, crossed the muddy-looking Garonne, and passed through miles and miles of vineyards. Then for four hours our journey lay through the Landes, that tract of blank, awful desolation, of endless pine forests, and again of monotonous heather, where the only signs of habitation are a few wretched-looking huts.

At last, at half-past four in the afternoon, we reached our destination, the little town of Salies, in the province of Béarn, and drove to the lovely old house, Lagouardère, our headquarters for the next six weeks. Next morning, from my bedroom window, I saw, with joy, *mountains* at last!—the grand Pyrenees, with some gleaming snowy summits. Here, in the gardens of the house, grew figs, peaches, and other delicious fruits of the sunny south; yonder, the eternal snow. Salies

is about the size of Dolgellau, and is now becoming noted, and much resorted to, for its mineral baths. There is a magnificent bathing establishment, and the Casino is resplendent with gilded pagodas. In the beautiful grounds of the establishment we see visitors from every country in Europe, and hear a Babel of tongues spoken by those who idly walk about, or sit fanning themselves under the palms, listening to the music. Among these, the most observed just now is the beautiful Signorina Rosita Móra, the *première danseuse* of the Paris Opera. In the country around, many things have a very Spanish aspect,—carts drawn by oxen; beautiful dark peasant women, very erect and graceful.

From Salies we made long excursions, one of which occupied nine days, during which we visited many of the towns nestling among the Pyrenees. The first stage in this excursion was to Laruns, thence to Eaux-Chaudes, which, like most of the towns of the Pyrenees, has its warm mineral springs. From here we proceeded to Eaux-Bonnes, which also, as its name implies, is noted for its healing waters. It is a favourite and fast-increasing health resort, with "grand" hotels and pleasure parks. It stands at the confluence of two mountain streams,—the Valentin and the Sourde,—and at the entrance of an exceedingly picturesque pass between high mountains. From the terrace of the Casino one gets a fine view of the great mountains, including the Pic de Ger. At the different hotels in the town were some distinguished visitors, one of whom was the Russian ambassador. From here we one day made the ascent of the Pic de Gourzy, a mountain about half as high again as Snowdon, from which we had a view of the magnificent panorama of the north of Spain, with the range of mountains like sentinels guarding it, high above which towered the majestic Pic du Midi. Next day, some of the most enterprising of us made the more ambitious ascent of the Pic de Ger (about 7,300 feet



high). We started at five in the morning, and the climbing gave us a taste of the pleasures and dangers of mountaineering, of which we felt, to tell the truth, not a little proud. We held on to a strap fastened around our guide, at some difficult places; and he had sometimes to haul us, one by one, up very steep rocks. We crossed long

CASCADE D'OVO, PYRENEES.

stretches of snow and some great glaciers; and at last stood proudly on the

summit. The weather was perfect, and the views far surpassed my descriptive powers. When gazing at the panorama of mountains and ravines, lakes and cataracts, the thought of the dear familiar old mountains of Eryri filled me with a great longing. Well, we arrived back at Eaux-Bonnes at seven in the evening, very tired, but proud of our achievement.

From the mountains we moved a little to the north, to Pau and Bayonne. Pau is a delightful town, a great winter resort, by reason of its mild, soft climate. The castle, which stands in the middle of the town, has associations with the lives of many of France's royal personages, and some of her kings were born here. The view, looking from Pau towards the Pyrenees, is most beautiful. The foreground of the picture is a rich plain, dotted with towns and villages; over this plain a river winds in many curves, catching the sunlight here and there; behind is a range of low, richly-wooded hills, and the background is the grand Pyrenees. It is a landscape which has evoked the eloquent praise of such writers as Lamartine and Taine.

Bayonne is a town of about 30,000 inhabitants. It is not of much account historically, but it is supposed to be connected with the origin of that effective instrument of civilization,—especially of British progress,—the bayonet. What I found most interesting in it was the curiously mixed character of the inhabitants. They are mostly Basques; next, perhaps, comes the Spanish element; then the French. The Basques are a distinct race of people, with a language quite apart from and unlike any other. They are regarded as a remnant of some very early, pre-Aryan race, perhaps the first human dwellers of Europe. Some have supposed that the same early type is to be seen in parts of Wales, in the peculiar small, dark-complexioned Welsh men and women. The Basques formerly kept themselves very secluded from their neighbours, living apart in their own district; now they are plentifully scattered throughout the towns of the Pyrenees. I was surprised at the many dialects or *patois* spoken in different localities,—dialects

which sounded harsh and unmusical, very different from the soft French language. In Béarn, for instance, they speak a dialect so distinct from the French that even our accomplished Madame Sery understood not a word of it, nor can the peasants understand French.

The small town of Lourdes has a notoriety of its own, on account of its "miracles," and the supposed virtues of its "holy water." Poor superstitious people flock there in great numbers. But all newspaper readers are familiar with the fame of Lourdes, so I need not describe it. Welsh people have an instance in the case of Holywell of what is going on on a much larger scale at Lourdes.

After our wanderings from place to place, in very hot weather, it was delightful at last to descend to the sea coast. Biarritz was, of course, the place we chose,—"the queen of watering places," as it is called, in common with many other rivals to that title. The town is small, but it is the resort of the very *élite* of those who seek health and rest by the sea. It is built on a little slope, overlooking the smooth beach, with the gloriously blue Bay of Biscay lying before it, the blue water merging in the far distance with the blue sky. Such names as the "Promenade de la reine Victoria" and the "Avenue de Gladstone," tell of the visits of those illustrious personages to Biarritz. From there we went south to Hendaye, a frontier town between France and Spain; and crossing the river Bidassoa, which is the boundary between the two countries, we trod on Spanish ground for the first time. Pretty, dark-skinned, and bare-footed little boys, begging for small coin, supplied to the scene its "local colour." The first town we came to was Fuentarrabia, that town with the romantic-sounding name such as grand old magniloquent Milton delighted to set in his verse; for has he not said in the *Paradise Lost*?—

"When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia."

It is a typical Spanish town, completely surrounded by strong defensive walls, through which we entered by a massive gateway. The streets are long and narrow, and the houses high, so that it

would almost seem that people could shake hands from the upper windows across the street. In front of the windows are quaint little iron balconies, and the effect of the whole to me was very strange and more foreign than anything I had ever seen.

After our wanderings in mountain regions, among busy towns, pleasure towns, and old-time romantic towns, we were glad to return to pleasant Salies-de-Béarn, for a few days' "sweet doing nothing,"—

dolce far niente,—as the Italians say. Then it was time to journey back to Saumur. We broke our return journey at Bordeaux, and spent a day very pleasantly there. The general aspect of this large town, set in its rich border of vineyards, is very charming. Some of the streets reminded me of the *boulevards* of Paris; but on my remarking this to an old driver, he said, with a proud smile,—“Ah! mais il n'y a qu'un Paris, mademoiselle!”

THE WANT OF ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

By Miss LOTTIE HUGHES, F.S.Sc., Frongoch, Bala.

WE cannot cry out that there is a lack of music in Wales, speaking generally. Our very hills and dales resound with music. In country places especially, and on summer evenings more particularly, we cannot close our ears, even were it our wish to do so, to the charming sounds of music floating in the air. The pleasant sounds we hear are mainly produced as the result of outdoor practice by our miners, artisans, and farm labourers, who meet in out of the way corners to prepare for the next local *eisteddfod*. On Sunday nights, in winter or summer, it is not unusual for parties to chant or sing as they wend their way to their respective hamlets or homes. There is undoubtedly a love for music born with the Welshman, and in many cases a talent that might become brilliant with the requisite polish.

The credit for bringing into view many a bright star that would otherwise have never shone in public is unquestionably due to our grand old national institution, the *Eisteddfod*. The emulation and consequent proficiency amongst our choirs and amateur vocalists are chiefly due to the same power.

The *eisteddfodau* have also, to a certain extent, encouraged instrumental music. We have now the brass band, pianoforte, harp, and violin competitions; and as a happy result we have in a few of our towns, chiefly in mining centres, highly creditable, and in some cases excellent, brass bands, which I hope, with perse-

verance and hard work, will soon be second to none of the same calibre.

Pianoforte playing is certainly on the increase, and the quality is improving; but there is still plenty of room for improvement. The fault, in most cases, is not that of the pupil, but the root of the evil lies with the parents, as their only ambition seems to extend to the possibility of the child being able to play a polka on the piano or a hymn tune on the harmonium. A thorough technical education is not looked for,—it is too tedious; and probably, in many cases, too expensive.

Violin teaching is in its infancy in Wales, but I am glad to be of the opinion that it is making rapid strides, and I heartily wish this branch of musical education every success, as it may lead to a more general use of stringed instruments, and thereby fill a great gap.

Orchestral music is, from a musical point of view, the great want or need in Wales. It is acknowledged that we are a musical nation vocally, but not instrumentally. This should not be so; we have the ability and the national love for music, but I fear we lack the energy and application required. To play an instrument in an orchestral or string band is not as easy as learning a solfa part in a choir,—it requires more time, energy, application, and, I ought to say, determination. Why should there not be such material in each and all of our towns, large and small? There is scarcely a village in Germany and other parts of the continent that can not boast of its

string band; and I am afraid they "hound out" their poorest samples,—brass and string,—and send them over to our country.

With regard to orchestral, or string bands, there are, no doubt, very great obstacles to surmount. But in large towns there seems to me to be but very little trouble, comparatively speaking. It only needs a little self-sacrifice on the part of one person, and a readiness to take upon himself, or herself, to offer to conduct or manage, then to invite instrumentalists to join, and hold meetings for practice periodically till such time as they are fit to appear before the public. In such towns there are plenty to fill up gaps, and there are generally a staff of able teachers.

In villages or small towns the obstacles are very great, and the trouble increases tenfold. The material is crude and scarce, there are no fill gaps, and it is with the greatest difficulty that players are obtained for each of the instruments, especially the 'cello, bass, oboe, piccolo, and flute.

I presume, with all these difficulties in view,—to say nothing of funds,—it cannot be a very easy matter to find anyone to

undertake the conductorship or management. I do not wish to discourage small towns or villages, but "to be forewarned is to be forearmed," and knowing the difficulties and obstacles in the way, they can judge the possibilities before making the attempt. A quartette,—two violins, 'cello, and piano,—would form a nucleus for a string band, and with a strong effort, and a little encouragement from the organist, or other recognised musician of the place, most small towns would soon boast of a quartette party which might ultimately develop into an orchestral band. My surprise is that small chapels and churches in country towns do not encourage this class of instrumental music. Where they cannot afford an organ, the quartette or small string band would, in my opinion, be an improvement upon the organ for a small building; and as the performers would probably be members of the choir, and lovers of music, the expense would be nominal. This, I suggest, would also form a nucleus for an orchestral band.

I hope to live to see "gallant little Wales" excel with instrumental music, as it undoubtedly does with vocal.

YOUNG WELSHMEN ABROAD.

I.—CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

TO cross the Atlantic, in these days of fast travelling, is a matter of small importance to the young Welshman who has firmly fixed in his mind a determination to join the ranks of his fellow countrymen abroad. All attempts on the part of the good folks to keep him longer at home fail; there is no terror for him in the tales of the sufferings endured by his relatives, who crossed in the days of the old sailing ships, with their voyages of forty long days, and half of these spent at the pumps. He is very brave all along; others have crossed before him, it is only a matter of seven days or so; he feels no regret at going away, at leaving the place of his boyhood,—the mountain sward, and the flowery lanes, trending down to the little stream that hides along

its banks one of the prettiest little nooks that nature could well contrive.

Of course there are many incidents that have taken place in his life,—short as it has been,—that have served to foster in his heart a tender regard for the old place; but then a fellow must try and forget, and so he makes up his mind to brave it as well as he can. Everything goes on swimmingly until the Sunday afternoon before his departure. He was in school for the last time. His teacher had already said enough about his going away; and, to make matters worse, the superintendent gets up, and announces to the whole school that John Jones is leaving for America. Then follows the customary advice to the young, concluding with a prayer for his safety. It is a trying ordeal, but at the

same time it affords ample evidence of the warm friendship that exists between teacher and scholar in our Sunday schools.

The day for departure arrives, and there is again a crowd of well-wishers assembled at the little station. The fast travelling steamer does not make the vast ocean to be crossed any narrower. There is always the probability of a wreck occurring, and this might be the last time they will look upon the face of the emigrant. Companions from the same neighbourhood are picked up *en route*, and in all probability, before Liverpool is reached, he has formed an acquaintance, and, better than all, he meets with one who has crossed before. Lodging houses are found in Liverpool which are the general rendezvous of Welsh people. He must not mind if, when at night he retires, and under a strict sense of his duty to his God he bends the knees in humble prayer, some less scrupulous room-mate should request to have a word put in for him. He will get used to this, and they will get tired of their chaff.

The proprietor of the lodging house will, for a trifling sum, supply him with all the necessary utensils for the voyage, and oftentimes persuades him to take with him tins and pans for which he finds no use, and which are a trouble to him throughout the voyage. He must provide his own bed, at least on the majority of lines, and otherwise secure himself with blankets and warm clothing for his bunk at night.

What a scene there is on board,—hundreds of beings wearing a look of such utter wretchedness, as clutching hold of their boxes, beds, and pans, they strive to find their way to their bunks. One comes across a steward, who is half seas over on the strength of leaving port, and tries to get some information from him about the location of the bunk. After using a few choice epithets in various foreign languages, he condescends to English, and you obtain at last the desired particulars.

Well, you first of all settle down in your cabin, and not the intermediate cabin, but the steerage cabin, and you are lucky if you get any sort of a cabin in this part of the vessel. With a due respect for in-

habitants of the British Isles, they are allowed to occupy the top steerage deck, and the remaining bunks are shared amongst the more respectable foreigners, generally Germans, going back after a trip to the Fatherland. Down below are lodged the rough foreign element. They come from all parts of the earth, and seem as if they have been transported wholesale out of their mountain fastnesses. They are dressed just as you see them in pictures, wearing long knives in leather belts at their waists. The motley crowd is made up of Poles, Swedes, Russian Jews, and other people, who are assisted from their homes by a benevolent class of persons, who oftentimes show more solicitude for the welfare of their own country than they do for the future welfare of the people they are clearing out.

To describe the voyage would be merely a repetition of other ocean narratives. No luxurious living awaits the young Welshman, and he must perforce put up with the rough fare, unless he has a knack of procuring something better from the cook's curry. To be without anything to eat all day long, after partaking of an early breakfast, gives one a relish for the hot soup that is brought round late on the first night. What a treat it is, and how happy you are beginning to feel at having such excellent fare placed before you. Unless you are pretty far gone towards starvation you never touch soup again. The same might be said about the beef; the same about the coffee; faugh! what stuff it is, sweetened with treacle, and as black as ink.

Perhaps you are lucky enough to meet with a Welsh family who, taking pity on you, include you in the family circle; and now you are at home. How you already began to think of the happy home you have left; but then these are but idle thoughts,—you feel it is your duty to do what you have done, and now you've got to go through with it.

What a motley crowd there are on board, and how strongly marked are the characteristics of each nationality! There you see a Pole attempting to wash his face in a drop of water that lies at the bottom of the very dish from which he has just

taken his dinner. His movements are watched by other passengers, and a couple of young Welshmen, disgusted at his performance, take hold of him by the back of his neck and rub his nose in the can. "Serves him right" responds the crowd around, "make him wash himself decently."

So the days pass by, and little incidents like these are constantly recurring. There is a good deal of jealousy between the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, as regards their vocal powers; though why the two first named should have any pretensions to such a distinction is a matter for conjecture. They roar out,—at least the Scotchman does,—about the banks and braes, and the Irishmen give you a sample of "Come back to Erin." Presently the Welsh people get together, and start singing one of their grand old hymns, or much better,—*"The land of my fathers."* The black barber on board steps out from his workshop to listen; Irish and Scotch are silent; and from aloft, from the hurricane deck, you hear several voices joining in the refrain. Some of the saloon passengers peep down the iron stairs, and come towards the group. They are Welshmen, of that you are certain, and there is no mistaking this when they join in the singing with undisguised satisfaction.

Rarely do you have a funeral at sea; but if you should meet with one, you will never forget the awful solemnity of the occasion. The usual process of stitching the body in canvass is carried out; and on the day that the body is to be committed to the deep, the sailors assemble bare headed, the corpse is covered by the Union Jack; the captain and officers in uniform, but bare headed, stand round; and after the reading of the burial service, the sailors let slip the rope, and all is over. You try and watch the body disappearing into the depths of the ocean; but the ship sweeps on her way, and you are drawn into a train of moody reflections, and quickly seek the solace of a pipe of tobacco to rid your mind of uncanny things.

Should a little child happen to die, a rude little coffin is made for it by the ship's carpenter. The coffin is then painted black, and large holes are bored in it on

each side so that it shall sink to the ocean's depths. It is hard to part with the dear one under such circumstances, but the will of God must be, and the agonising scene of a mother weeping at the burial of her little one, far out on the wild waves, is one that strikes home to the heart of even the roughest amongst the crowd standing round.

Little observation is needed to give you plenty of matter for reflection; but your own affairs are quite enough to deal with. The living in the steerage reads excellent when you are on shore; the tempting array of meats are enough to satisfy any one. What a difference there is when you have to go through the actual menu. Strong men fail to tackle the rough coarse fare handed round; and you may, if you care to watch, see two, three, or even four men, and sometimes a young lad standing close to an officer's cabin waiting for the steward to bring forth the remains of the officer's meals, when a rush is made for the plate held out by the steward, and the strongest gets everything, and the weakest gets nothing.

On other occasions you can see a group of well-to-do Irish girls casting wistful looks at the dish of smoking stew which a sailor is carrying past them. This is the man's dinner; and just as he reaches the middle of the group, one of the girls suddenly springs out and grabs hold of a piece of meat, which she eats with avidity. Unfortunately for themselves these girls came aboard without any eatables of their own; and when, after a day or two the ship's food was too sickening, they had to fast, whilst the passengers in the upper cabins gorged themselves with the good things of this life, and the remains from the tables,—which were thrown over board,—were more than enough to feed the whole of the steerage passengers.

You will be disappointed at the appearance of the American coast line when it comes into sight, and if you are, you will not be the first one. Living, as you have been, amongst hills and mountains, it is at first difficult to conceive that the long, low, uninteresting stretch of coast line is a portion of the American continent. As you draw nearer the shore you can dis-

tinguish objects on land, which arrest your attention until you are nearly preparing to dock.

The bustle of coming on board at Liverpool is now repeated: and, strange to say, you do not at all feel anxious to quit the ship. Since you have been on board you have, somehow or other, formed a sort of attachment to her, you have day after day sought your own little nook for a read or a smoke, and now all is at an end. Your reflection is however speedily

cut short, as you shoulder your trunk and march down the gangway. If you want to get away easily seize hold of an officer, and get your boxes examined. A young lady once asked an acquaintance to stand as her husband for a short while, whilst she smuggled through some blankets,—essential articles to comfort in an American winter,—should you do so, your domestic felicity begins and ends there, and probably you shortly afterwards bid her good-bye never to meet again.

THE COUNTY SCHOOL COMPETITION.

A prize of five shillings is offered for the best set of translations of the following passages,—I. to be translated into Welsh, II. into Welsh or English, III. into English. Excellence in one piece will make up for defects in the others. It is not absolutely necessary to translate all three.

The competition is confined to boys and girls now in any of the county schools of Wales,—including Monmouthshire, of course. The translations should be sent, by February 1, to O. M. EDWARDS, Llanuwchllyn, y Bala, North Wales.

I.—PAX TIBI MARCE.

RUSKIN.

VENICE may well call upon us to note with reverence that, of all the towers which are still seen rising like a branchless forest from her islands, there is but one whose office was other than that of summoning to prayer, and that one was a watch-tower only. From first to last, while the palaces of the other cities of Italy were lifted into sullen fortitudes of ramparts, and fringed with forked battlements for the javelin and the bow, the sands of Venice never sank under the weight of a war tower, and her roof terraces were wreathed with Arabian imagery, of golden globes suspended on the leaves of lilies.

II.—SOUVENIRS D' ENFANCE.

RENAN.

UNE des légendes les plus répandues en Bretagne est celle d'une prétendue ville d'Is, qui, à une époque inconnue, aurait été engloutie par la mer. On montre, à divers endroits de la côte, l'emplacement de celle cité fabuleuse, et les pêcheurs vous en font d'étranges récits. Les jours de tempête, assurent-ils, on voit, dans le creux des vagues, le sommet des flèches de ses églises; les jours de calme, on entend monter de l'abîme le son de ses cloches, modulant l'hymne du jour. Il me semble souvent que j'ai au fond du cœur une ville

d'Is qui sonne encore des cloches obstinées à convoquer aux offices sacrés des fidèles qui n'entendent plus. Parfois je m'arrête pour prêter l'oreille à ces tremblantes vibrations, qui me paraissent venir de profondeurs infinies, comme des voix d'un autre monde. Aux approches de la vieillesse surtout, j'ai pris plaisir, pendant le repos de l'été, à recueillir ces bruits lointains d'une Atlantide disparue.

III.—DARN O YSGRIF.

ROBERT OLIVER REES.

ARDYSTIAD Ieuan Gwynedd ydyw. Dyma un ardystiad dirwestol, o leiaf, na ddaeth byth i waradwydd. Wedi ei arwyddo, rhoddodd y dirwestwr ieuanc ei ysgrifbin i lawr, byth mwy i gyffwrdd â'r gwpan feddwol. Toriad gwawr dydd oedd hwn a barhaodd yn ddisglaer, heb gysgod un cwmwl arno, hyd fachlud haul,—cychwyniad ar hyd ffordd uniawn na fu byth gyfeiliorni na gwyro un cam allan o honi, na syrthio unwaith arni, hyd derfyn y daith. Dyma un cyfamod disigl, rhwng enaid ieuanc o ddifrif ar y ddaear â Duw yn y nefoedd, nas torrwyd byth. Nid oedd holl fywyd dilynol y bachgen a ysgrifennodd yr ardystiad hwn ond adysgrif deg, fywiol ohono. Ydyw, y mae yn gorwedd heddyw ym mynwent y Groes Wen, a'i gymeriad dirwestol ar y ddaear mor ddifeus ag ydyw ei enaid fry yn y Nef.



CILGERRAN CASTLE. (From a photograph by J. Thomas).

PEMBROKESHIRE FAIRIES.

By J. ROGERS REES, author of *With Friend and Book*, &c.

I.

WHEN the learned doctor of physic, Thomas Phaer, came to Pembrokeshire from Norfolk, sometime in the middle of the sixteenth century, he found the forest around Cilgerran teeming with fairies. And so, in addition to his metrical life of Owen Glyndwr* and his translation of the *Æneid*, he set himself to enquire into the origin and history of the "good folk." He appears to have collected all the information scattered about the district, as to their size, appearance, dress, and manners, noting, at the same time, the seasons of their manifesting themselves to human beings. Sorting, after a fashion of his own, all this wealth of material, he then commenced a process of analysis and comparison; and, reasoning from the results, he seems to have arrived at some such conclusions as the following,—

1. The existence of elementary beings is proved by almost universal testimony.

2. That, as all spiritual existences are sparks of the divine soul,—emanations from God,—these tiny beings are a part of the great scheme of the universe.

3. That as such they must, of necessity, form a link in the great chain of God's purposes, having their positions and duties clearly assigned them, and that, as in-

habitants of their appropriate spheres, they are as necessary an item in the order of things as we are.

4. That the divine essence, manifesting itself in angels and human souls, is the same as that shared, perhaps in a lesser degree, by spirits of the air, earth, sea, and running waters, and by the tiny, half-human inhabitants of holes in the banks of rivers, the dwellers in the depths of mines and caverns, and the custodians of lost and buried treasures.

The "little people" appear never to have been tired of work in the worthy doctor's days; and, for their willingness to help the needy and distressed, it might almost seem that they looked upon such services as a possible door through which they might creep into a certainty of immortality. Their reverence for human beings might be said to have foundation, in some degree, in a recognition of the fitness of the souls of such for eternal life, whilst their own state in the future was by no means clear to them.

In the face of this helping industry of the fairies, the following exorcism, known in Pembrokeshire in Phaer's days, seems unnecessary, unless, indeed, it was used by those whose actual claims for assistance were by no means pressing, and were in

* Published in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559.

consequence but tardily recognised by the little helpers.

"AN EXORCISM OF FAIRIES.

"We, being made after the image of God, endued with power from God, made after his will, and certain of immortal life, do exorcise you by the most mighty and powerful name of God, *El*, fair and willing little folk, and we command you by him who said the word and it was done, and by all the names of God, and by the name *Adonay*, *El*, *Elohim*, *Elohe*, *Lebaoth*, *Elion*, *Eserchie*, *Jah*, *Tetragrammaton*, *Saday*, Lord God most high; we powerfully command you that you forthwith appear unto us in a fair and knowable shape; come ye such, because we command you by the name of God; and by these three secret names, *Aglá*, *On*, *Tetragrammaton*, I do adjure you; and by all the other names of the living and true God, I exorcise and command you that you appear here to fulfil our will in all things which shall seem good unto us; and by this name *Primeumaton*, which Moses named and the earth opened and swallowed up Corah, Dathan, and Abiram; and we curse you and deprive you of all hope of immortality, unless you forthwith appear to do our will. Therefore come ye, come ye, come ye, *Adonay* commandeth you; *Saday*, the most mighty and dreadful King of Kings, whose power no creature is able to resist, be unto you most dreadful, unless ye obey, and forthwith appear before us; therefore come ye in the name of *Adonay*, *Lebaoth*, *Adonay Amioram*; come, come, why stay you? Hasten! *Adonay*, *Saday*, the King of Kings commands you; *El*, *Aty*, *Azia*, *Hin*, *Jen*, *Achaden*, *Vay*, *El*, *El*, *El*, *Hau*, *Hau*, *Hau*, *Va*, *Va*."

II.

The popular notions current in Pembrokeshire as to the origin of fairies may be roughly classed under the following heads.

1. They are the souls of dead mortals whose earthly lives, under the Christian dispensation, were so evenly balanced betwixt good and evil that a difficulty occurred in assigning them their proper destination at death; and so they are doomed to wander about in the odd corners of the earth until the last day, when they will be admitted to the outer circle of the saved, farthest from the throne.

2. They are the disembodied spirits of the ancient druids, who are thus paying their penance and working out their salvation.

3. They are the actual druids,—body as well as soul,—who refused to accept Christianity when introduced into Pembrokeshire, and were, as a punishment, condemned like the Wandering Jew to linger on the earth until the day of resurrection.

4. They are the descendants of conquered

aborigines, who out of fear of being slain, and from a natural hatred of their enemies, went into hiding in caves and woods, cutting themselves away from all open commerce with the usurpers.

5. They are a part of the crew who listened in Paradise to the temptations of Satan, and were with him thrust over the walls, falling on this earth instead of into hell. Here they are doomed to wander amid mountains and lakes and in the waste places of the earth till the last trumpet shall sound. They appear to be in entire ignorance as to their ultimate destiny; hence their fickleness and uncertainty of temper, acting as they do one day in the love and happiness dependent on a hope of heaven, and the next in the malicious spirit born of a fear of eternal torments.

In the neighbourhood of Fishguard, the people used to tell you that on Christmas day it was meet that all your sons and daughters should sit around your table to at least one meal. If not, some mysterious fate might overtake the missing ones; for, one day, being weary of his journey, Jesus entered the house of a peasant to seek rest and refreshment. The good wife had been blessed with no less than seventeen children; but, strange to say, instead of being proud of so many precious jewels, she was ashamed of the numerous lumps of animation that continually rolled about in the sunshine and the dirt. So, now that Jesus was in the house, she secretly commanded the eldest to take away nine others out of the way till she called for them, and on no account to permit them to show their faces until the guest had departed. Thus Jesus sat down to the humble fare of bread and water surrounded by seven children only, on whom he bestowed his blessing when he left. But when the woman, later in the day, sought the ten she had sent out of the way of Jesus, behold, they were not to be found. And these unblest little ones became the first fairies.

You must never refuse at least a crust of bread to a beggar who cries to you for help when the rain pours upon him as he stands at your door; for, when Noah shut fast the door of his ark, and the heavens poured forth the flood upon the earth,

seven poor folk, too wicked to be let inside, yet too good to be drowned, hung about the great wooden craft, clutching at its timbers and crying to be let in. But Noah kept the door shut; and thus, during the many days on which the rain descended, these poor creatures existed without food or shelter. At last, when the waters abated and before Noah came out, these seven, shrunk, emaciated, and deformed through continued fear of death and want of sustenance, left the unkindly ark and crept away to hide themselves from mortal gaze. Never recovering the size and comeliness of men and women, they kept themselves from mixing with ordinary folk on terms of equality. When, however, by chance their descendants have been seen, people have cried out,—“Behold the dwarfs.”

In the farmhouses about Canaston wood, they once told of the origin of fairies and dwarfs in different words. They looked askance at one who, using an egg, permitted the shell to be thrown aside unless broken into fragments smaller than a penny piece; for, in Palestine, some nineteen centuries ago, a woman possessed by a devil threw a curse upon a sister who had offended her, and thus brought her and her seven children to the verge of starvation. Then, to complete her evil purposes, she gathered what egg-shells she could find, filled them with dew, and fastened them up. These she placed upon a thorn-bush in the path along which she knew her sister would come. When the starving woman saw the eggs she uttered a cry of joy and, little dreaming of the mischief that had been brewed, made holes in them through which she and her children sucked the contents. But having thus drunk dew they all commenced to fade away, and would have completely vanished had not Jesus passed by just then and, seeing the evil lurking in the heart of the mischief-maker who was hiding in a neighbouring bush, commanded the unclean spirit that was in her to come forth. As the devil fled, obedient to his word, so also at that moment was stayed the wasting away that had seized the woman and her seven children, who rushed out with gladness into the desert, where

they henceforth lived, becoming the first fairy family.

The folk about Narberth used to chastise, with tongue or hand, the child convicted of spitting at any one; for, said they,—“It is the devil’s work, and he has already done enough harm by it.” The “harm” runs thus,—once upon a time, long, long ago, three white souls were sent out by Peter from Paradise to fit three new babes. It appears that Peter, who has charge of this department, always manages to arrange that bodies and souls shall arrive on earth at precisely the same instant. But in this particular case, the devil, who chanced to be lurking outside the gate, spat at the three white presences as they came forth; and these, in order to arrive spotless on earth, stepped aside to cleanse themselves in a crystal stream, which delay seriously interrupted the ordered state of affairs; for they were each ten minutes late and, as a result, the bodies they took possession of never grew in size, but developed in the direction of peculiarity and unshapeliness. Years passed by until, one day, through a strange ordering of circumstances, the three met face to face. Instantly recognising each other, they as rapidly realised that they were but oddities in the world of men and women, and that the sooner they withdrew from it the better it would be for their welfare; and so, hastening to the woods and hills, they lived by themselves and became established as the first of the numerous families of dwarfs.

I am told that, in some corners of Pembrokeshire, fairies are looked upon as the spirits of the pigmies who lost their lives in the great battle with the cranes which happened long ago. But I have been able to find no actual trace of this belief, and am inclined to look upon it as a mere modern introduction into the nursery from Homer or from Addison’s “Battle of the Cranes and the Pigmies.”—

“Or, if old wives’ tales deserve aught of credence, oft-times, amid the darkness of night, the shepherds see tiny shadowy presences; these are the pigmies, disembodied; and the airy crew, safe from the cranes, with their past woes forgotten, let time slide by in leisurely delight, enjoying the dance, wearing smooth the narrow paths, and spinning in rings upon the green; and they are known by the name of fairies.”

THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL.

Author of "The Jewel of Ynys Galon," "Battlement and Tower," etc.

INTRODUCTION.

IT was merely a commonplace ruin of the kind so plentifully scattered over the Welsh mountains; lichen-covered, weed-grown, and weather-beaten, here and there bulging till it threatened to tumble into shapeless confusion. There was nothing at all about its appearance to indicate, even remotely, the grim chain of events hanging by the name it bore,—“The House of the Twisted Sapling.”

Lonely and far from all other habitations that ruin stood and still stands. No other homestead has dared to climb so high out of the narrow valley beneath. This long ridge of Cefn Du, stretching its huge bulk from the shoulders of Aran y Ddinas in the west to the broad vale of Cildeg on the east, lies lone and unpeopled save for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field and waste. Southward, across the hemmed-in valley at our feet, extends the parallel mass of Drumhir. These two giant outliers are the reaching buttresses that prop the crowning glory of Aran, whose lightning-riven peak, shuts in the valley to the west and soars, unchallenged king, over all the other mountains in the group. The conformation of the spot upon which we stand, being the top of a hummocky spur projecting southward a little way from the main ridge behind, gives the few acres of tolerably level plateau necessary for the existence of a hill farm,—but at the same time it hides all sight of anything in the immediate world below, thus leaving no faintest sign of human interest or association, save when, upon a rare day in summer, far away and far below, a thin haze of smoke rises lazily to indicate the position of the sleepy little market town of Cildeg.

As to the place itself, it had been simply one of those small holdings almost peculiar to mountainous counties. Farm it could scarcely be called, for the few small and irregularly shaped crofts which surrounded the building hardly merited or justified the dignified title of “land.” True enough, being next the open mountain, it had certain rights of turf and pasturage,—so many head of cattle and young stock, so many sheep, etc., but even then it was a poor place.

The actual building had differed in no wise from

thousands of others upon the mountain sides of Wales,—a simple oblong erection with a dividing wall across the centre cutting it into equal halves. The eastern half was again sub-divided so that it yielded two rooms upon the ground floor, with a low attic over each; while the western half furnished the scanty housing which is all that seems necessary for the hardy products, animal or vegetable, peculiar to such upland holdings.

For something like sixty years that ruin has stood thus; braver and more steadfast at first in preserving the outline and semblance of its original estate, but latterly, as if becoming decrepit with increasing age, hurrying with increasing speed towards oblivion. Haply these stones had once been lovely to the gaze of some wandering nature worshipper, but that was in the long ago, before the hand of man had wrenched them up from where they lay, half buried in the soft green moss, or showing their grey surfaces through the warm, clustering purple of the knee-deep heather. Some of them, too, the hammered corner stones and sills for instance, had seemed even more beautiful perhaps, before drill and gad and bar had shattered and displaced them from the sheer front of the cliff that rose a few yards behind; covering now the scars in its bosom by a bushy mantle of the deepest hued ivy.

It may be that they have still some remnant of pleasingness or interest remaining even yet, if not to the eye, then at least through it to the mind behind. Some even-souled seeker after the varied manifestations of “The King in His Beauty,” pausing to rest here in this green spot, green still after these sixty years of desertion, might perchance feel a soothing influence permeating his spirit in contemplating these poor walls. Lying here with the arch of God’s Throne above him and the swelling lines of His Footstool around him, the Pilgrim might pass a restful hour, weaving, according to his mood, the web of human interest in this spot. If the sky above him bent blue and cloudless and the world around him glowed purple with heather, while the sun kissed his cheek caressingly,—then would the south wind whisper soft fancies in his ear; tales of fond lovers who would be alone and out of the world, “far from the madding crowd,” where they might pass their lives in one dream of long delight, with

nothing to interfere in their enjoyment of each other's presence, lovers to whom God was a Benign Being who delighted to share the happiness of His creatures.

Or again if the sky above and the mountains around were hidden alike in one wandering, drifting obscuration of noiseless, all enwrapping cloud; if everything were wet and dripping wet, and every short while some near rock or peak emerged from its ghostly shroud to gaze gloomily at him for an instant ere it disappeared in nebulous obliteration,—then would he catch from the strange moaning of the west some sad, unbrightened story of folk to whom the world was but a dreary struggle against a passionless, unfeeling destiny, and God but a pitiless chooser amongst the creatures of His Hand, a stern weigher of souls, a hard eyer of justifications and balances. Or he, this Pilgrim, might seek shelter here when the world was choked in the black pall of a thunder cloud, split and seamed and shattered into a thousand sections by the blue gleaming of continuous, awful lightning; when the solid earth seemed to quake beneath him, and the air and heavens together to quiver and throb from the ceaseless blows of the thunder, leaping from peak to peak and point to point. Then would he learn, beaten into his mind at every peal, of folk who lived in fear and trembling; to whom the night was full of evil shapes and the day thick with misfortunes; to whom God was stern and terrible; to whom birth was the threshold of the anteroom of hell, and death the opening of its gates and the casting headlong within. Or again, did our Pilgrim find himself here when the deep blue curtain of the night was edged and outlined by the darker borderings of the sleeping hills,—when fair Luna kept her court in the southern heavens, attended by her beauteous galaxy of starry maids; when the deep breathings of resting nature stole through and through his heart and hushed his pulses into unison with them; then would he feel, stealing through every nerve like balm, that here people had lived to whom the past, the present, and the future; life, death, and eternity; were in the hand of an all-wise and all-feeling God, who would unfold all things to His children in His own good time.

But, in lazy contrast, did some Sybaritic one, by mistake, come here in the sunshine and, having gotten so far, paused to wonder why, then would the voices of the daws, lazily settling amongst the gnarled stems of the ivy bush on the cliff, or floating and wheeling in and out of its shadows, call up hosts of pleasant memories; crowding so closely and subtly upon him as to carry him

away to other scenes in total forgetfulness of his present surroundings.

For surely the jackdaw is the gentleman and J.P. of the feathered kingdom. His habitations, when he chooses to dwell in the closely settled haunts of men, are always in keeping with the dignity and exclusiveness of his manners. The airy pinnacles and sacred niches of hoary cathedrals are his chosen sites. The strong decay of rugged castles affords him a home, whence he may watch the endless strivings and useless unrest of human-kind. For he does but regard man with a scarcely concealed contempt. He never attempts to tickle the creature's ears with a song in order to justify his own existence; neither begs mercy upon a pretence of usefulness by grubbing and probing amongst nastinesses to the assistance of the cultivator. No! he ignores all such subterfuges and simply tolerates man in a lofty sort of way, saving when that unfeathered biped, impelled by a restlessness utterly inexplicable to respectable jackdaws,—sight-seeing to wit,—climbs too near to that loophole or that gargoyle where the grey wiggled and black continuationed legislators do dwell.

Yea, to our Sybarite, what reposeful associations would those sleepy, sweet-timbred voices of theirs call up; those notes so full of decorous wisdom; such lordly content. What visions of golden afternoons and calm, cool shaded retreats, spent and enjoyed amidst the builded monuments of old,—of gentle mannered hours and places where-through the foot falls softly and hurry is unknown; where laughter is like tinkling silver and the thoughts of the heart are mellowed, while the brain moves reverently in a pearly mist of memories of the pleasant days of old. A soft, sweet stealing world it is, my masters, whose echoes blend in the liquid, admonitory drawl of the grey headed daw.

Thus might our Pilgrim or our Sybarite have found a pleasure or a profit in this spot, but for us—

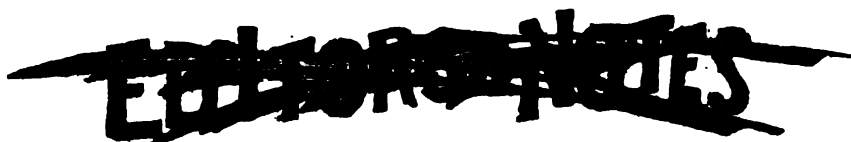
Aye, these particular daws know nothing of dim monuments of man's pride or ambition, least of all of his reverence, unless, mayhap, from sire to son, through all the ages, they have passed down the story of the cromlech and the dead city at the foot of Aran y Ddinas, or of the stone circles by the shores of Llyn Du. Who knows? Perhaps they have done so, and the weight of knowledge thus treasured may have engendered their philosophic carriage. The sadness, too, that sits with them upon the cliff-top; may not that be from the same source? But, an if it need any other or more modern cause, they surely require to look no farther than the rude ruin of this poor cottage before them.

Here is none of that majesty of ruin which marks the massive walls and strong towers of the old castle, whose storm-worn battlements and crumbling gateways voice, deep and sonorous, the tale of a stirring past,—there is no sadness in that trumpet tale. Nor is there here any of that beautiful in ruin, such as clothes the mouldering fragments of the old abbey or cloistered retreat, whose sculptured tendernesses whisper of high and holy things upheld in the dim dawn of history,—there is too much of hope and comfort in the breathing repose of them to have aught in common with this rough congeries of stone. For neither majesty of beauty, nor hope and comfort have any place in its story unless,—unless, that is, you count the dark struggle of a naked soul, striving to interpret the attributes of Eternal God, as being majestically beautiful, or reckon the consummation of long nursed and deep cherished revenge to be the attainment of hope and comfort. In which case

you shall find all of these, before you come to the end of this story.

Perhaps it was the sad-voiced curlews that told me the soft and melancholy parts of this relation. Perhaps the hoary raven from the rocky peaks of Aran croaked the red and black parts of this into my ears, the while he chapped his great beak in horrible satisfaction at the memory of the rich stream which bubbled and spurted over these stones in the hour that he remembers.

And, lastly, perhaps the unmoved daws sat over all and from their rocky vantage played the chorus, crying from end to end in monotone,—“Aho. Aho. The well-springs of man's nature are deep and unchangeable. The surface tints may vary, but not the depths; the depths that are grim and dark from the beginning,—which we saw; the depths that will continue grim and dark to the end; which we shall see. Grim and dark, aho! aho!”



Address.—O. M. EDWARDS, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE report of the Land Commission has already begun to make relations between landlord and tenant more happy. If there was one point that was clearly brought out by the evidence, if there was one point on which all the commissioners cordially agreed, it was the folly and the injustice of appointing an agent whom the tenants can not understand. I believe Mr. T. E. Ellis once stated at the coming of age rejoicings of the heir of Rhiwlas, that if he was going to remain ignorant of his tenants' language, he was placing a triple wall of brass between him and them.

Landlords have already begun to lay some of the most earnest appeals of the commissioners to heart. I know of several landlords who are busily learning Welsh,—and I get continual inquiries about the best grammar.

I would not begin with a grammar. I would learn, first of all, a list of the words in most common use. Then I would begin to read a Welsh book by the aid of a dictionary,* or, better still, by the aid of some one who would read the Welsh aloud and then help me to translate it.

For a collection of simple sentences for trans-

lation, the little *Welsh Primer* drawn up by the Rev. E. James Jones, M.A., for the use of the Welsh children at Manchester, who are taught their fathers' tongue, is well worth mentioning.* Messrs. Hughes of Wrexham have a number of very excellent books for the same purpose.

When a little headway has been made, Daniel Owen's *Enoch Hughes* might be attempted, with the help of the Hon. Claud Vivian's translation in WALES. Or *Rhys Lewis* would do, with the English translation of the late James Harris.†

I regret that many articles have been crowded out, notably the introduction to “In the Garden and the House of Rest” and one or two striking poems. My chronicle of passing events will begin in next month's number. The literary history of the month,—including reviews of several important books,—has also been held over. The first two chapters of Owen Rhoscomyl's new story will appear in the next number.

The editor would be exceedingly grateful for help to make this little magazine known. It has a mission, and I feel certain of the help of those to whom its mission commends itself.

* Richard's Welsh-English and English-Welsh Dictionary, published by Messrs. Hughes at 2s. 6d. is as serviceable as any.

* Published by the Welsh Press Co., Carnarvon, 3d.

† All published by Messrs. Hughes, 56, Hope Street, Wrexham.



OUR CHOIRS.

I.—THE TREORCI MALE-VOICE PARTY.

BY OWEN GEORGE.

SILENT the mole in his galleried hole,
Boasteth the rabbit his song?
Burrowers they in the sand and the clay,
Where are the joyous and strong?
Not in the gloom, Ah! not in the tomb
Is music's eternal delight,
But in the blaze of the sun's kindly rays,
In treetop and heavenward flight.

And whence come these, with the westering breeze,
Song-laden, song-bursting, song-mad?
From the dark noisome mine, in an ecstasy fine
To bathe in sweet sound, and be glad;
More light hearted they than the children of day,
Unselfish as birds on the tree,
Sure care hath no part in each sweet attuned heart,
With its burden—" 'Tis good for to be."

O denizens bright of the region of night,
Who daily look death in the face,
Is aught in this life save hatred and strife?
And is there no true resting place?
When galleries long re-echoed your song
To the gnomes and the sprites down below,
Did they, in their joy, give each collier boy
Nepenthe against worldly woe?

The high-placed shall learn and the lowly discern
Life's mystery deep in your lays,
And Rhondda's bright youth shall ring us the truth
That nothing is real but praise;
That sacrifice meet to the righteous is sweet,
Each one but a unit of song
In the chorus divine of the Father benign
In whom we may live, and be strong.

MODERN PILGRIMS.

By MISS E. A. KILNER, author of *Four Welsh Counties, &c.*

I.

"**M**R. COURTNEY says you must leave by the 6-5 a.m. train, or you will probably miss us at Caermarthen junction; and then, where would you be at night-fall? Echo answers 'where?' And if it were an Irish echo it would add,—'Not at St. David's.'"

After this manner wrote my friend, Mrs. Hilton, in response to my protest against so early a start.

My projected tour was not viewed with favour by my friends. They could, or would, not understand my preference for wild Wales, when lawn-tennis and picnics in the woods of Belvoir were to the fore. "You will never get there," said one. "You will be lost in a bog, or bewildered on a mountain as sure as fate." "It is an unknown place,—well, I mean now-a-days," said another. "You may search Bradshaw in vain, you know,—so it is unknown to civilization," he added, triumphantly.

I was nearly yielding when a third, who had been reading a book on Welsh legends, and had learnt therein that either in body

or in spirit every Welshman and Welshwoman must visit the cradle of his faith, most strongly advised me to defer that event. This was so disagreeable and uncalled-for a suggestion that it settled the matter. I would go, I declared, with all my faculties about me, and not as a wandering ghost.

It was lovely weather when I left the level cornlands of the shires. By the time I reached H—, where it had been arranged I should pass the night at Mrs. Hilton's house, the blazing heat of the August day had waned, and cool breezes strayed over the valley of the silvery Wye. I was welcomed by Mrs. Hilton's cook,—the only person of the household not holiday-making; and, mindful of the morrow, I retired early, leaving strict injunctions to be called at four o'clock. The cook was faithful.

"Now," thought I, as I rose, "I am really beginning my pilgrimage." It is something like walking with peas in one's shoes, to put them on at so unusual an hour.

At 5-30, the fly came to take me to the station; and ere long I was *en route*, travelling through a country fruitful and fair, with swelling hills and rushing rivers. The names of the railway stations were historic,—bringing to mind Roman legionary, swarthy Silurian, the quest of Arthur's knights, and many a story of the changing ages. The grey ruins of border castles dotted the higher ground; and hard by,—for the Norman was as pious as he was brave,—rose the embattled towers of the church he had founded and endowed. What generations of forgotten men have lifted hands of supplication and hearts of praise, under that sheltering roof, each at last resting within its shade in humble hope of heaven.

The scene changed,—and we passed busy towns, and there was hurry and speed and steam. Then we journeyed along the margin of a sandy bay; the ruins of mighty strongholds blocking the landward roads. Ivy-clad and picturesque now, they were once grim foes, keeping watch and ward with arrow and broadsword against the Danish pirates who thronged the estuaries of the Severn sea.

"Ah! grey roofless castle, how changed is the scene, In thy desolate halls and thy courts lone and green!"

"There you are!" shouted a voice, as the train glided into the station at Caermarthen junction, and I caught sight of my fellow pilgrims standing a-group,—tall Mr. Courtney towering above his wife, Mrs. Hilton, seven boys and girls, maids, and a quantity of luggage.

In half an hour we were all off again, the rate of travelling gradually decreasing to a crawl, if that term can be applied to the railway. But at last Haverfordwest was reached; and, hot, cramped, and weary, we turned out on the platform,—being told that, as we were so large a party, we should have a coach to ourselves to take us on to St. David's, and that there was plenty of time for refreshments. In the course of our pilgrimage we found that time was of small value in the eyes of our neighbours,—there was a delightful elasticity about it that was as novel as it was embarrassing,—and to-day we hurried very unnecessarily over our tea.

Subsequently I visited Haverfordwest and explored its castle ruins, and clustering streets which even now forcibly convey to the mind the *raison-d'être* of its existence in feudal times. The strong arm and watchful eye of Fitz-Tancred or Marshalls kept at bay from their rocky eyrie the fierce wild natives, while around it, sheltered within strong walls, were housed the burghers of a foreign race.

"Sad are the ruthless ravages of time,
The bulwark'd turret frowning once sublime,
Now totters to its basis, and displays
A venerable wreck of other days."

This proud castle is now a disused county jail, forlorn and dismal.

The churches of Haverfordwest are very interesting, and from the broad bridge that spans the clear waters of the western Cleddau, the graceful ruins of a priory of Black Canons of the order of St. Augustine repose in the sunshine. This institution was richly endowed, and its aisleless cruciform church was a little cathedral, the bells of which for 350 years daily, at matin and evensong, rang out a call to prayer over the river vale.

But I am anticipating. Our coach and four is ready,—some take inside seats, others mount beside the driver. Was ever such a lumbering machine seen elsewhere? Not in Great Britain, I think; but it had the air of being first cousin to the ancient diligences to be met with in the mountainous district of the Cevennes. With broadest of wheels, and the smallest of windows, and plenty of room for passengers outside and inside, and for luggage, the whole affair was covered with splashes of dry mud, revealing occasionally vestiges of ancient paint. As for the horses,—great raw-boned animals; and the harness,—a jumble of ropes and straps,—they defy description.

Off we started up a very steep cobble-paved street, Evan Evans, the driver,—a wiry-looking dark-featured Celt,—showing the greatest skill in steering his strangely assorted team, for with a stretched-out hand we could have almost touched the flower pots on the bedroom-windowsills of the houses on either side.

(To be continued.)

MEN WE MEET

I.—THE VICAR OF LLANIDLOES.

WE met in one of the most lovely spots in all Wales,—on the Terrace at Barmouth. It was not in the hot days of summer. Barmouth was almost deserted, and one enjoyed seclusion in this home of those who love mountain and sea. There were sure signs of the approach of winter, and huge waves swept over the sands and broke almost at our feet.

I had not seen Mr. Edmund O. Jones before, and he was quite unlike what I had imagined him to be. He is of medium height, a fair curly-haired man, with the plentiful good-humour of a boy.

"Your name is in everybody's mouth," I said, for the *Welsh Lyrics* had only just appeared, "but I associate you with Llanidloes, not with Barmouth."

"O, but I was born here," he said, raising a cheery voice above the whistle and roar of the tempest, "my father was rector of Barmouth. Dr. Hughes is my cousin, I am staying with him."

"That is what you mean by the lines in your dedication then,

'Such as they are, from your Yorkshire home,
Perchance they may in fancy bid you come,
Pondering past memories to my native land,
Once more to see fair Mawddach from the bridge,
To walk where Cader rises ridge on ridge,
Or where Llanaber holds our dead to stand.'"

"Yes. All her married life was spent at Barmouth.

"Every time I come to Barmouth I discover some new addition to its fame. Two

years ago I was charmed by the poems of Robert Owen. I am glad you selected some of his pieces for translation."

"I read that article in the *Llenor*, but I could not make out for a long time who he was or to whom he was related. But I was very much struck by the first poem of his that I read; I saw he was a real poet."

"You Barmouth people take to languages.

He was taught three or four, I believe, by a Frenchman who is buried, like Chateaubriand, in yonder rock."

"O yes, I remember Mons. Guyard well. But I did not try to learn anything then, and missed splendid opportunities. My mother is a very good linguist."

"Your book has been reviewed very favourably."

"Yes. But the Welsh papers are not reviewing it generally. I have collected the reviews, and I was very glad to find that nearly every piece in the whole book has been selected for quotation by somebody or other."

"I suppose you were delighted when the book appeared?"

"Naturally. But the delight was alloyed by a very sharp letter from a publisher, accusing me of infringing copyright. And I have just been shown a curious coincidence. Dr. Grosart is staying at Barmouth now, and he has discovered that one of the verses in my translation of Caledfryn's *Gog* is the same, almost word



REV. E. O. JONES, M.A.
Author of *Welsh Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century*.

for word, as a poem written by Logan or Michael Bruce."

"That is a great compliment to you. Caledfryn meant it as a translation, I have no doubt."

"I am quite sure if we could find the magazine it originally appeared in we should find this stated. Probably Caledfryn forgot how literal it was when he published his volume. As it is he disclaims originality in this as in other pieces, but I translated it from a small anthology and had not then read his preface."*

"You are not going to stop with one book?"

"Dr. Grosart warns me not to throw myself away on shilling volumes. My plan is to translate an anthology of Welsh poetry,—alliterative poetry and all. He wants me to do it in big subscription volumes. But I want to translate for the people generally, not for rich men alone."

"I am very glad to hear that. If I were you, I would publish a shilling volume as soon as you have enough material. I hope every boy and girl in the county schools will get them. It will lure them into reading and loving the literature of their own country."

"That is exactly what I want to do."

"You take an interest in Welsh education? Where were you at school?"

"At Dolgellau. I was one of Bishop Lloyd's first pupils."

"I have just been reading his evidence before Lord Aberdare's Commission. It has greatly impressed me."

* Mr. Thomas Thomas, Tŷn y Wern, Pontypridd, kindly calls my attention to the fact that Caledfryn states in the introduction to the *Canladau* that Y Gog is a translation.—Ed.

"Yes. I think he knows more about Welsh education than any man living."

"Is that your opinion? Do you believe in close scholarships for Welshmen at the great universities?"

"Yes, but they should not be confined to one college. They should be tenable at any college, so that Welshmen can mix with other men."

"But do you not think that it is better for them to be in one college? They are quite out of college life in other places, very often, are they not?"

"I was not, at Merton. I felt no difficulty in making friends, and I knew no one when I first went up."

"But you were captain of the boat, and so quite in it."

"That is true, but my case to start with was the same as that of any other Welshman. Welsh nationality and Welsh provincialism are two quite different things, one is good and the other bad, and it is the latter that is fostered by crowding us together in one college, instead of merging us in a university."

"Now you have discovered your work. If a second volume does not appear soon, I'll have to take you in hand and persecute you."

"Oh, there's no need. My wife is already urging me on. I translate Welsh poetry to please her, and she is a very severe critic."

The merry laughter of the translator at the thought of his bondage labour was very contagious. I hope he was put to translate as soon as he reached home.

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reason for the defect, but it causes very great inconvenience to have to look under headings like "land," "education," "university," for matters relating to Wales, whereas one finds everything relating to New Guinea or Honduras, Chile or China, Scotland or Ireland, collected together under the respective names of those countries.

* These questions should be put as briefly as possible.

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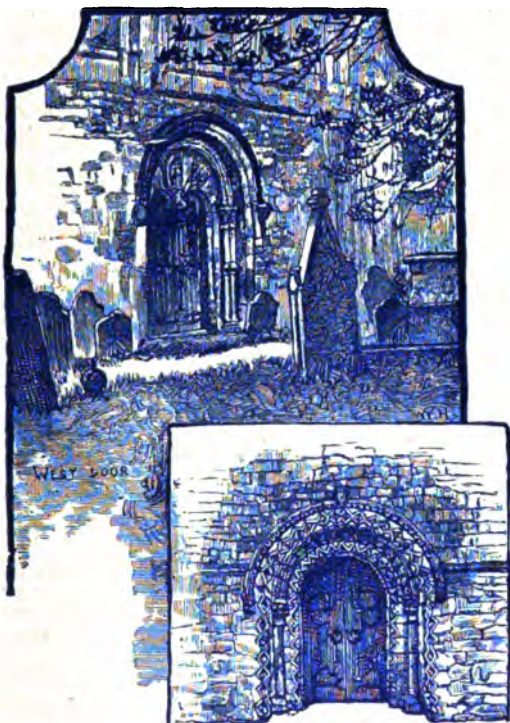
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VOL. IV.]

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[No. 34.]

IN THE GARDEN AND THE HOUSE OF REST.

By EDMUND J. BAILLIE.

I. — INTRODUCTORY.

IT is my privileged purpose to write a series of articles under the title of "In the Garden and the House of Rest," and it may be well that, at the outset, in introducing myself to ourselves, I should, so far, explain the range and scope of the subject,—or I should, perhaps, say the subjects,—which the title may be allowed to cover and include.

It will be observed that there is a suggestion of a two-fold condition,—the open air of the garden and the shelter of the roof; the busy throb of occupation with the calm restfulness of home. But it comes even nearer,—may it not be read as symbolic of life's activity and its passive hours of leisure? Hence, in breadth of sweep, applied personally, the wide field of man's life and surroundings is included in the figure of speech which stands for a heading,—chosen to give point and purpose to our thought as directed towards men and things.

I have just written "men and things." How marvellously varied and diverse are the incidents which may thus be touched when writing upon matters pertaining to

life. And in speaking of life I wish the term to mean more than mere existence; for as time is but a phase of the eternal, so existence here is but a phase of that condition which is known to us as life,—as Be-ing. And when our eyes are rightly opened, how everything seems to whisper, in the awe of mystery, the secrets and

suggestions of Infinity! I remember when I was a schoolboy it was a standing wonder to me to realize that seven hundred and twenty changes could be rung upon a peal of six bells. It has never ceased to be a source of surprise that within the compass of the key board of the piano there lies,—slumbering silently till touched, and the spirit of sound is stirred into living utterance,—practically

unlimited resources in musical variation, in endless combinations to be brought into order at the call of that magic wand, the baton, exercising its weird and wonderful influence over the genius waiting and watching its directing beat, like an aerial pulse, that sets the breath a-marching and floods the heart with warm melodies,—songs without words, but articulate and



LLANGAMMARCH LAKE

coherent, in a language without letters. One would have thought it would be impossible to conceive that there could be any new arrangement and sequence of tones and chords, but that henceforth prospective harmony would have to be but plagiarism of that which, in some field of art, constituted the music of the past.

What a vocabulary lies hidden in the alphabet, and what marvels of mathematical science in the numerals. If we reflect a little we shall be impressed by these possibilities hidden under a veil so thin. We may vary the illustrations; but, reduced to the elements of simplified statement, it is but the application of the always recurring truth that the possibilities of expansion are found in the germ. In the simple things the complex and the diverse lie cradled till called into growth. We find infinite variation of form about us, yet it all lies in the straight line and the curve. There is no conceivable form or expression of form beyond these in variation and combination. Infinity of tint and colour glory is to be found in the trinity of colour which may be found in the three dots of red and blue and yellow lying upon the palette of the painter. And so we find in all simple things that lie around us and about us the secrets of the universal, the seal of miracle and the signature of the divine.

There is a significant suggestiveness in all this, a call as it were to a subjective searching of self. "Know then thy self" was the counsel of that poet-teacher who averred that "the proper study of mankind is man." If we do not accept this as infallible guidance, it is at least outline sufficient for an introductory programme, and we may then follow on to heights safer and more sublime, for we have it in language definite and clear, a divine utterance, that there is a knowledge of One which constitutes possession of all things, —and eternal life.

We shall then look at these varied scriptures,—these writings beautiful and wonderful; the picture book of nature, the sky in cloud and sunshine and bathed with star-light,—these impressions and emotions which crystallize into changing shapes, and catch the light to hold it in

prismatic splendour whilst the messages are slowly written out upon the palimpsest of the heart and change the current of thought and character; these vibrating voices which float upon the wings of the wind and are borne in upon us to set the soul tingling and to waken the melody that has lain within an inner chamber, hushed to a restful silence long ago, when some cloud of circumstance carried a soul-message which we could not then understand. Do we not see the process of diversity,—of variation in its bearing upon personality, upon individuality? If we do, we are not then surprised that there are no repetitions in nature.

The garden is a fact-figure as ancient as history. It is a primary idea. Man has always a place prepared for him,—a body, a garden, a grave, a glory. If the eternal city has its mansions for man glorified, earth has its Eden for man incarnate. Before he sought out many inventions his line of duty seemed to be clear enough, and his occupation beautiful. In the gathering complexity of evolutionary processes man now entertains the notion largely that he is to be dressed and kept by his gardens, but then the garden was to be dressed and kept by the man. And that is truly the better way. All principles of health, of wealth,—or well-th,—and blessedness lie locked in that beautifully simple, and simply beautiful, figure.

The garden then shall stand, not only for that enclosed patch of earth, round which trimmed hedges grow stiffly to keep out the intruder and to protect the produce which beneficent nature, with a careful husbandry, brings to that state of horticultural perfection with which every garden-lover is familiar. The term has a larger meaning. The wide world is the garden of God,—this gift to his earth-children, so we will ramble over it just as our fancy leads us. That shall go free and we will go with it. We will often enough keep to the high ways of hard fact, but we shall be quite at liberty to stray into the side paths and pluck flowers. I have pondered over the beautiful parable that whilst the farmer sowed oats in his field, nature took care that there should also come flowers, and some

may see, over the hedge, a blaze of golden glory set in flames of scarlet,—poppies and corn. It is thus in our experience. Our hand we thought was filled only with seeds of grain, but when we look over our little patch of tillage, when there is the feel of autumn about us, we find the children and the pilgrims have their portion which we were not thoughtful enough to provide,—but, lo, it is there, and we find our reward in the blessedness of their delight, and we find an echo repeating itself in an inner corridor, put into words right and beautiful by one who may well claim to speak on subject so sacred,—

“As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are necessary; the wild flower by the way side, as well as the tender corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tender cattle; because man does not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God.”

In our waking hours the busy brain is building its structures of material things; and when we wearily yield ourselves to the sooth-sayer sleep, he takes us into the strange regions of dream land. Facts and fancies, solid things and shadows,—it would not be well if our literature were but calendars and ready-reckoners,—we must have art and poetry also. Man finds his place,—his stratum so to speak,—between the clods of the clouds. If he makes earth his garden,—well; but he must place his treasures in the skies. His home is there in the city that abides.

The garden, then, may mark for us a period, a place, and a possession. In it there is found a centre for our occupation. It is a store house and a laboratory in which we place the germs of things precious and which, in due time, are restored to us some thirty fold, some sixty fold, some a hundred fold,—such benevolence flows from the open hand of the maker and master of these mysteries which we touch and taste and handle, with a familiarity which leads often to that feeling akin to contempt that, destructive of reverence, hides from us the beautiful truth of perpetual miracle. We will try to entertain other thoughts and better feelings. If we walk sometimes shod roughly to consider problems of the soil,

we shall at other times take our shoes from our feet to contemplate the wonder of the burning bush, and listen to the voice that speaks through the tongues of flame out of the fire. The voice on the mountain slope was the same as that which walked in the cool of the day through the glades of the garden in the first earthly Paradise. He is not unfamiliar with the windings of the ways through the wilderness, or the stony courts of the market. As there is for you and for me but one Lord, so is there but one earth; and patriarchs, poets, and prophets are found dwellers on the same orb, familiar to many only as a place of work and wages. Let me hasten to explain myself lest it should appear that work is in any way a despicable thing,—a something to be shunned and spurned. Surely I need not say this is not so. The very opposite is the truth. Work is a blessed thing and honourable. A true workman needeth not to be ashamed. Indeed he need be no other than a gentleman and a nobleman. There is the eternal stamp of divine dignity upon labour,—a divine dignity from which it can never be separated by the force or figments of any school of philosophy or political economy, by any system of sophistry or worldly wisdom bent upon a scheme that shall secure to the successful professors of financial ledgerdom, who lend themselves to the practice of the art, a maximum amount of luxury and ease in return for the service of others whose labour they have brought within range of their own command,—a society which seems always to mistake the means of life for its ends.

So much by way of introductory comment upon the garden and beyond it. What shall we say briefly of the house? Well, this too must stand for some tenement other than a building of bricks and mortar, of slates and stones. There is a dwelling place not made with hands. We shall consider the House as the place in which we live,—a dwelling place and a temple, a place of rest and a home beautiful.

I think I may have said enough to indicate what we shall try to say and see in rambling together through the Garden and in entering the House of Rest.

CURRENT EVENTS.

WHAT has called most attention to Wales and its affairs recently is the labour dispute between Lord Penrhyn and the Bethesda quarrymen. Before the beginning of the new year, Lord Penrhyn had suspended the members of the quarrymen's committee who had laid the quarrymen's grievances before him. Consequently the men came out on strike.

The Board of Trade was asked by the quarrymen to interfere, under the Conciliation Act of 1896. Lord Penrhyn laid down two conditions,—that none of the members of the committee should take part in the negotiations for conciliation and that the men should not be allowed to bring a reporter who was not one of themselves. The Board of Trade pointed out that, if so, the men would have to come without their chosen leaders; but advised the men to give way on this point. With regard to the other condition, the Board of Trade found that no one among the labourers knew enough English and enough short-hand to act in so difficult a position. Lord Penrhyn would have nobody else, and the Board of Trade, under these conditions, saw that it could not usefully interfere. With the beginning of the new year the Bethesda quarry was closed, and three thousand men are out of employment.

It can be stated unhesitatingly that the Bethesda quarrymen are among the best skilled labourers of our empire. Religious, sober, literary in tastes, believing in education,—they are probably the most extensive buyers of books and most generous patrons of schools and literature among the world's sons of toil. And now, when they are all out of work, not an extra policeman is drafted among them, not a pane of glass will be broken. I happened to pass through Bethesda when a strike was imminent,—and, among the quarrymen

I met, thoughtful anxiety to do what was right seemed to be a much stronger feeling than the desire to appeal to arms.

Lord Penrhyn deprecates outside interference, and lays down conditions which make it impossible for the Board of Trade to pave the way to a reconciliation. But surely the public and the government ought to be allowed to express their opinion. Possession of that lovely Bethesda district, the right of pouring the wealth of Cae Braich y Cafn to the markets of the world or of withholding it,—all this is secured to him by the public. His rights have corresponding duties; and if he fails in his duty, his action will materially affect the public's opinion about the rights of property.



LLANIDLOES TOWN HALL.

Lord Penrhyn might destroy the slate industry entirely. It is now the most brisk time in the building trade; every slate that can be quarried is wanted. The Bethesda quarry sends out nearly half the slate supply of the kingdom. Quarrying and slate dressing require great skill; and

not all the quarrymen in the United States of America, if they could be brought over, would fill Cae Braich y Cafn. But the slate supply will now be seriously diminished. The result will be that tiles will be taken instead. Tiles will become the fashion where slates once reigned, and the great quarry may be idle for ever.

The most eloquent of living Welshmen died with the old year. The unexpected news was heard with deep and universal sorrow on the last day of the year. *i.e.* Dr Herbert Evans born June, 1836 at Pantyponnen, near Emllyn, Co Caernarfon.

An old man told me a few years ago that he remembered the first sack of flour being brought to the Llanidloes town hall from without the district. How many sacks from the district are brought now?

ALUN MABON.

From the Welsh of Ceiriog, by ALLEN RAINE.

V.

HAPPY the man whose guarded heart,
The chain of love refuses !
But yet in truth I am not sure,
Whether he gains or loses.
Easy for him who quits the feast
Full sated, never doubt it,
To say to those still hungering,—
"Ye well can do without it."

Vain is a father's stern reproof
At love's first tender sighing,
The youthful heart awakes to life,
All bonds and rules defying.
The little bird upon the bough,
Sings but to call another ;
The lambkin, when a playmate comes,
Will gambol from his mother.

A man may love his fellow man,
A child may love his mother,
But the love of youth and maiden,
Is the germs of every other.
Man's nature is but half awake,
His soul, till love hath found him,
Lies darkened, till two starry eyes
Have flashed love's light around him.

No man e'er ripened full and fair,
Or grew to nature dearer,
Whose cheek ne'er took a ruddier glow
When his beloved drew nearer.
Philosophy is not for bards,
Away its formal phrases !
Sweet Menna Rhên, my rustic harp
Shall sing her tuneful praises.

VI.—MENNA RHEN.

When first I saw sweet Menna Rhên
Upon the mountain straying,
Her guileless face and dimpled smile
Each childish thought betraying,
Over the moor I heard her singing,
She set the mountain echoes ringing,
And while she carolled loud and clear
The very birds flew down to hear,
But Menna Rhên was naught to me,
Nor, more than any other, dear !

Again upon the mountain side
I met with Menna Rhên,
And from that day, my heart has known
No lack of care and pain.
My thoughts from her I could not sever,
Her songs would leave my memory never,
My days were spent in pensive musing,
At night sweet sleep its rest refusing.
And soon I found that Menna's voice
Haunted my heart for ever.

Once more upon the mountain side
I saw fair Menna Rhên,
Her footsteps on the dewy grass
To follow I was fain.
At last I found her. How I trembled !
No more I waited nor dissembled,
But spoke in tones more warmly glowing
Than song of bard, in music flowing.
And then a wreath* of birch I gave,
My fervent passion shewing.

VII.—THE DREAM.

Last night I dreamed a dream,
Still in my heart enshrined.
I saw a wreath of birch around
My fair one's neck entwined.

It bourgeoned and it grew
In leaves of living green,
And then it blossomed, and at last,
The ripening seeds were seen.

But in my happy dream,
Oh ! dream without compare !
I saw a brown-gold beetle hide
Beneath those leaves so fair.

It crawled about and twisted,
Till on her neck it lay,
I cried aloud in terror,
And the vision passed away.

I was thankful to awaken
In the early morning grey,
The pleasure of my dream I kept,
But the warning cast away.

I bethought me of the green wreath
That flourished fresh and fair,
But I forgot the beetle brown
That hid securely there.

My heart still glowed within me
When I thought of Menna's eyes,
And many a castle in the air
Rose towering to the skies.

* *Bedw or Birch.*—Among the Welsh peasantry the birch was an emblem of complacency or readiness to perform a kind action. If a young woman accepted the addresses of a lover, she gave him a branch or wreath of birch, but if he were rejected, she gave him a "collen" or hazel branch. Dafydd ap Gwilym, the illustrious bard of Bro Gwyn, who lived about 1340, and whose poems have been so ably translated by Arthur J. Jones, Esq., of Garthmyl, has often alluded to this Welsh custom in the seven-score and seven odes he wrote to the celebrated Morvudd—

"Canmawi bedwen heb weniaeth,
Collen fu diben y daith."

The custom of sending a birchen wreath with valentines is well kept up to this day, as well as the practice of forwarding a hazel sprig to young people whose sweethearts have married or otherwise deserted them. The maypole was always made of birch, it was customary to have games of various sorts around it, and the chief aim was to preserve the birchen maypole from being stolen into other villages. See Dr. W. O. Pughe and the *Iolo MSS.*

But down they crumbled to the ground,
 Ere time had power to stain,
 For only a hazel bough was sent
 To me, from Menna Rhên.

IX.*—A DARK DEED.

I sought my companion, the friend of my heart,
 Who smiled on me sunshine or rain;
 I told him my sorrow, confessed I had given
 My true love to fair Menna Rhên.
 Oh base and false hearted! he wooed her himself,
 Though tender and faithful he seemed;
 Lo, this was the beetle that lurked 'neath the leaves,
 And this was the warning I dreamed.

Not only by murder and force you can slay,
 Not only by shedding of blood,
 In the silent night watches, the thief takes your life,
 And throws the slain corpse to the flood.
 Alone on the hill tops he comes through the mist,
 Death lurks in his treacherous dirk,
 A stroke and a scream, and the cold waters close,
 And that is a *robber's* dark work.

Here cometh another, with treacherous smile,
 "Come, drink with me, comrade," he saith,
 He holds up the mead cup, his comrade quaffs deep,
 He drinks, but he drinks to his death.
 The poison works swiftly, he struggles in pain,
 "Oh! God, was there death in the mead?"
 He dies with a groan, while his slayer escapes,
 And this is the *murderer's* dark deed.

But here comes another, the friend of your youth,
 Who shares every thought of your heart;
 Like a serpent he lies in your bosom's warm folds,
 Then through it his cruel fangs dart,
 He whispers his love to the maid of your choice,
 And she to his wiles giveth heed,
 He winneth her smiles, he gaineth her love,
 And this is the *devil's* dark deed.

X.—AGAIN AND AGAIN.

Air.—*Y Melinydd* ("The Miller.")

But ere the birch wreath withers
 And fades to russet hue,
 Once more, for Menna's favour,
 For Menna's heart I'll sue.
 Fa la, etc.

I own a mountain cottage,
 No tithe, no rent I owe,
 No king is more contented,
 More free to come and go.
 Fa la, etc.

Within my little parlour,
 The sun shines all day long,
 And by the bright peat fire
 The kettle sings its song.
 Fa la, etc.

A hundred sheep I number,
 Which browse upon the hill,
 My white steed roameth yonder,
 I saddle him at will.
 Fa la, etc.

I have a mountain pony
 No hand but mine can rein,
 So fleet of foot, so swift, to cross
 The hills to Menna Rhên!
 Fa la, etc.

Mine are the fields and gardens,
 The stream that turns the mill,
 But Ah! without fair Menna
 My home is empty still.
 Fa la, etc.

So once again I'll ask her,
 Again and yet again,
 And if she still refuses,
 A thousand times again!
 Fa la, etc.

XI.—HOPE.

On the trees, against the blue sky,
 Lo the green leaves now appear;
 And they whisper to the birdies,—
 "Spring is coming, spring is here."
 Came a little bird, and listened,
 Held a green leaf in his beak,
 Then he carolled forth rejoicing,—
 "Whispering tree, the truth you speak."

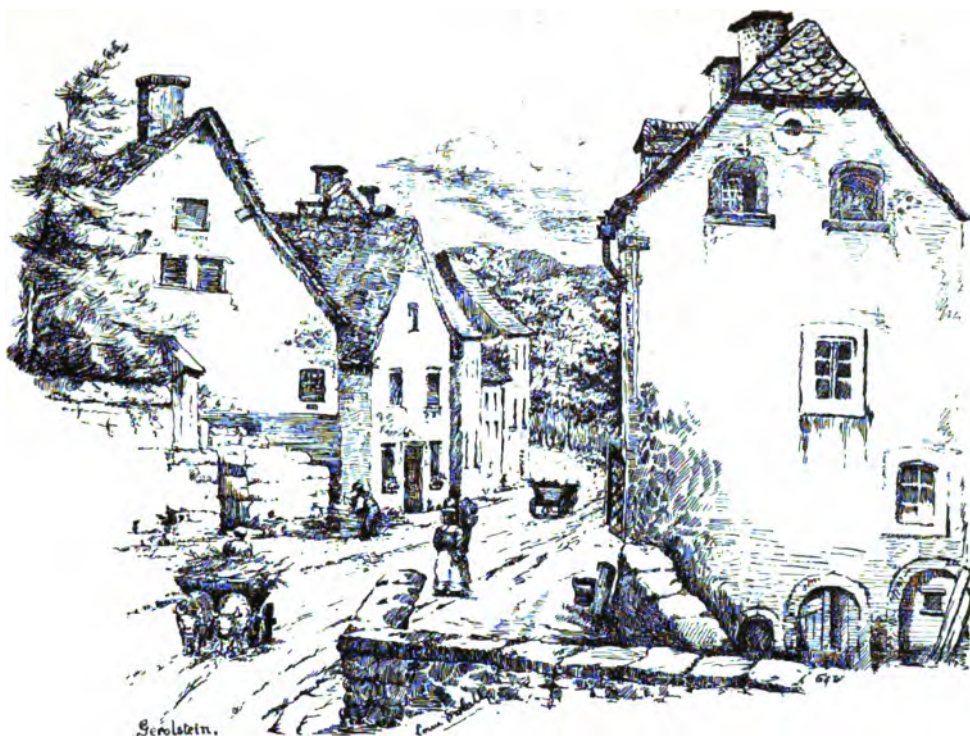
Came another in the birch tree,
 And he too began to sing,
 And he danced upon the branches,
 And he shook his little wing.
 And they chose a leafy corner
 Where to build their mossy nest,
 Oh! the spring time ever wakens
 Love and hope in nature's breast.

Lo! a gap amongst the branches
 Where I tore fair Menna's wreath;
 That alone will never blossom,
 Nor a bud burst from its sheath.
 Would the branch I ne'er had gathered!
 It might now have bourgeoned fair;
 As I gazed within the gaping,
 Lo! a sapling growing there.

"Oh! there's hope in a refusal!"
 To myself I murmured low,
 "Though love, like the branch, is broken,
 Like the sapling it may grow."
 And I turned me home rejoicing,
 And my heart was full of love,
 And I often turned to ponder,
 How the sapling grew and throve.

(To be continued)

* No. VIII, "Hob y deri dando," is omitted. A prose translation will be given later on.



GEROLSTEIN.

Illustrations by Louie Small.

PEEPS ABROAD.

II.—WALKS IN THE EIFEL.

BY EVAN W. SMALL.

TO most people who are not geologists the word Eifel suggests only the great tower which was one of the principal features of the last Paris exhibition; but the Eifel we are considering is German, not French, and it is spelt with only one "f." It is, in fact, as a reference to a good atlas will show, a mountainous district about forty five miles long and twenty four miles in breadth, situated between the rivers Moselle, Rhine, and Roer. Seldom visited by the British tourist,—whose exploration of the Rhine provinces is usually limited to the views obtained from the deck of an express steamer from Cologne to Mainz,—it nevertheless, apart from its geological interest, offers considerable attractions to the cyclist or pedestrian who can enjoy the simple fare and unsophisticated manners of a region somewhat outside the beaten track. There are several ways of reaching the Eifel; perhaps the best centre to visit first is Gerolstein,—a name recalling

pleasant memories of Eugene Sue's romance, and Offenbach's melodious music of twenty years ago, and familiar to the modern newspaper reader by reason of its much advertised mineral water. The quickest way to reach Gerolstein is by Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Euskirchen; by this route you can leave London at six in the evening and be in Gerolstein between twelve and one on the following day. A more interesting route is that through the Ardennes to Trèves, where a halt should be made to see the cathedral, one of the oldest churches in Germany, and the splendid "Porta Nigra" and other Roman structures. Two hours of slow travelling from Trèves by the Eifel railway through the picturesque Kyllthal brings us to Gerolstein, with its ruined castle and curious rocks.

A walk through the main street of the village soon brings us to the Post inn, where perhaps we shall see the lumbering



ROCKS NEAR LISSINGEN.

old "Kaiserliche post wagen" starting on its way to Daun. Our venerable host is standing at the door smoking his long pipe, and greets us with a kindly "guten abend freunde." Presently other guests arrive and he takes his place at the head of the long table for Abendessen. On ordinary occasions it will not be a numerous company, but if it should happen to be "the manoeuvres" then you will probably find twenty officers at the table, and there will be much loud talking and laughter and drinking of Moselwein.

Everyone who visits the Eifel must, for the time being at any rate, be interested in geology, for on all hands are the "Vulkanische Erscheinungen" to be seen, and wondered at, and talked of when you come into supper. Almost within a stone's throw of our hotel, up on the Munterlei plateau, there is a veritable crater whence flowed a stream of lava down to the valley of the Kyll. The oval depression of the crater, which is known as the Papenkaule, is indeed now partly cultivated land, but the ground is littered all around with great blocks of lava and large rounded bombs and stratified black, cindery-looking ash. Two or three miles further away above the road to Budesheim is a great cliff of stratified volcanic ash, at whose base you may pick up handfuls of crystals of angite

and other minerals, just like those familiar to the tourist who climbs Vesuvius; the softer layers have here weathered away and left the harder ones standing out in relief, giving to the cliffs a very striking appearance, as shewn in the sketch. Many quarries have been opened in the ash here and elsewhere in the Eifel, the materials being largely used for road metal.

Still more striking evidences of the volcanic action, which in comparatively recent geological times took place in the Eifel country, are to be seen in the neighbourhood of Daun, which we reach by a walk of some thirteen miles from Gerolstein, passing the villages of Kirschweiler, Steinborn,—where the lava is quarried for



GILLENFELD.

door steps and posts, oven floors and cattle troughs,—and Neunkirchen, surrounded on all sides by volcanic hills for a great part of the way. Some two miles beyond the prettily situated little district town, with its ruined castle of the old counts of Daun,

we climb a hill to the left above the little village of Gemünden, and in a few minutes reach the first of the three curious "maare" or crater-lakes of Daun, which probably owe their origin to explosive out-bursts of steam and gas and subsequent filling of the hollows with surface water. The Gemunde Maar is the smallest and perhaps most picturesque of the three tarns, the steep slopes surrounding it being well clothed with



THE SCHALKENMEHREN MAAR.

thick forest growth. In form it is somewhat oval, and covers an area of eighteen acres; on its east bank rises the precipitous and barren Mauseberg, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country.

The Schalkenmehren Maar is an almost circular basin fifty five acres in extent and a hundred feet deep. This little lake is, unlike the two others, which have no outlet, drained by the Alf-bach, and is well stocked with fish and crayfish. The village on its south bank, and the more cultivated state of the surrounding land, give it, too, a more civilised aspect. The Weinfelder Maar, situated between the other two,

about three hundred feet higher than the Schalkenmehren Maar, is much more wild and desolate; it covers an area of forty acres and is about three hundred feet deep. On its northern bank rises the quaint little church of Weinfeld, the only relic of the old village of that name.

About four miles away beyond the village of Gillenfeld,—which was almost totally destroyed by fire in 1876,—lies the Pulvermaar, the largest and most beautiful of these crater lakes, ninety acres in extent, lying in a basin whose ashy slopes are covered with chestnuts; it abounds in perch, pike, and crayfish, which are caught in great numbers by torchlight.



PESANT BLEACHING CLOTHES.

Bits from the Blue Books.—I.

AN ESSENTIAL OF A LAND AGENT.

Report of the Royal Commission on Land in Wales and Monmouthshire, 1896, pp. 259-260.

IN the area which we have denominated Welsh-speaking we think that the tenants are justified in demanding that the agent should be able to speak Welsh. In those districts, we believe that the barrier created between the Welsh-speaking tenant and an English-speaking agent is one that makes a ready and sympathetic approach between them quite impossible. Even if the tenant, as he often does, speaks a little English, he is placed in a very unfair position if he has to rely solely on his capacity in that regard in laying his position, his requests, and his grievances before the agent. Negotiation on equal

terms is impossible between a man speaking a foreign language very imperfectly, and one who is using the tongue of his daily life. It is only those who are intimately acquainted with the inner life of Wales that can adequately appreciate the painful and almost heroic efforts made under stress of circumstances, in law courts and elsewhere, by the Welsh farmer to express what is in his mind properly in English, or the annoyance and even unhappiness he feels when, even while he is doing his best, he helplessly observes that he is misunderstood. Yet English agents, who know more French than the tenant

does English, who would be too vain and self-conscious even to stammer out a few French sentences in a drawing-room, lose patience with the Welshman if, in his distress, he refuses to carry on an unequal diplomatic or dialectical contest in the English language. The employment of interpreters,—which, of course, suggests itself,—does not, in this matter, mend matters much, or improve greatly the situation of the tenant. Interpretation is a work of difficulty. The translation of a conversation, as it proceeds, so as to exhibit the different shades or degrees of each term, and the subtle qualifications, and reservations, and degrees of force of each proposition, is as difficult as that of a poem or novel, so as to re-produce the effect of the original. We had ample evidence of this fact at our sittings. Even with educated interpreters, who know English and Welsh, perfect translation is difficult, but it becomes practically impossible when the only available interpreter is,—not from any fault of his own, but from the circumstances,—neither a professed interpreter nor properly acquainted with either language. We listened to the evidence of many Welsh witnesses as to arrangements made between them and agents or landlords, and to rebutting evidence given thereto by such agents or landlords, and we are convinced that in many cases the difficulty of language was at the root of the misunderstanding, and the parent of the quarrel between the parties.

Further, we must observe that, even supposing a fairly competent interpreter is available, the mere presence of a third party is a disadvantage. Conversation between agent and tenant must often be of a confidential character. They must frequently involve the disclosure of facts concerning the tenant and his family, and his circumstances, which he may not willingly state before a third party. To men of the somewhat suspicious and

certainly shy disposition of Welshmen who have lived entirely in their own country, the mere presence of such a third party is often a source of embarrassment. They feel that he is there as a kind of a witness against them. This adds to the difficulty the tenant has in stating his case, or preferring his request on his side of a question, pointedly and forcibly, especially to a person for whom he usually feels respect and sometimes awe and fear.

We therefore believe, both upon the evidence and upon the result of our personal observation, that it is a great disadvantage, and even an injustice, on the part of an owner of an estate, upon which there is a considerable number of Welsh tenants, to appoint as his agent a man unable to converse with the tenants in their own language. We are not able to say with precision what proportion of the agents on Welsh-speaking estates are unable to speak Welsh, for we have, after all, only seen before us a percentage of the agents. If we may infer from that proportion, or from those who came before us, it is surprisingly large. Important as the matter is, we do not urge the dismissal of an otherwise competent agent simply because he cannot speak Welsh; but we do urge upon such agents the choice of proper interpreters, and a kind and sympathetic attitude towards the Welsh tenants, while, in regard to future appointments, we recommend that ability to speak Welsh should be regarded as a condition precedent to selection. We are aware that, in the past, owners may have often felt a difficulty in finding men of the class and attainments they desired among Welsh-speaking applicants for the post, but we think that the changed attitude of the upper classes in Wales towards the Welsh language, and the satisfactory development of the Welsh educational machinery, will rapidly remove this obstacle.

THE POET'S WISH.

I LOVE the beautiful, but lack the art
To train it into words that touch the heart;
Enough for me if in one soul I raise
One thought that may illumine the after days.

J. W.

HAVERFORDWEST CASTLE.

By FRED J. WARREN (*Gwynfardd Dyfed*).



HAVERFORDWEST CASTLE.

HIGH o'er the Cleddan's silvery stream there stands
A ruined keep, which though in its decay,
Doth tell us of its grandeur in the years
Of long ago, when proud it reared its head,
A pile majestic, of Hwlfordd the crown,
And of that town the mother. Yea, e'en now,
Its homes do cluster round her, clinging like
Affrighted children to her skirts.

When peace would reign,—the hall, well filled with
guests,
Would echo back the peals of laughter loud;
And oft the wassail bowl was passed along,
And minstrels sang the knights an old time song.

Such nights of noisy revelry
And feasting, too, were seen; when they who owed
The earl their suit and service, met around
His hospitable board which groaned beneath
The weight of rare good cheer, and justice did
The bountiful repast; but mirth short-lived
Would die with torches' blaze, and all be still
Till dawning, when to mass the fighting men
Would go and shriven be by tonsured priest.
Then to the chase they'd hie, or spend the hours
Upon the reedy marsh, the vicious boar
To madden with the hound and spear; or send
The falcon hawk ahovering o'er the shore
To pounce upon its fluttering prey.

The proud Protector knew
Its strength, and so the harsh behest, all born
Of civil strife and war, fell from his lips,
And Hwlfordd's fortress desolate became.
Yet, part remains to tell the tale, and teach
Us that mankind is marching on. It spoke
Of government by fear and force of arms,
And violent resistance by the oppressed,
Of savage slaughter, and of streams of blood,
Of wrongful seizure manfully withstood,
And dark deeds, unavenged, to stand revealed
When God rolls back the crimson scroll of crime.
To-day this utterance from out its walls
Is heard,—“The power of the sword will die,
The spirit of advancement needs it not,
But leads who will be led, by love, to peace.”
And ever thus to those who list aright
The old place speaks.

MODERN PILGRIMS.

By MISS E. A. KILNER, author of *Four Welsh Counties, &c.*

II.—ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL.

PRESENTLY we were in the open country, and then commenced a very exciting drive. The distance from Haverfordwest to St. David's is sixteen miles, and there are sixteen hills more or less steep to surmount and descend. Evan never ceased talking to his horses, sometimes starting up and shouting to them, even screaming. He was asked the meaning of an expression he frequently used, and which seemed to be thoroughly understood by the obedient animals. With a demure face, and shy glance, he readily replied,—

“It do mean, ‘Git up, old horse.’”

For some distance he abstained from using it, for he was aware that we had doubts as to the truth of his translation, but it broke out with renewed virulence at the next hill. We made a guess,—purely a guess, at the guttural sounds, and said they must be the ancient Welsh abjuration addressed to lazy animals, signifying,—“Begone to the cruel Sassenach.” Evan had evidently sacrificed veracity to politeness.

On most topics he was obligingly explanatory. “Met,” he told us in broken English was the name of a second officer of a ship,—“Met” and “Challie” were

the wheelers of the team, "Bess" and "Cap'an" the leaders. The last-named he never addressed personally, as it appeared he kicked every time he was reminded of his duty. The heroic "Cap'an" went lame, and "Bess" had a habit of stumbling that was truly alarming when we were careering down hill.

Our mode of progression was curious. When we were at the top of a hill, the brake was applied, the shoe put on by the guard behind, and we began slowly to descend. Half way down Evan would call to his horses, and the pace quickened to a gallop; the coach rolled and swirled from side to side, the splinter bar, the horses, the harness, jumbled together; Evan, with fierce shouts and gesticulations, was supreme over all. As for us,—poor Saxons,—we were holding on for our lives.

At the bottom of the hill, the brake was lifted, the shoe loosed; and with a violent jerk and more shouting, the horses' backs humped up with the strain,—we were half way up the next hill at the same pace. Now and again a short stretch of level ground gave the poor animals time to breathe, and enabled us to gather our wits together.

The road side hedges were wreathed with honey-suckle, but the way was dreary,—a great plain interspersed with narrow and deep hollows that, from their formation, do not affect the general appearance of the country.

Before us there was that broad limitless look in sky and on land that tells of the vicinity of the sea; but as yet we had not seen it. The ruins of Roche castle dominate the plain, and is a landmark far and near; and away to the northward the graceful outlines of the Precelli Mountains closed the view.

Another hill ascended, and the sunlit bay of St. Bride lay sparkling before us,—the crisp waves circling round the pebbly beach and yellow sands of Newgale, Ramsay Island and its islets glowing in the evening sun, Solvamouth and the Green Scar set in dancing waves; and right away,—seeming to float in the soft haze,—the old pirate-haunts of Skomar and Grassholm. All peril was forgotten in the enchanting view.

We walked up the next long winding hill. Shortly after we had resumed our seats on the coach, we experienced the last of our down hill rushes, the descent into Lower Solva; and from thence we scrambled up into Higher Solva. The ravine between these two villages is a gem of nature's. The narrow harbour mouth of the last named is completely hidden by the cliffs as you ascend.

The twilight was falling fast, the plain stretched before us, the seascape broken by a succession of sharply defined head lands; but, with the exception of lonely farm houses,—white-washed to the roof,—there was not the faintest sign of buildings. Surely we ought to see cathedral spires in the distance, and we questioned Evan. He pointed silently with his whip to a windmill. He looked morose, and was evidently either tired of us, or was exhausted by his tremendous exertions.

At last an inn and a group of trees shadowed the way, and he told us we were entering the city. The jaded horses were with difficulty persuaded to pass their stables, but Evan held on through a village street of white-washed houses until we were in front of one taller than the rest, our lodgings; and stiff and tired, we scrambled to the ground.

"But," exclaimed the pilgrims, in one voice, "where is the cathedral?"

"A couple of minutes down the Pobbles," was the vague reply of our hospitable landlady, "but the supper is waiting this long time, do ye come in and eat it, whatever."

It was true we were hungry, and the idea of supper was very pleasant; but even the twins, whose minds in a general way did not soar higher than their heads,—they were level with the table,—scorned such a mundane thing as eating until our curiosity was gratified; so we, one and all, turned our steps towards a beautiful Iona cross on a tall pedestal of steps which occupied the centre of four cross roads; and there below us, in a narrow glen, the massive and pinnacled tower of St. David's cathedral lay like a great carved rock between us and the sea.

In the dimness of the summer night the scene was spiritualized beyond expression, and we gazed in silence.

Early the following morning we again set our pilgrim feet along the pebbly way to Ty-Ddewi,—David's House,—as it is called in Welsh, each step a revelation. Passing through the imposing Tower Gate, with its beautiful octagonal guardroom,—that glorious house with its setting of palace, college ruins, and belt of trees, with sea and sky rejoicing in the sun's glad beams, formed a marvellous picture. Descending the forty steps and the steep churchyard path with innumerable graves on either hand, no pilgrims of the past, way-worn and weary from the dangers of the road, which made two pilgrimages to St. David's equal to one to Rome,—the old monkish rhyme is, "*Roma semel quantum bis dat Menevia tantum*,"—could have been more impressed with the sense of isolation, and of peace and rest from the toil of the busy outer world.

Day by day at matin bell we pilgrims of the White House,—Ty Gwyn, as our neighbours called it,—knelt in grateful adoration to the giver of all good in the beautiful fane we had come so far to see.

It was a pleasant privilege to wander at will through its aisles without let or hindrance, for there are no guides or bustling vergers. Once we had the good fortune of hearing the dean tell the story of the building for which he cares so deeply.

The evening was our favourite time for scenic effect. The low light softening and idealizing the complicated richness of the Romanesque mouldings of the wide arches of the nave, the graceful clerestory with its deep windows above, and the solemn purple colouring of the native stone of which it is built, and which is moreover the oldest sedimentary rock in the kingdom; the flat carved oak ceiling with its delicate pendants and fantastic details; and away in the darkened choir, glimpses of bright gilding and colour, and the rich rare mosaics of the eastern wall,—it all formed a picture not easily forgotten.

It was in the fifth century that St. David, the patron saint of Wales, founded in this secluded spot a monastery and schools, and when he is supposed to have succeeded Dubricius as archbishop

of Caerleon he removed thither the metropolitan see. It was even then a place of note,—the termini of the two great Roman roads, the Via Julia, and the Via Flandrica,—and it bore the name of Menapia or Menevia. But the fame of the saint became so great that, subsequently, the city not only assumed his name, but the adjoining country was called after him. Dewisland, a title it preserves to this day.

The church and monastic buildings were frequently plundered and burnt by Danes and pirates, but the sanctity of St. David's life, and the labours and patience of his followers won the protection of the native princes. In time, Christianity grew into a mighty power in this wild land,—so that Owen Glendower thought that the See of St. David numbered seven suffragans within its pale, twenty six bishops wore the mitre in succession, and the fame of the shrine brought multitudes of pilgrims from all parts, and vast revenues to the ecclesiastics.

The present cathedral,—the restoration of which was begun by Bishop Thirlwall, and Sir G. Scott as architect, in 1863,—was commenced in 1176 by Bishop Peter de Leia. It is cruciform, with transepts nearly dividing the length into equal parts. From east to west it measures three hundred and seven feet. The pavement rises considerably towards the choir, following the inequalities of the ground. The arches of the nave are transitional Norman, and rest on massive pillars, those on the north side bulge outward in consequence of an earthquake in 1220, when the tower fell. The present tower rises from the centre of the building, and is of great solidity, springing from early English arches. The choir screen or rood loft is double, and is a very fine example of the decorated style. It is ascended by seven steps and contains four beautiful altar tombs, one being that of Bishop Gower, the great church builder of Wales in the fourteenth century. Above the screen the new organ is placed.

The choir, mainly under the central tower, is richly and delicately carved; the lovely heads on the finials of the stall tracery conveying a very different phase of the mediæval carver's mind to those on

the quaint misere seats. On these are depicted caricatures of monks and nuns. One is that of a boat tossing on a very wavy sea, over its side a monk is leaning with a face of abject misery, his head being held by a companion who looks aside with a grin of amusement. Doubtless it is the exact representation of a scene frequently enacted, for the oratories on Ramsay Island were served from St. David's, and in all weathers the clergy would be obliged to cross the stormy sound.

The bishop's throne of carved oak, graceful in design, has three seats, and is at the south end of the choir, which at this point is separated from the presbytery by a very lovely screen, placed slantwise. Within this, and in the middle of the presbytery, is the tomb of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, father of Henry VII. On the south side there are several richly carved tombs of ecclesiastics. One of these is said to be the resting place of the garrulous and keen observer of men and manners in the twelfth century, Giraldus Cambrensis.

On the north side there is the far-famed shrine of the patron saint of Wales, St. David. The scanty remains of the old work have been carefully restored. It is faced with arches, and within the span-drills there are apertures communicating with lockers inside to receive the offerings of the faithful. The bones of the saint, together with many valuables, were stolen before the Reformation.

The altar is approached by a series of

broad shallow steps, worn down by the knees of generations of worshippers, and the pavement here still retains the old encaustic tiles. The three-light window above the altar,—which was blocked when Bishop Vaughan built his chapel eastward,—is filled with very beautiful mosaics by Salviati; and above it again are lancet windows filled with stained glass.

The nave, and aisles, and numerous side chapels, contain monuments of mailed knight, mitred priest, and Elizabethan worthy, all extremely interesting to the antiquarian. The chapel of St. Andrew,—joint patron with St. David of the cathedral,—and St. Thomas à Becket, as well as much other work, have been restored by the generosity of the dean, at whose expense the present work of restoration is solely carried on.

Bishop Vaughan's chapel has a beautiful roof of fan tracery. The lady chapel,—approached by a pilgrims' ambulatory,—is in ruins. Several other chapels are in the same condition. The cathedral library, a quaint chamber with two fine windows, and a noteworthy fireplace, is within its walls.

A few paces from the north door of the nave are the ruins of St. Mary's college, founded by Bishop Hotan and John of Gaunt,—“time honoured Lancaster.” Graceful windows, and an extremely elegant tower, give us some idea of what it must have been.

(To be continued.)

A NEW ORDER.

MISS LUCY GRIFFITH, Arianfryn, Dolgellau, is about to call into existence a new league of the women of Wales, if the women of Wales are willing. The task of the league is to combat “the latest invasion.” Miss Griffith's introductory question is,—“Will the women of Wales join in an

1. Anti-hair-dye League,
 2. Anti-face-paint League,
- pledging themselves not to do it?”

Women, leagued together, can do much. A league of women would be as powerful as mediæval crusaders or a league of the time of the Protestant Reformation. But can they withstand the fashion? If so, let them write to Miss Griffith at once.

ISLWYN'S POETICAL WORKS.

ISLWYN'S *Poetical Works* will probably have reached the subscribers before they see these lines. The volume is a bulky one, of over 860 pages; and, as far as the editor could make it so, it contains a complete collection of Islwyn's Welsh poetical pieces. The volumes that are not required by subscribers may be obtained, as long as there are any left, by application to the printers,—Messrs. Hughes & Son, Wrexham. For the present, the volume is sold at the subscription price of half a guinea.

Islwyn is thought by many to be the greatest poet of Wales. In any case this volume,—full of Celtic thoughtfulness and mystery, full of Hebrew sanctity,—cannot fail to be a mighty power for good.



GLYN, ISLWYN'S MONMOUTHSHIRE HOME.*

CONCERNING A PREACHER'S REMUNERATION.

GLYN, 29th September, 1874.

MY DEAR JOHN,

We were both at Varteg (Abersychan) last Sunday, where I have particular old friends, a family whom Martha has promised to visit since we were married, but which promise was not until now fulfilled,—both these double letters, the double consonants of the Welsh always interfere with my English orthography, and always will, I suppose, until I settle down for an English minister. Well, what with the intense heat in going, the intenser heat during our stay there, and the heavy rain on returning yesterday, I can assure you we are shipwrecked on dry land. I have just finished my leader for this week for *Gwladgarwr*, and was very lazy over it. 'Tis on "Mr. Spurgeon ar Ysmocio,"† and I trust you will see it, and read it, and remember its statutory precepts, because you need them, tho' you are after all a fine old fellow with a good bottom.

As regards my engagements in your church, it appears it is no use my advancing any arguments, therefore I

must ask you to rest satisfied with the simple negative "No." It is a short word, and not difficult of understanding. I am thankful, I repeat, for your good and kindly feeling towards me, and I appreciate your motives more deeply than perhaps you think, but it must be so in this case. I cannot see that I should leave my nationality. I cannot see that circumstances are powerful enough to justify my doing so. Where there is an inherent and strong antipathy to a course, I think, if Providence intends one to adopt such a course, Providence will bring about a combination of circumstances, an avalanche of arguments, that will be irresistible and overwhelming.

I love Wales, I love my people, and my people love me. I am at home. Leave me at home. I am badly paid in money, but there is a pay more valuable than British coin. There is in Christian spirit a *capacity for waiting*, and this capacity ought to be cultivated and developed. The real Christian *waits* for his "Nos Sadwrn y pay,"—waits for the last day and the last reckoning. Many will be surprised at the smallness of their wages *then*, having demanded such an

* From Gwaith Islwyn.

† "Mr. Spurgeon on smoking." "I cultivate my flowers and burn my weeds."

advance,—a “draw,”—in time. Some people wont preach unless they get £400 or £1000 a year. Paul made tents. 'Tis,—it may be,—a long way from this September, 1874, to the resurrection, but it is a short way to the grave, and the honest

Christian can put up with a little mud and rain.

Let's have a line soon. Our Gymanfa at Rhymney commences to-night.

In haste,
ISLEWYN.

From the Papers.—I.

A WONDERFUL GOVERNING BODY.

ABERYSTWYTH, to judge from a report in the *Cambrian News* for December 25th, may well lay claim to the most wonderful governing body in Wales. The speeches made by Mrs. Vaughan Davies, Mr. John Evans, and Mr. Peter Jones,—two members and the chairman of the governors of the Aberystwyth County School,—are well worth keeping for the entertainment of the educationalists of the future. But they have their serious side to us; in the course of a pretty long experience of the methods and history of education in this and other countries, I have never seen anything to equal them in the absolute ignorance displayed by them of the conditions of education in Wales, or in the sordid meanness of their conception of education in general. Mrs. Vaughan Davies is, I believe, the wife of the radical member for Cardiganshire, Mr. Peter Jones is a prominent Aberystwyth politician of the same colour, of the existence of Mr. John Evans I had not the honour of knowing before. When I lived at Aberystwyth there was a John Evans I knew, a solicitor, but it cannot possibly be he.

A letter from Mr. Humphreys Owen was read, calling attention to the resolution of the Central Board to ask schools in the Welsh-speaking districts to add Welsh to their curriculum. The head master said that Welsh had already been introduced, and that the pupils were more enthusiastic than the master. On the proposal of Dr. Snape and Mr. Levi it was determined to inform the Central Board of this fact.

Later on the head master submitted his time table for approval. Thereupon the wonderful speeches were made. Some of the statements were reiterated, but I put them down here as briefly as possible.

MR. JOHN EVANS. “I am not against the scholars being put to learn Welsh. But I think that, when they are preparing for an examination like the Cambridge locals, all subjects should be dropped with the exception of those which are absolutely necessary for the examination.”

MRS. VAUGHAN DAVIES. “I do not think that Welsh should be taught at all. It is not used outside Cardiganshire. French and German are of great commercial value.”

THE CHAIRMAN. “It is unfair to press Welsh unduly. The most enthusiastic advocates of the language are those who never speak Welsh. Welsh takes very well on platforms, but I find that it does not go further than there. The question is whether Welsh is of commercial value. Certain societies and the Welsh Utilization Society have Welsh secretaries, and it is those who stomp the language up and down the country. They get the Eisteddfod and there proclaim ‘Calon wrth galon’ and ‘Oes y byd i'r Cymraeg’ (etc.)”

Mr. Richards advanced the sensible plea that Welsh is the best medium for teaching English, so we have again,—

MR. JOHN EVANS. “I think Welsh as an educational instrument is valueless. Class subjects, such as Greek, Latin, and French, the mode of teaching of which has attained such a high state of perfection, should be taught. Mr. Levi has written a lot of Welsh, but I do not think he has ever taken a lesson.”

Mr. Levi promptly objected to such an addition to his biography, and said he had learnt Welsh grammar when a boy at school. Whereupon Mr. John Evans waxed dogmatic about people who were not there to object, and continued,—

“Mr. Levi is the only writer I know who has taken lessons in that subject.”

The readers of the *Cambrian News* will, of course, believe the census returns before Mrs. Vaughan Davies on the question whether Welsh still lingers in the fastnesses of Arvon or in the uplands of Carmarthen.

They will also place more trust in the views of education advanced by Lady Verney and Principal Rhys and Professor Powel than in the views advanced by Mr. John Evans of Aberystwyth. But, for fear these pages may fall under the notice of some of those concerned, I will add a statement or two which the general public do not need.

To Mrs. Vaughan Davies I would respectfully suggest that more than one half of the population of Wales is Welsh speaking. I might add that Wales has a magnificent mediæval literature, from which English literature has borrowed more than from every other, and that there is a literary activity in Wales now which will captivate our school boys in spite of anti-Welsh governors.

To Mr. John Evans I wish to be the means of conveying the information that Welsh is a subject for the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations, and that those who do well in Welsh do very well in English also, as I have good reason to know. He might also condescend to learn that Welsh is taught in exactly the same way as French or German, or English for that matter; and he may easily test this fact for himself by going into any county school in Welsh Wales. I would not presume for a moment to advance my view of education against that of Mr. John Evans, but he might allow some weight, perhaps, to the views of the head of an Oxford college and a scholar of European reputation, who has, moreover, the most intimate knowledge of all educational institutions in Wales. Principal Rhys states that the teaching of Welsh in Wales is of greater educational value than the teaching of Latin. I would also suggest to him to take a turn down Laura Place. There he will find an institution where generations of Welsh writers have been taught Welsh grammar. He is an exception to all other Welshmen if he has not heard the names of such teachers of Welsh as Canon Silvan Evans, Professor J. E. Lloyd, and Professor Edward Anwyl.

To Mr. Peter Jones I would suggest that for a shop-keeper who goes to Tregaron, or for a cattle dealer who goes to Llanidloes, or for any one who makes money

at Aberystwyth,—be he shop-keeper,* solicitor,† banker, or anything,—Welsh is of considerably higher commercial value than French or German.

I am not perfectly certain to whom Mr. Peter Jones refers as “Welsh secretaries” of “certain societies.” There may be societies in Wales, of course, that are unknown to me; but, if Mr. Jones misrepresents them to the extent he misrepresents Cymdeithas yr Iaith Gymraeg, his insults can only be pardoned on a plea of absolute ignorance. One would think from his speech that Mr. Peter Jones never had a Welsh customer.

Nearly all the members of the Aberystwyth governing body I know, personally or by reputation, and they will forgive me for reminding them of two things. In the first place, they have appointed an excellent staff. Of all the head masters in Wales, Mr. David Samuel is the best known in educational circles; and there is no man in Wales who writes better Welsh or better English. In the second place, their school will be under the Central Board, which expects Welsh to be taught at the Aberystwyth County School. My suggestion is this,—could they not leave the time table to the head master and the Central Board inspector? This would be a great mercy to some of their body; it might possibly keep them from the temptation of cutting so sorry a figure before the world again.

* In the *Cambrian News* for the same date, there are three advertisements of situations vacant. Welsh is essential to the candidate in each case. They are,—

“WANTED.—A saleswoman and book-keeper, Welsh. Apply, The Singer Manufacturing Company, 38, Terrace Road, Aberystwyth.”

“LLANUWCHLWYD UNITED SCHOOLS. WANTED immediately, a trained certificated mistress for the girls' and infants' department. Welsh desirable. Salary, £95 per annum. Apply, enclosing qualifications and original testimonials, to Wm. Morris, Estate Office, Glan Llyn, Bala.”

I shall be the last to discontinue the teaching of French and German in our schools. But a knowledge of Welsh is essential in all commercial pursuits in Welsh Wales. It is also, to a Welsh boy or girl, from an educational point of view, of incomparably greater value than any foreign language.

† In the same issue of the same paper there is an account of proceedings before the Aberystwyth magistrates from which I copy the following,—

“Complainant was then called, and Mr. Owen was about to examine him in English, whereupon Elizabeth Jenkins asked that the evidence should be given in Welsh.—Mr. Evans: Oh dear!—The Chairman: As she conducts her own case she is entitled to have the case taken in Welsh. Mr. Owen concurred, and complainant then bore out the opening statement of his advocate in Welsh.”

What, might I ask the trio of defenders of utilitarianism among the Aberystwyth governors, would have been the practical value of perfect French and perfect German to the solicitor had his parents been foolish enough to endow him with them instead of with Welsh?

THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

AN IDYLL; A FARCE; AND A TRAGEDY.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL,

Author of *The Jewel of Ynys Galon, Battlement and Tower, For The White Rose of Arno, etc.*

BOOK I: AN IDYLL.

CHAPTER III.

AND THE FREEHOLDER WAS TAUGHT IT.

WILL ADDIS, Uchelwr,—or freeholder,—of Mynachty, was the last of a line of freeholders which had held the place since the days of the Eighth Harry. At present he was a man of about thirty and, unlike his predecessors, no favourite in the vale. Not that he had done anything positive or tangible in support of such a character, but he held himself above tenant farmers and was given to offensive insinuations concerning his own comparative wealth. It was his peculiar use of the word, in one such insinuation, which had caused him to be dubbed Uchelwr.

Of late he had added to this, in the opinion of the younger men in the neighbourhood, by publicly boasting his intention of marrying Gwennie Cradoc whenever he should tire of the single state. So sure, indeed, was he himself upon this point, that it was little short of a knock down blow to him to find how Gwennie received his advances. This was when he at last decided upon going and claiming his chattel,—which was about his view of the maiden in the case. He put on his Sunday best,—without brushing the beaver or changing the ribbon at his knee,—and, mounting the black mare, rode whistling up the valley to Glwysva.

There he found the object of his choice driving the cows down to the milking from the upper pasture and, without dismounting, he came alongside, opening the conversation from the saddle. But when he spoke of love, she merely tossed her head and sang an old song about a maiden who loved unwisely and sorely rued her bargain.

Whereupon he touched her impatiently with his riding whip to check her and bring her to a proper consideration of the honour proffered her, and,—so smartly that he scarce knew how it was done,—received a stinging blow across the face from the hazel-wand in her hand which raised a long blue weal from cheek to chin, and brought the salt water to his eyes.

He would have horsewhipped her upon the spot, but a second blow across his horse's nose caused it to rear so violently as to keep him ex-

ceedingly busy in trying to retain his seat. Nor would any amount of urging from so bad a horseman bring the animal to face that wand again, while the teeth of the two dogs warned him against dismounting to essay his purpose on foot.

Then he had sworn a round oath and a black that no other man but himself should marry the maid who stood so scornfully regarding him and his efforts to master his horse; further promising to make her pay dearly for this when they were married.

Here she broke in, telling him sarcastically to learn to master his horse before he talked of mastering a wife; ending by shaking her wand so vigorously in the face of the animal that it fairly turned and bolted, nearly unseating its passenger as it took the low wall out of the pasture.

That was a month ago nearly, and the tale of it was gone about the country so widely that all the land was laughing over it; save only Tom Hawys, who never heard it at Havod y Garreg; and the freeholder himself, who never left Mynachty, but kept close and cursed every hair of Gwennie's head.

No wonder then that at this meeting the freeholder scowled at the two; no wonder that Gwennie grew pale and took the basket. Above all, no wonder Tom misunderstood and sank at once to the lowest gulfs of misery.

The rest of the way to the town was painful, and Tom was glad of the absence of trees which allowed him to pull the hat over his eyes and look the other way. So wretched did he feel that, upon crossing the bridge which led over the river into the town, he seized the opportunity of stopping to converse with an acquaintance, while Gwennie went on into the market.

Ten minutes later he dimly awoke to the fact that the acquaintance he was so busy conversing with was none other than Griffith Gloff, whom he had previously so inveighed against.

All that morning Tom hung about the outskirts of the town, unable to muster up courage to venture into the market square lest he should again meet Gwennie. Nor was it hunger that drove him, about noon, by devious ways and back

instruction. It would then be feasible for them to supply accepted candidates for masterships with the means of mastering the spoken language by passing a substantial period of time in the foreign country. In the case of teachers who, though lacking this qualification, have already done valuable service as members of the staff of a county school, it would be desirable and politic to grant them leave of absence for the same purpose, and to assist them by making good the whole or part of the salary which they would have earned during the period of their residence abroad. It would obviously be necessary to safeguard the interests of the county by imposing conditions which should secure, for a minimum term of years, the subsequent services of the teachers thus assisted; or, alternatively, the repayment of the whole or part of the outlay. The framing of such conditions should, however, present no difficulty."

So writes Professor Spencer of Bangor, in a book he is now editing for the Cambridge Press. The suggestion is most valuable. Our educational models are on the continent,—we must teach languages as living languages. County councils should do their best to create facilities for teachers to acquire foreign languages abroad, and to see the best continental schools. In connection with the University College of North Wales there is a fund made up by subscription for scholarships tenable

abroad. By this means Welsh teachers are enabled to learn a new language and new methods on the continent. But it is difficult to get subscriptions. A few headmasters subscribe, but not all. It is a matter for Mid and South, as well as for North Wales; for the teaching scope of the holders of the scholarships is not geographically limited. I earnestly call the attention of county councillors and headmasters to this important subject and to the Bangor scholarship fund.

It is reported that Mr. Issard Davies, who occupies the responsible position of chairman of the governing body of the Carnarvon county school, stated in a speech that the matriculation of the University of Wales is only on a par with the Oxford junior local examinations. Did Mr. Issard Davies ever compare the papers set at the two examinations? One mercifully attributes his statement to reckless ignorance. Lack of patriotism, and unreasoning opposition to the splendid system of Welsh education at the head of which stands the Prince of Wales,—all this we are accustomed to, especially from certain ecclesiastical quarters; but, if Mr. Issard Davies was rightly reported in the *Daily Post* for December 22, last year, Carnarvon school may fairly claim to have, not only the most unpatriotic, but also the most ignorant, or the most reckless, chairman of an educational governing body in Wales.



THE BARMOUTH COUNTY SCHOOL.—II.

Miss Williams. Miss Owens, &

THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

AN IDYLL; A FARCE; AND A TRAGEDY.

By OWEN RHOSOOMYL,

Author of *The Jewel of Ynys Galen*, *Battlement and Tower*, *For The White Rose of Arno*, etc.

BOOK I: AN IDYLL.

CHAPTER I.

OLD GELERT KNEW.

BACK, then, to a warm afternoon some fifty or sixty years ago, and look at this place of Havod y Garreg before the blue turf smoke had ceased to curl from its wide chimney or the snow had ever mantled its hearth. Strong and substantial seeming it stood; a narrow border on its south front gay with the sweet, old-fashioned posies that mountain folk affect. From this border, too, a hardy climbing rose spread upwards, festooning the two small windows and, peeping in and seeing how clean and tidy things looked there, went reaching higher, not pausing at the eaves even, but swarming ever upward over the slated roof till it could wreath the tiny attic casements and compare their interiors with those below. In front of this border, and between it and the wall of the kitchen-garden, ran the broad, paved way to the barn end of the building, whence the sweet smell of new hay diffused itself. Around lay the harvest-tinted acres of the crofts, whose fences seemed more like stone embankments than anything else, for the easiest way of clearing the ground originally for cultivation was by piling the stones into fences; so rugged had the surface been.

The crowning glory of the place, however, was the green dome of an ash tree that lifted a few yards from the house door. Not old and bare limbed and gaunt looking was it, but vigorous and sturdy and graceful. It was evidently a favourite, for around its base ran a pleasant bench, comfortable indeed and inviting to repose after a hard climb in summer or a bustling spell of work inside the house. Therefore old Hawys Ddu loved to seek this bench with her knitting whenever there was a spare hour on hand.

Hawys Ddu had been her name since ever she was old enough to go to market, and when she was married no one thought of changing it,—surnames being a luxury appertaining only to great folk in the valley then-a-day. That was long ago though, and now she might better be called Hawys Wen, for the once raven locks were grown white as the snows of Aran. Agile, hard-

ship, and turf smoke had dimmed the bright black eyes; rheumatism had bent the supple form, and the woman's work of the place was getting beyond her. She knew all this; she had known it for some time, and with a sharper and closer knowledge than ever since last winter, so that, as she sat and knitted beneath the ash this pleasant afternoon, she made up her mind to speak to Tom this very evening of the plan she had been cogitating.

Tom was the only other inhabitant of the place; human, that is. He was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Just now he was away on the mountain with a turf slicer, but he would be back soon, driving the cows in to the milking as he came. Then, when the work was finished and supper ended, she would begin.

The sharp bark of a dog from the upland roused her. Tom was coming already. She hastened away to rinse out the milk pails and prepare for the milking. And here came the cows; the long horned one that was always so restless leading, and after her the heifer and the short legged one, with the old, slow moving, contented, star-fronted favourite bringing up the rear. This last one and the dog had made a treaty, long ago, to the effect that, so long as movement did not absolutely cease, no heels were to be nibbled, and, due allowance being made for pausing to lick off an obstinate fly, no check or stop was to be made for sampling tempting tufts of grass. This treaty had always been honourably kept save once, when a fly opened his account just as his luncheon was passing through a patch of lush grass, and the mistake thus caused made a coolness for a week.

These two had contrived somehow to acquaint Tom with the compact, therefore, he, having, as a wise man should have, great regard for the feelings of four-footed folk, contented himself with walking, as he did to-day, at an accommodating pace, so that, as he comes, you can see and note well what manner of man he is. The thing that strikes you chiefly about him is that he is built for strength, and after that,—nothing in particular. No fancy lines whatever about him,—long arms and deep chest, columnar neck and free carriage, making just a man fit for hard living and rough

times. Perhaps on looking closer you may decide that the deep light of the grey eye and the clean cut line of the lower jaw betoken a will that may be as strong as the body; but there is nothing hard about the mouth, and over the whole face is an expression of peaceful, trusting strength, caught, maybe, from the majesty of the hills, an expression that instinctively begets the confidence of all true men.

Such is Tom Hawys, the hero, or chief person rather, of this unvarnished tale.

And now, the cows being milked and turned out again, the sun gone down and darkness drawing on, the supper ended and the chairs drawn close to the fire,—all nights being chilly at this altitude,—old Hawys Ddu begins her speech, the flickering turf throwing a strengthening gleam into the pleading of the dim eyes.

Perhaps we had better premise that she was the daughter of a father famous in his day over a wide district for his possession of the poetic *awen*, and that during her long widowhood, spent lonelily up here on the mountain with no human companionship save that of her son, she had grown to think and speak in the fanciful and figurative fashion to which she had been accustomed at her father's hearth. Her son, of course, knew no other.

Further, since neither she nor he knew a word of English, it will be necessary for us to put their words and that of all the other characters in this relation, into approximate English, strained though it may appear.

To return.

"Tom," she says, laying a wrinkled hand upon the strong one on his knee, "I have been thinking a good deal lately about many things, for I am getting old and may hear the death call at any moment."

She paused and looked at her son for assistance, but he keeping silence, she brought out the point at once,—

"Why won't you get married?"

Then the man smiled.

"And indeed, my mother, that is so ready to her own funeral, why should I get married? Are you so eager to knuckle under to another woman that you would have me marry so suddenly? And in any case, whom should I marry?"

Then the mother laughed softly while she stroked the strong hand beneath her own.

"Whom should you marry? Whom should you not marry? What woman is there might not be proud of such a man? Ah! who, indeed?"

It was a pleasant joke; so pleasant that the son continued it.

"West wind! do you hear this mother of mine

with her praise of a man as handsome and as pleasant featured as a stone shattered fresh from a quarry? Ah, mother, the evening star is smiling at your speech; see how merrily it twinkles through the window. Even the sleepy roses are nodding,—watch them!"

Old Hawys grew bold at the jest, so that she pushed the matter with a pleasant smile which yet was deeply earnest.

"They twinkle and they nod, the stars and the roses; and the west wind laughs, but not at the old mother. Nay! nay! 'tis at the son, for they say to themselves,—'Look you; sweet gossips, at the scornful man, but presently he will be brushing and brushing his beaver and will not be pleased with the cock of it at all, though he look in the glass never so oft. Nor with the set of the neck tie that never troubled him before, or the shape of the hands that he knew naught of till then. And he will look at the fit of his coat, and tie a ribbon of a taking colour at his knee, and wonder how many wethers he must sell in Cilddeg market before he shall have money enough to see the tailor again. Scornful now, but we shall see.' Yes! well may they nod and twinkle and laugh, but not at the old wife. Tom, which one have you thought of?"

The suddenness of this last caused the man's playful smile to broaden.

"Why, mother, I never thought at all."

Then he stopped and wondered, and the smile faded out, and his mental eyes, looking inwards, saw what brought a faint blush to his cheek. Had he never thought indeed? And the mother from beneath her eyebrows and from the bottom of her heart saw and noted all of this, as she sat nodding gently to the hand in hers; while the stars and roses and the west wind grew riotous in their merriment.

"Hark! what is that?" said Tom, suddenly rising. "I must go out and see. Come Gelert! I heard something."

Then the man went out into the night and saw that all the stars were smiling; probably because he took the dog with him. When a man tells a secret to anyone he likes to keep that one under his immediate eye, therefore Tom kept the dog beside him. Not that it had ever struck him as being a secret when he used to be telling it to the dog, or to have been anything in particular even; but now! it seemed to swell up into something which must be jealously guarded and not so much as hinted at to anyone else. Incidentally he glanced up at the clear darkness of the sky and around at the murkier blackness of the rocks and mountains, remembering with a dubious satisfaction that they were not likely to tell; only he was

sorry that he had ever talked to them at all about such things. But then, what man would ever have thought that it mattered? Anyhow he would say no more, either to the rocks or the sky, the breeze or the dog and—

At this point his thoughts took another turn, for he had reached the gate of the lower croft, where the rough cart track, leading down into the valley, began. From here his eye, ranging downward, could discern a faint twinkle, far below, like a dropped star shining upwards.

"Yes! that is it," he said softly, under his breath, as he leaned with folded arms on the gate. The dog knew that position and that station; nay, he evidently knew it very well, for he at once curled round and endeavoured to appear comfortable. Nevertheless he emitted something very like a huge sigh as he settled his head; he most indubitably knew,—and found no great pleasure in his knowledge. Then,—wonderful, or otherwise, accordingly as you knew, or did not know, the cause,—the dog's resigned sigh was answered by a deep strong sigh from the man; a wholly unconscious, swelling heaved sigh. Which also seemed to be a thing familiar to the dog, for he merely flicked his ears at an imaginary fly, and in the darkness winked his brown eyes at a blue harebell that nodded in sleep a foot from his nose.

How long the man stayed leaning on the gate does not matter, but inside, the old mother threw fresh turf on the fire and, smiling at the flame at first, relapsed into dreaming again upon the happenings of years ago, when a jaunt to fair or market was a pleasant thing to take.

When at last the man came in again, he said,—shortly and would-be off-handedly,—“It was nothing after all. I think I'll go to bed now. Good night, mother dear! good night!”

“Good night, Tom.”

But when he was gone old Hawys nodded to the red turf as she raked the ashes over it to preserve the seed of the fire for next morning. “It is all right! there's another fire had the ashes raked over it to-night, and there'll be another woman's hand will rake them off it to-morrow, or a near day, please God! It is all right! good night, hearth, it is all right.”

Then she, too, took a rushlight and started for bed; the dog, without a rushlight, finding his bed close enough to the warm ashes to contrast favourably with the ground by the lower gate.

And, outside, the roses shut their ears to the west wind's scandalous whisperings, while the star, suddenly remembering, glided swiftly upward in a pretty attempt to make up for this shocking delay.

CHAPTER II.

AND OTHER FOLK HAD A SHREWD IDEA OF IT.

NEXT morning, Tom was up and starting to fetch the cows much earlier than usual. Whether the cows knew anything or not cannot for certain be insisted upon, but the fact remains that, instead of wearing out the pads of Gelert's paws by being half way to Llyn Du, they were quietly chewing the cud at the gate of the upper croft; the long-horned one now and again rubbing her neck and dewlaps violently upon the topmost bar by way of simulating a mild excitement.

Gelert did not appear at all surprised; in fact, instead of barking a good morning to the four in general, he simply cocked his ear in a very knowing fashion when old “Star” lowered her nose to him in greeting. Likely as not he had arranged things before the two-legged folk were astir. The jackdaws, too, seemed to have some new subject of gossip, and wheeled closer to the group than was common with them. Nay, later, at breakfast time, one of the younger daws, of the more curious sex perhaps, even perched upon the kitchen garden gate, and then not being able to discern much through the window of the house, boldly alighted on the bench under the ash, from whence the open door gave an interrupted view of the interior.

Mother and son, however, did not again refer to the subject of their thoughts until, the meal being finished, the latter, in a manner intended to be casual, said,—“This is market day, mother. I think I'll just go down and see how things are going.”

And old Hawys, not surprised to hear it, but mightily pleased, nodded merely while she intimated that it would be a very sensible thing to do.

It generally required about ten minutes for Tom to dress for market, but this day it took well on for half an hour. Evidently the beaver brushing had commenced; and severely too.

He smiled shamefacedly at his mother as he attempted to hasten through the room to gain the door, and the sight of him overcame her prudent resolves.

“Tell me, Tom, is it Megan o Will Evans, with the black eyes and saucy ways? Or is it Nanno Griffiths?”

“Megan of Will Evans,” repeated the other, half scornfully. “Megan, with the long tongue and short temper? Or is it Nanno Griffiths? say you; when Griffith Gloff and I fell out over that ewe, till only his twisted leg saved him from a fight? Megan and Nanno, indeed, of them all!”

“Caty o'r Nant then?”

“Caty! Caty, with the mother all drawn and twisted with the rheumatism? And what would

Caty's young brothers and sisters do if I took Caty away now? No indeed! Caty is a rare good girl, but——" and he shook his head in disdainful superiority.

"She is the best girl goes into Cildeg Market," rejoined old Hawys with assumed warmth.

"Is she? She cannot even look the way of Gwennie Oradoc,"—he saw the trap after he was in it, and, nettled at his mother's triumph, pulled his hat over his eyes and strode with a long swing out and down to the lower gate. There he smiled at his own pettishness and turned his face to call a kind parting word to the mother shading her eyes in the doorway. Two minutes more and he was out of sight, while old Hawys was still smiling over her success, telling old Gelert the while that Gwennie Oradoc was a good girl and a handsome, but none too good for her Tom.

And Tom, a hundred yards down the track was stooping to tie a bright ribbon on either knee in place of the sober coloured one which usually hung there. Beaver brushing in earnest!

Moving onward a little while he came to a sharp curve where the way led round the foot of an overhanging rock, and here at the turn he paused to glance to the right and left. For from where he was standing the whole line of the valley came into the sweep of the eye. A snug and beautiful valley it was for the more part, ranging from the tender hued sterility of Pen Dyffryn on the right, in graceful and ever richening gradations, to the fat lands and bosky hedgerows of Mynachty on the left, whose rich acres filled the southern side of the valley's mouth and even spread into the great vale of Cildeg itself.

A pleasant prospect, truly, for the eye of any man, much more for that of a dweller on the heath-clad uplands. But it was not so much the valley in general that claimed Tom's eye so long and held his feet. His quick glance to right and left had stayed itself into a long fond look upon a point midway in the scene beneath him, where the roofs and white walls of a cluster of farm buildings showed, nestling in a sheltered grove. That was Glwysva, from whose window the star of his vigil last night had shone. Rightly was it named Glwysva, thought the man watching it so earnestly; it was a "pretty place" indeed,—and again he fetched the huge sigh that had bored the dog last night. For Glwysva was the home of Gwennie Oradoc, "his Gwennie."

"His Gwennie!" Ah no! not that. Such an one as he, a rough hillside, could have no chance with such a distracting perfection as she. The clouds knew that, and the bees knew it as they hung in the harebells or drowsed amongst the purple sheeted heather. He had told them so,

over and over again; just as he had told old Gelert and the rocks. Yea! how earnestly he had argued it with the south wind, when that sweet nymph had whispered so winningly into his ear that prettiest of all names "Gwennie, Gwennie," reiterating it with enchanting persistence, in spite of his deprecations, till the tips of his very ears rivalled the heath blooms in colour. Aye, even when at last the south wind passed on and told the bees that it was an assured thing, and they, starting gleefully up, followed with her while she kissed it into the delicate lips of the harebells, or drew softly amongst the grey old rocks, breathing it forth with such pretty pretence of sighs, as though she wished she had a lover too, and escaping so roguishly away when a bold rock would have held her, proffering himself for a leal and languishing lover,—at such a time Tom would stand up and cry out "No! I tell you no!"; startling the sheep, and the old dog, and himself into the bargain, so that he would grasp his ash staff and start for a vigorous climb up the nearest steep.

Therefore, surely, he must know now that he had no chance at all,—she would only laugh at his uncouthness. He repeated this over and over again to himself as he stood here at the turn of the way; so often that, at last, with a little quiver of the corner of the mouth, he stooped slowly down and withdrew the bright ribbons that bound his knee, replacing them with the sober coloured ones of a little while ago. Sorrowfully, as he rose up, he cast the glistening vanities away into the steep ravine beside him. There they caught upon a bramble, fluttering timidly in the little breeze, while he strode gloomily on his way. But no! his heart smote him; he had donned those ribbons to set off what of shapeliness his limbs might boast, that so they might assist him to the favour of his lady's eye. It was not right that they, having been thus associated with her image, should lie thus cast-off, till some thievish magpie should snap them up in screeching glee to line his nest. He would fetch those ribbons back.

Very quickly did he put the thought into execution, and then, with the recovered ornaments safe in his pockets once more, he started forward again.

The track he was following joined the valley road a little below Glwysva, but he would not trust his feet so near even as that, but would take across more to his left and so strike the road still farther below. And ever as he went his spirits sank lower until he caught himself saying sadly,—“Is it to be Megan Wills then, after all? or Caty, or Nanno?” And his sighs were crowding so closely and so furiously as almost to scare the birds in the

III.—A PIECE OF WRITING.

Robert Oliver Ross.

It is the pledge of Ieuan Gwynedd. Here, at least, is one temperance pledge that never came to shame. After signing it, the young abstainer laid down his pen, never again to touch the cup. This was the dawn of a day that remained bright, without the shadow of one cloud on it till the setting of sun,—the start on a straight road from which there never was straying nor bending one step out of it, nor falling once upon it, to the end of the journey. Here is one unshaken covenant, between an earnest young soul on earth and God in heaven, that never was broken. The whole life of the boy who wrote this pledge, was but a fair, living copy of it. Yes, he lies to-day in the churchyard of Groes Wen, with his character on earth as an abstainer as blameless as his soul in heaven above.

The article in my last number on the Aberystwyth Local Governing Body has involved me in much correspondence. Mr. John Evans,—who is after all my good friend of the old days,—subjects his case to me at great length, and in the most beautiful Welsh. It is true that a condensed report does not do an orator justice, and I quite believe Mr. Evans when he says that it was sympathy for the over-worked boy that made him eloquent. But I still wonder why so wise a man spoke as he did, and why he is unwilling to confess that he has been at fault.

After Mr. Evans' sensible letter came another, written by a "Saxon who has lived many years in Wales." The "Saxon" flourishes his barbaric axe over Mr. Richards' head, and asks, before utterly demolishing him, who he is.

Mr. Richards, who is reported to have pleaded that English can best be learnt by means of Welsh, is a tenant farmer. He knows something about education, though. He was a bright boy at the Aberystwyth Grammar School, he was the best liked of all Llandovery boys, he carried the school exhibition to Oxford, he won a mathematical scholarship at Oxford, and he graduated having taken honours in Mathematical Moderations and Greats. He was taught Welsh every day at Llandovery; for he was there before Bishop Edwards set the will of the founder of the school at defiance.

The ruthless "Saxon" is one of those people who will not see that progress is being made. Education is not now where it was ten years ago; English is not now taught in our schools in the brutal and unsuccessful way in which it was taught when some of us were school-boys. The "Saxon" who has lived many years reminds me of Mark Pattison, as he was described by an undergraduate poet, trying to keep pace in chapel with the new chaplain. That chaplain went so fast that, if you gave any other up to Pontius Pilate in the Creed, the new chaplain would get to the end first. Mark Pattison's deep rancorous voice was heard among the voices of undergraduates,—

"Snarling at the Almighty, far behind."

I am told by one who has examined the county schools of many, if not of most, of the shires of Wales, that the best English is invariably found where it is taught through the medium of Welsh.

It is cruel, as well as unjust, to taunt us with a desire to keep Welshmen in their so-called isolation. We advocate the use of Welsh, not because we wish to keep English at bay, but because English is more speedily and more correctly learnt by means of Welsh than by means of nothing. Our ideal is a bilingual Wales, a people who are heirs to the literature and thought of Wales, and who have also entered into possession of a wider sphere. We aim at the production of the best citizens, not at the production of human apes and human parrots.

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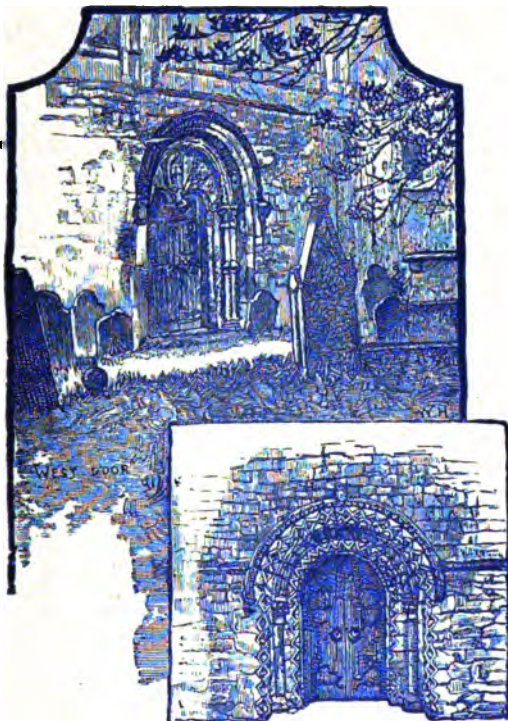
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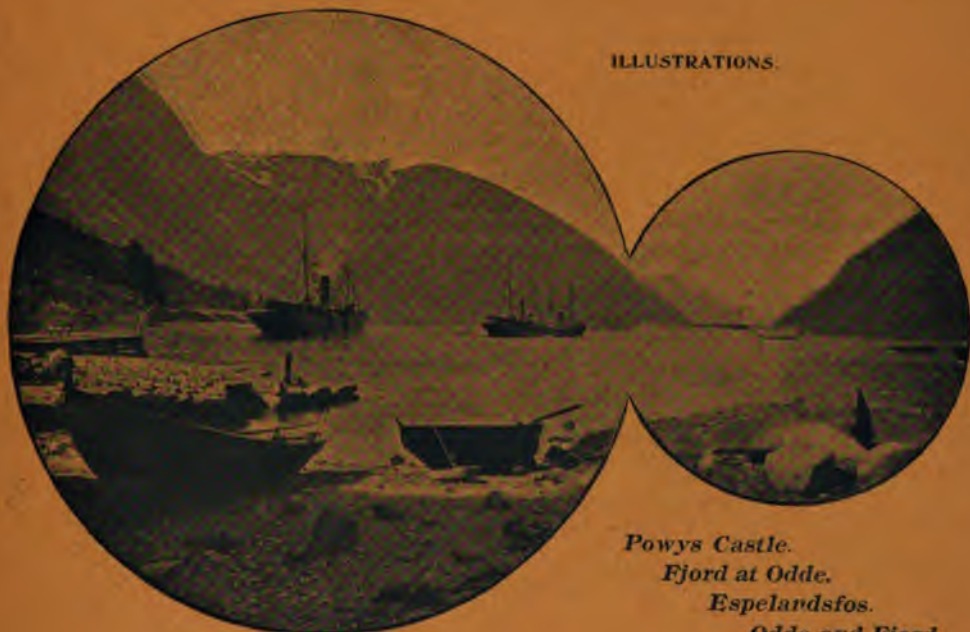
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Vol. IV.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 36.

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VI. The yeast of the oath of Ravens. VII. The buying of Jacob Shop.

VIII. Three corbies—wind up with some hilarity.

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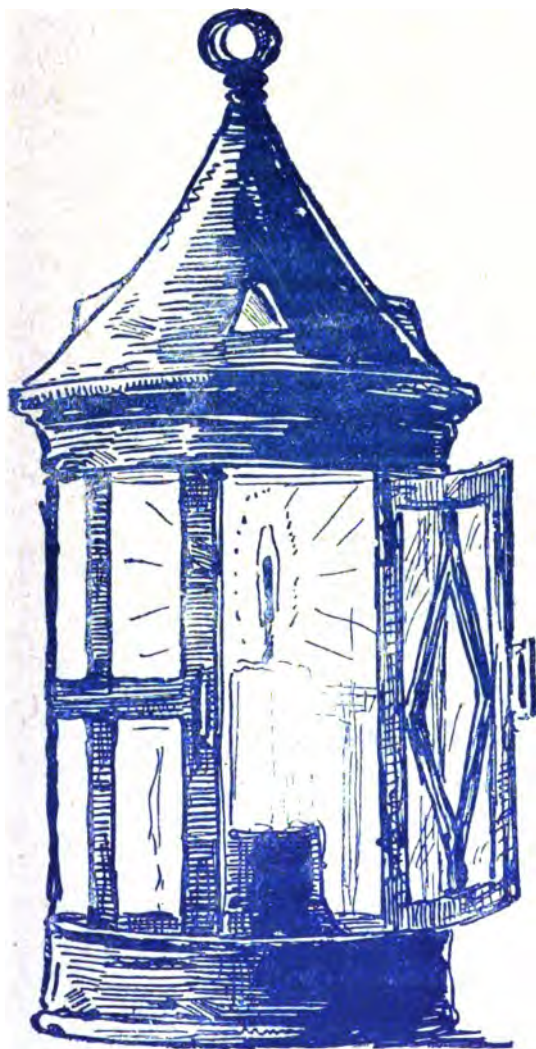
(*The Welshman's Candle*):

GAN Y

FICAR PRICHARD.

YR UNIG ARGRAFFIAD CYFLAWN.

Gyda Nodiadau Eglurhaol, a Bywgraffiad.



Argraffiad Rhad, Llian Destlus, Haner Coron.

Y mae *Canwyll yr Hen Ficar* yn un o weithiau clasurol Cymru. Y mae yn parhau i swyno gyda'i ieithwedd darawiadol; ac nid yw llyfrgell y Cymro yn gyflawn heb

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382 O DUDALENAU.

Llian Destlus.

Pris = TRI A CHWECH

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VOL. IV.]

MAY, 1897.

[No. 37.]

A B OWEN.

MAY 26TH, 1892—MARCH 9TH, 1897.

YOUNG as thou wert, thou hadst a name
That was familiar. We in Wales,—
In southern as in northern vales,—
Had hoped thou'dst live to win great fame.

But death has intervened. His hand
Has crushed a flower that budded well.
Oh, 'twas a cruel blow to fell
Thee thus, cause grief throughout the land.

Thy father's heart, so proud of thee,
Now feels a pang it scarce can bear;
Thy mother's, too. The pain they share
Calls forth our deepest sympathy.

Llanuwchllyn,—all the country round,—
The poor man's cot beside the road,
The farm, likewise the squire's abode,
Participate in grief profound.

Cardiff.

The spring is slowly coming up,
Flower laden. Timidly she moves
Around the hills, and through the groves,
And seems to drink from sorrow's cup.

Thy little grave she heeds. A thought
Of pity stirs her heart and soul,
Till down her cheeks the tear drops roll,
As she beholds what death has wrought.

Ah! here she'll linger in her love
Of children, choicest flowers select,
And they upon thy mound erect
Shall stand, and point to realms above.

For thither thou art gone to stay,
To publish better things than here,
And share, in a celestial sphere,
A Father's love that lasts for aye.

SILURIAN.

ONE OF OUR FORGOTTEN PRINCES.

By the HON. F. BULKELEY OWEN (*Gwenllian Gwynedd*).



Green island of the mighty! I see thine ancient race
Driven from their father's realm to make the rocks their dwelling-place!
I see from Uthyr's kingdom the sceptre pass away,
And many a line of bards, and chiefs, and princely men decay.

URING the years of persecution and of grinding taxation which followed the death of Llywelyn,—“Ein Llyw Olaf,”—hundreds of our people, chieftains and peasants, priests and bards, left their own country, to seek a home in France.

Thierry in his *History of the Norman Conquest* tells us that the Welshmen were well received there,

and that this emigration continued throughout the fourteenth century. Amongst the number of these exiles was Yvain, Evan, or Owen de Galles, the son of Prince Edmund of Wales.

He is supposed to have been a descendant of the Royal House of Gwynedd. Thierry thinks he may have been a great nephew of Prince Llywelyn.

Prince Edmund's name does not appear in any Welsh record to which the writer of this paper has had access; he was, however, no fictitious person, his name as father of Prince Evan of Wales, together with the history of the latter, has been handed down to us by Froissart in his chronicle.

thing, also, about what should be cultivated in the different sections with which we will attempt to deal.

There are, of course, gardens and gardens. There are the old gardens with ancestral memories that can awaken old revelations of past glories, when the gentle folk walked along the broad pathways, overhung with tangled creepers and sweet smelling twining plants, and the courteous noble plucked flowers from the sward to give his lady; and at the end of the long walk, in the bower, covered with eglantine and honeysuckle, the silence was broken by silvery talk and rippling laughter, as sweet as the flowers that hid the lovers from the gaze of those who were yet in the open, discussing the beauties of the well filled borders, with old fashioned flowers, or perchance, treading noiselessly upon the velvet turf of the green sward which stretched away to the fringe of evergreens and flowering shrubs marking the edge of the glade, and the belt of dark pines and graceful firs which made such poetic setting to so complete a picture. The stately peacock would strut proudly over the gay coloured gravel, swans and wild fowl would besport themselves amidst the wealth of aquatic plants in the lakes, a sun dial here and a piece of statuary there, with marble seats and stone resting places, —all these would bespeak the opulence and the sense of artistic taste of the possessor. But we must be satisfied with a thus hasty peep at this garden of a noble's demesne, as our closer thought is not for sumptuous surroundings such as these, but for a much more modest possession, which shall be, nevertheless, a garden.

If what I have described may be regarded as bordering upon the extreme upon the one hand, perhaps the allotment garden might represent the extreme upon the other. By the allotment garden I mean that with which one becomes familiar in moving about in different parts of the land,—gardens removed at a great distance from the cottage homes of the people, to reach which at the end of a labour day means a walk of weariness, devoid of the domestic surroundings into contact with which every true workman should be

brought. Often these patches of garden land, detached and placed at such distance from domestic surroundings, only perpetuate the drudgery and add to the chance of disappointment in the end; for frequently enough, after hard earnings have been expended in providing seeds and plants, and in cultivating them, the garden produce may be pilfered by some garden robber, either for market purposes or to add to his collection of vegetables to make up taking exhibits for the prizes at the local horticultural show.

Alfred Austen, our present poet laureate, has written some charming essays upon the subject, in a direction more in harmony with our present views; and in one of his books entitled "The garden that I love," he speaks out of a full heart, and a warm one, concerning things which are calculated to yield the fullest amount of pleasure to the members of a right ordered household, taking interest and delight in a plot of ground endeared to them and tended with a loving care, which alone can make a garden really what it ought to be. Be it large or small these two elements are essential,—first, the garden must lie round about the cottage, or the house, and be indeed part of it, not an isolated patch or a distant plot, but a place where the housewife, hot with the cares of indoor duty, and with perhaps the added charge of little children running about her, may seek release and find relief in the sweet fresh air, and in company with the nodding flowers and the grateful incense of aromatic herbs whilst the playful breeze puts cool fingers through her hair; and she is thus permitted to feel herself in touch with the fair presence of Nature, and the healthy breath of the open sky. Things indoors go all the more brightly and cheerfully for the brief rest. In the eventide there are the willing helpers delighted to believe that they are assisting father in the important work of dressing and keeping the garden, and, indeed, if truth be told, they do assist him with their childish prattle and their laughing talk. So the garden thus becomes a place at once of recreation, of education, of delight, and of stored wealth.

Secondly, it must be of such dimensions

as may; in the main, be kept and tended by the occupants of the homestead, excepting that such occasional help may be secured as may be needed for the temporary pressure of some period, when delay would be harmful, or when circumstances demand this extra assistance from an outside source. I am quite aware that it is needful to have a large garden, necessitating imported labour, where the produce is treated as for market purposes, but that is connected entirely with commercial occupation and does not come within the scope of our present purpose. A garden that we can love must be, as I have just indicated, a garden that we can keep.

I made use of a phrase a little while ago which will supply us with our first thought as we stand spade in hand ready to commence operations. I spoke of "the art and occupation of gardening." Let us realise that there must be due artistic discernment and display in the thought and work bestowed upon this precious patch of land, this piece beautiful, of God's fair earth, upon which we are called to exercise the labour of love. The gardener is an artist or he is no true gardener. He must make his work the work of art, otherwise he is simply a potterer with a tool. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," said Keats. It is a joy in the doing as well as in its being. It gives joy to the operator, in process, as well as pleasure to those who behold it a complete and finished work. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." This display of care and taste and skill is the unmistakable badge of the workman good and true everywhere. In no field of labour is a careless disregard or slipshod attempt more readily or provokingly discernible. Why, you cannot lay a verge or cut an edge line to bed or border without observing to the utmost of your power the principles involved in methods artistic. This is no waste of printer's ink or of valuable space, even where the available resources are limited by the so many, or the so few, pages allotted to monthly issues. If I succeeded in impressing upon some of our readers that work well done is the only work that can be counted as the outcome of true effort, in its true sense, I shall not have urged emphasis in vain.

Let us briefly recapitulate our position. First, gardening is an occupation calculated to make a man healthy, wealthy, happy, and wise. Then the work of the garden is to be conducted in a spirit of all loving care. All attempted work is to demand the best of human faculty and is to be made, as far as in us lies, perfect of its kind, and lastly in this discernment and appreciation of human effort and duty there is no sphere of labour where it may be put to better purpose than in the work of the garden.

The next points to care, method, order, precision are punctuality and thrifty regard of space at your disposal. Procrastination is a garden thief of the deepest dye. I have known persons put off their purposes day after day,—to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. Then when in the later weeks, when there should have been garden glory, there was but waste of weeds. The season runs on heedless of intention and of excuse. Father time puts his finger on the calendar and it keeps moving onward quietly and silently, but ceaselessly, over date after date. Yes, you find you must control circumstances, or they will control you, and that spells defeat always. Wise words, obvious enough, yet neglected, were written once by a man of wisdom, to the effect that "there is a time for everything," so be careful to observe seasons and let not the sowing time pass without sowing, or when the reaping time comes there might as soon be summer snow, for you shall not reap neither shall harvest gladden. "Summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, shall not fail." Truly, but this, you will observe, is but the faithful promise of period and of opportunity, not of result. These shall never fail because they are in higher hands than ours, but they shall fail for us, for you and for me, unless our hands prepare and perform the duty in mercy allotted unto us, and thus it rests largely with man himself what he shall enjoy as the undeserved reward for the effort blessed which he is permitted to put forth, in a kind of holy co-partnership with the Divine. For the earth is the Lord's.

Then, with regard to a thrifty use of resources, it is always a standing marvel

to me how much can be had from a space so little with due care and proper management. I have an old fashioned friend who considers that one great point in his character, as an able gardener, is that he can make boast that he never has a waste foot of ground about him. His illustration is always drawn from the same story, to the effect that if he finds a bare inch he sticks in a scarlet runner. This, I am free to admit, always strikes me as economy gone mad, as it would obviously give his garden the appearance of its having been given over to the hands of some elfin engineers who had stuck up here and there in their whimsical way tiny telegraph poles to carry gossamer wires wrought in the spider factory, and which certainly would

not add to the decorative attractiveness of the little garden. But there is a middle course, and whilst we may, perhaps with advantage, have here and there a foot of fallow or a yard or two clear of vegetation at one period or other, still it would be found of advantage to have practically every inch of space filled and the garden always full.

Well, we have, I trust, imbibed the spirit that will fit us for the work we shall consider from a more practical point of view in our next issue. Meantime rub the rust off your shovel by digging over the ground and putting all trim for seed beds and flower borders, and we will look round together and see what must next be done.

SKOMAR ODDY.

By J. ROGERS REES, author of *The Brotherhood of Letters*, etc.

THEY say that in these days only one dragon roams about in the immense caverns which lie under the sea around Pembrokeshire. In the olden times there were two; and these, after growling and spitting at each other for years, awoke one morning resolved to do battle to the death. They had come to the conclusion that the sea was altogether too small to contain two monarchs; and as each was perfectly certain of conquering the other, they began their struggle in a thoroughly determined spirit. Such was the force of the mighty conflict, as they tore from cavern to cavern snarling and clawing at one another, that at every movement the waters rose and poured in upon the land, sweeping before them whole stretches of rock and sand and mud. Very soon the greater portion of Coedraeth forest, which before had reached from Amroth to Tenby, was submerged, whilst Milford Haven entirely lost its original semblance.

The quantities of mud poured into the harbour completely frightened the water-sprites, who dwelt there, as well as the elves and dwarfs who lived on its banks; so, setting aside all petty family differences, they met together to devise means for the

protection of themselves and their homes. After a lengthy conference they determined to appeal for help to Skomar the giant, who just then was in the middle of his sleep in the heart of Precelly Top.

But a difficulty lay in the way. Skomar, generally spoken of as

Skomar Oddy,
No head, all body,

had notions of his own. His head was so small compared with his immense body, that it scarcely supplied room sufficient for a decent idea to turn about in. And so it had come to pass that, when he decided that a hundred years were only one day or one night, no more and no less, the affair was settled so far as he was concerned. As a consequence, when awake he continued awake for a century; at the end he went to sleep for a hundred years.

But the elves and the dwarfs and the maidens of the sea wanted help, and Skomar must be roused. Accordingly the meeting broke up, and seven and seventy and seven hundred of the small folk scrambled hither and thither in search of steeds to carry them to Precelly. And a motley procession they soon made, mounted on bats, moths, beetles, and birds, each

bearing a briar-thorn, the use of which was soon to appear.

At length they arrived at Precelly, into the very heart of which they got without trouble; for the mighty snoring of the giant, that had long caused the mountain to vibrate, had recently done more definite work in making great gaping fissures through which the fairies now scrambled on their mission. Swarming about the great hulking sleeper the tiny visitors set to pricking him with their thorns until his whole body was red and bleeding. Twice Skomar turned in his sleep, and swept his hand over his body, growling out,—“Drat the gnats.” The third time he sat bolt upright, and though he had been sleeping for nigh eighty years, he grumbled lustily, as he rubbed his eyes with his fists, at being disturbed just when his night’s rest was beginning. But he listened carefully to the story told him, and then, without speaking a word, rose to his feet, thrust aside a great piece of the mountain, and stepped out into the light of the stars. He soon made for himself a rope, by twisting young pine trees together; and with this he slung his cauldron over his shoulder, and stalked away, followed by the hurrying-scurrying multitude of small beings. With a few strides he reached the mouth of Milford Haven. Resting one foot near St. Ann’s Head he flung the other over on dry land close to Sheep Island. Striding thus across the harbour, he stooped down and thrust a finger into the water to ascertain the extent of the mud’s encroachment. Turning up his nose in disgust at what had happened during his sleep, he stepped up to where Neyland now lies, set his back to the west, threw his right foot on to the jutting land opposite, unslung his cauldron, and commenced his work. Clutching his huge kettle by the handle, he made a dredger of it; and so scraping up the mud as he went along, he walked backwards, one foot on each side of the haven until he reached its mouth. Here he lifted his cauldron and threw its muddy contents over his shoulder far out into the sea. Thus, once in each twenty four hours, at midnight, did the giant Skomar clean out Milford Haven; and when at length one

dragon slew the other and the fury of the encroaching sea subsided, he quietly stalked back to his Precelly cavern and went to sleep. But by reason of the break in his previous rest he now snores in peace till ten centuries shall have passed.

By one boatman, Skomar’s mud-dredging was remembered for a long while. This man was out in his skiff at midnight, near Milford, when a sudden furious rush of water surprised him, and before he could at all realize his position he was being swept along in the huge cauldron. But what crowned his night’s experience was the journey through the air, when the giant shot the contents of his dredger over his shoulder out into the Atlantic. The man, however, chanced to be an admirable swimmer, and, favoured by a fine night, he found his boat and made for the nearest land, which proved to be one of the islands fringing St. Bride’s Bay. Knowing the value of a silent tongue in the matter of such strange adventures, he feigned ignorance where it suited him, and to the many questions put by the dwellers on the island, he made answer only in the simple word “Skomar.”

“Where do you come from?” asked one.

“Skomar,” was his reply.

“And why do you come here?” enquired another.

“Skomar,” answered the boatman.

“Do you know where you are?” asked a third.

“Skomar,” was again the reply.

And so the good people, thinking him a stranger, permitted him to go in peace on the morrow. But the name he had unwittingly given their home seemed a good one, and for a while they called it such in sheer mischief. Then it grew familiar to them, and at length the island became equally well known as Scalmeay or Skomar.

When the boatman got home, he related his tale to wondering intimates, who in turn told it to their children and to their children’s children. And so it grew to be the saying, when one was lost in the waters about the stormy coast, that

Skomar Oddy,
No head, all body,

had got him.



ALUN MABON.

From the Welsh of Ceiriog, by ALLEN RAINE.

XII.—THE CUCKOO.

AS homeward I was straying,
I heard the cuckoo sing,
Who fresh from o'er the ocean
Had come to greet the spring.

All through the living green wood
The tuneful echoes rang,
As fresh, and full of music,
As the first that ever sang.

I turned to seek the cuckoo
Amongst the branches green,
But in the grove the songstress
Was nowhere to be seen.

I sought till I had wandered
Under my own birch tree,
And there, amongst the branches,
The cuckoo sang to me.

A thousand thanks, dear cuckoo,
That here we meet to-day!
I dried my tearful lashes.
And the cuckoo flew away.

XIII. *Air, Mentra Gwen.*

I sat beneath the birch tree once again,
And struck the tuneful chords of "Mentra Gwen,"
Love's chains were soon around me,
The melody had bound me,
Thine image fair had found me, Menna Wen,[†]
New hopes and dreams surround me, "Mentra
Gwen."

A birch wreath will I send thee once again,
Though thou hast sent a hazel, Menna Wen.
Though every birch, in sorrow
Should fade away to-morrow,
My hope will not be shaken, Menna Wen,
The spring the trees will waken, Menna Wen.

See'st thou the green leaves failing, Menna Wen?
And all the bright flowers paling, Menna Wen?
Though touched by death's cold fingers,
The birch tree's odour lingers,
After the storm remaining, Menna Wen,
Like true love uncomplaining, Menna Wen.

XIV.—THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY.

Air, Clychau Aberdyfi.

As I of Menna's hazel bough
Unto my harp was singing,
From out the far off deep sea caves,
The phantom bells were ringing,—
"Menna will not say thee nay,
Cast thy doubts and fears away,

One, two, three, four, five, six,"
So the bells rang all the day,
The bells of Aberdovey.

Oh, soft sea breeze that blows around,
What message are thou bringing?
What mean these sounds that fill the air?
The phantom bells are ringing,—
"Menna will not say thee nay,
Cast thy doubts and fears away,
One, two, three, four, five, six,"
So the bells rang all the day,
The bells of Aberdovey

Into yon hoary castle walls,
The same sweet tones are stealing,
The new born heir who sleeps so soft,
Smiles as he hears your pealing,—
"Menna will not say thee nay,
Cast thy doubts and fears away,
One, two, three, four, five, six,"
So the bells rang all the day,
The bells of Aberdovey.

Sweet bells of Aberdovey send
Far o'er the waves a greeting,
To where the youth and maid are wed,
And happy hearts are beating,—
"Menna will not say thee nay,
Cast thy doubts and fears away,
One, two, three, four, five, six,"
So the bells rang all the day,
The bells of Aberdovey.

And thus, sweet bells, ye'd still ring on
Were I to die to-morrow,
Ever your mystic tones will chime
The same, for joy or sorrow,—
"Menna will not say thee nay,
Cast thy doubts and fears away,
One, two, three, four five, six,"
So the bells rang all the day,
The bells of Aberdovey.

XV.

Of have I sung old Cambria's lays
And melodies of yore,
But now I sing a sweeter song
Than I ever sang before.
For ere the spring had passed away,
Menna became my bride,
And on her hand I placed the ring,
As we stood side by side.

And when another spring time came,
The cuckoo sang its song,
And underneath the hawthorn bush
The lambs played all day long.
And then within our mountain cot
To add to Menna's charms,
A bonny boy lay cradled soft
Within her snow white arms.

* "Venture, Gwen." † "Menna fair."

PEEPS ABROAD.

V.—THROUGH FRANCE ON WHEELS.

By R. E. HUGHES, B.Sc., H.I.M.S.

Bont a gle, bont a gle,
Over the hills and far away.

SO we Llanidloes boys used to sing, altering our Welsh to suit the exigencies of rhyme. A rare game too was "pont a gwlaw," with its pushing and pulling and wild tumbling. I remember that to me there was a charm in the very vagueness and suggestiveness of our song. How glorious would it be to sail away over those round-topped glacier-worn hills and see the great lands beyond! For though some of us had been in the train even as far as Aberystwyth or Barmouth, yet sneaking round the bottom of the valleys in a railway carriage was very different to scaling the heights and viewing the kingdoms of the world beyond. Some of us indeed had often started away before midnight to tramp the fourteen miles to Plynlimon top to see the sun rise and to catch a glimpse of the red rays of the morning glinting on Cardigan Bay, and watch the silvery Wye appear like a stream of liquid silver out of night's gloom.

What a fine fellow was he who had "tramped south,"—by which was always meant Cwm Rhondda,—there was no other "South,"—he at any rate had scaled the heights, and though perchance his account was prosaic, yet it never damped our ardour or admiration. We were all taught geography at the National School, but it was very unreal to us, and I confess that the geography *I do know* is what I have picked up on many wanderings by train and by wheel,—especially by wheel. For, after all, what gives one so

vivid, so intimate, and so thorough a knowledge of the lie of a country and of all its peculiarities as pushing a bicycle up and down dale, meeting the peasantry at home, living with them and so getting to know and appreciate their strengths and weaknesses?

I never recognised how great a people were the modern Dutch until I had lived amongst them, for a short time it is true, but sufficiently long to understand their fine physical and mental qualities. How again can one understand Wordsworth's or Southey's intense idolatry of the Lake District unless one has wandered up and down those hills and vales and seen nature in all her many moods there? The tourist who attempts to "do" the Lakes by driving or even walking misses many of the most delightful spots and scenes. How difficult would he find it to be standing on the top of the Kirkstone pass say at nine p.m., on a lowering summer's night, six miles from any kind of hotel.



R. E. HUGHES.

There was a deep natural gloom that crept visibly over everything, Helvellyn and the Saddleback were frowning in angriest mood, the wind was howling along and piling the dark waters of Ulleswater and Brotherswater into white-tipped crests that chased each other like famishing wolves, and the great piles of darkest cloud tumbled headlong down Helvellyn's side and threatened to engulf the little hamlet below in a perfect avalanche of

destruction. But why dwell on the charms of cycling,—to the benighted being who cycles not they must be painful; to that most blessed of men, the cyclist, they will sound feeble.

For the last three summers we have spent our summer holidays on wheels, namely, on our tandem, which is a light two wheeled machine with the male member of the party sitting in front of the lady, and so alone being responsible for the brake, the bell, and control of the machine, along a level road the lady is not required to exert herself at least to any appreciable extent, she is an auxiliary for hill-climbing mainly. [I make these last few remarks with a full sense of the grave responsibility I therein undertake.]

In June 1895, we had a three weeks' tour through Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, where we turned and came back through Newark, Loughboro', Leicester, Coventry, to beautiful Stratford-on-Avon,—where one is sure to meet more Americans than Englishmen,—on to Cheltenham and Bath, where we again turned homewards through Chippenham and ever dear old Oxford. It was a delightful holiday, and one we determined to repeat, so in the autumn we rode down to Aberystwyth and spent many happy hours in wandering over old haunts and spots beloved of *Y gwir Gymro*.

But where to next? England and Wales we knew; Scotland, we dreaded the hills and the long approach; Ireland,—dear old Oireland,—unfortunately is to the cyclist *yn wlad waharddedig*. So to France, *la Belle France*, Normandy the land of magnificent churches and quaint customs, with Brittany, so dear to us Welsh people, there would we go. We both knew a little French,—in fact my impression before I started was that I knew a considerable amount. That impression has however now disappeared. I regret the loss of fond delusions of that kind, but it is all owing to the absurd rate at which Frenchmen speak,—as if their language was not difficult enough without pouring it on the bewildered foreigner's head at the rate of 300 words per minute. There is one thing you will never get a Frenchman to do, and that is to speak (or eat!)

slowly. I remember at Caen, at the Hotel d'Espagne, where we stopped, a notice was stuck up "English is spoken." However I had met that notice before, and so of course went up to the hotel proprietor, and in my best French [*a la Bué*, up to date] asked him if he could accomodate us for the night. He surveyed me a moment or so; then doubtlessly divined my nationality, [not by the accent, but the costume I assure you] for he replied,—“I hef much Ingleesh good, I hef in London living sixty months.” So I tried him in English, he translating each word as I uttered it into French, and often relying on me to remember the synonyms. This I would not stand, so I told him I had not come to France to teach him English, but to learn French. But wherever that notice is stuck up, you are sure to be introduced to a lady or gentleman who tells you,—“I hef much Ingleesh good,” and then goes on to say,—“It is fining to-day,” [“it is raining to-day.”]

It was a pouring wet day when we started by the boat train from Victoria, and the channel looked very choppy outside Newhaven. Our *compagnons de voyage* were mainly French, and it was amusing to a solid Briton to watch how the briny billows gradually damped the volatile volubility of our friends, so that before the silvery streak was half way crossed we alone held the deck, though drenched to the skin. The others had retired to regions unknown, for we saw nothing more of them until I heard the tremulous voice of a gentleman carrying sixteen stone about with him, say,—“Voila la France,” and there lay Dieppe in front, with its white Dutch-like houses, whilst overhanging the little town was an enormous black cloud, a harbinger of the thunderstorm which quickly followed.

A quaint old-world town is Dieppe, with its narrow paved streets and overhanging houses, with the huge Casino dominating all. My C. T. C. badge was an “open sesame” to the customs officers, and so we quickly found ourselves and our machine outside the station,—but not before a full description and address had been affixed to the unoffending tandem,—with a rapidly increasing crowd of young Norman urchins

What strikes one at first in regard to many of these falls is, where the water comes from, as they seem from the valley below to come from the most unexpected places; but when one remembers that behind all these cataracts there are those vast fields of snow for which the country is noted, one is not so surprised.

We are at the end of the twelve mile drive, and are looking down the gorge at the rushing torrent, and at the way we came.

An incident happened here showing the honesty of the Norwegians. We had been up to the little hotel, having refreshments, and just when we reached our carriage and were about returning, one of the maids came running down, and we naturally thought we had not paid them enough, but, to our surprise, she handed us a kroner (1s. 1½d.) and said they were sorry that they had charged us too much.

After a drive of very great interest we arrive back at the top of the valley, where we had a splendid view of Odde, the fjord and the snow-clad mountains. In the foreground are several farm houses, and cottages, and the rivers hurrying down to the fjord.

The bell of the little church was ringing, and we took it to be in honour of the Emperor and Empress, but found afterwards that it was a funeral knell.

A little way up the valley a group of women were seen outside a small house, and presently a lot of boys moved on. They were soon followed by several men, all evidently in their Sunday clothes. Then came a pony cart, and on this was a large wooden chest, seemingly very old, inside of which was the coffin. A young daughter of the deceased sat on the wooden box. Following was the husband and three others in two cars, the cortege winding up with a group of women, and between each section was about a hundred yards.

To us, pleasure-seekers, the scene was very impressive, and ever since, when calling to mind the grandeur of the scenery, the roar and rush of the torrents, and the gayness of that day at Odde, the ringing sound of the funeral bell and that little mournful procession also present themselves to our mind.

It would have been more in accord with our feelings to witness a wedding party, but probably the Norwegians have no time to get married in the busy season. In a Norwegian wedding the bride wears a crown, while the women are dressed in the picturesque fashion of their locality. Those that are married wear the large square head-dress. Each locality has its own crown, which is lent out whenever required. They are made of silver gilt, and form an important feature in the bride's dress. Weddings generally take place on Sunday, and the festivities last for two or three days.

Just before reaching Odde we passed two houses being built. The timber is about five inches thick, and the spaces between the logs are filled with a kind of moss. Then there is an outer casing of boards, and also a similar lining inside. The foundations, the fire places, and chimneys are of stone.

In many places the fjords are very narrow, and the mountains seem to close them up very nearly. Those narrow parts are usually called the gates of the fjord.

All the carriages and boats on hire in Norway are under government control, and the charges which are fixed are very low. The rowing boats are nearly all the same shape, with head and stern pointed, resembling the old viking ships, they have no rudders, and are put together in a very simple manner, and only consist of about eight planks.

These fjords are very deep, and are in many places as deep as the mountains rising out of them are high. One cannot help wondering at the fact that it is possible for large ocean steamers to come up to such places as this,—over a hundred miles from the sea.

One would think that these waters are perfectly still, as there is only about a foot tide, but there are strong currents as we saw by the way our steamer and the one next to us were constantly moving about and colliding, to prevent which the sailors had to shorten the cable of each. We left this charming place about five in the afternoon, and in passing close to the stern of the Emperor's yacht we gave a

About five miles from Rouen we got a magnificent view of the valley of the Seine stretching in one direction almost to Havre, and in the other beyond Rouen up to Vermont, St. Germain, and Paris. It was a glorious scene. There lay Rouen beneath us with the spire of its noble Norman cathedral overtopping all the other buildings, whilst the Seine was alive with shipping of all kinds, from the gaily

decked excursion steamers running up the river to Paris down to the dirty coal barges toiling along in single file of eight or nine behind a smoky little tug. Beautiful Caudebec lay on our right with its fine church, whilst straight in front of us, and beyond the river, stretched the plains of Normandy towards Caen and Bayeux, places which we looked forward to seeing with the greatest delight.



ALUN MABON.

From the Welsh of Ceiriog, by ALLEN RAINB.

XVI.—RECITATION.

AND then as the years glided on,
The children came fast in the nest,
And "more food for the little ones" soon
Was the cry that prevented my rest.
Of the toils and the troubles of life,
And the labour, I soon had my share;
But the solace of sweet Menna's love
Would lighten each burden and care.

Once only the stream of our lives
Was ruffled with billows and foam,
For we quarrelled, sweet Menna and I,
And peace took its flight from our home.
To her old home she often would stray,
And, jealous, I dared to complain,
And chiding her gently one day,
She answered with angry disdain.

"Dost think, Alun, I can forget
My father and mother and home?
Must I always be met with reproof
Whene'er o'er the mountain I roam?
Ah! little I thought long ago,
That thou such a tyrant couldst be;
I will not be ruled like a child,
I must be untrammelled and free.

"I am but a woman, I know,
But I have a right to be heard,

I will not be scolded and blamed,
And thou may'st depend on my word!
North, east, south, or west I must go,
And wander wherever I will,
For the home of my father to me
Is a warm nest of happiness still.

"Oh where are thy promises, Alun,
And how canst thou cause me such pain?
I believe thou never hast loved me,
I'll return to my father again.
For I never will bear your reproaches,
And you never shall see me again."
And she left me alone with the children,
The angry tears falling like rain.

And away she went, and she stayed away until
my heart was breaking, and I, in my trouble with
my little children, sang a song to lighten my
heart, and thus I sang,—

XVII.

The moon is shining on the sea,
And the cave of Craig Eryri,
Oh that some beam would light thee home
Where I sit lone and weary!
Oh Menna, hours are long as days,
And days are years without thee,
Would that to-night I were a bird,
To hover round about thee.

would at once be taken either to communicate with your friends, should no one meet you, or hand you over to the representative of a charitable society formed for the purpose of assisting young strangers to reach their destinations up country.

The next step is to change your English money for American green backs and the heavy silver dollars; rescue your boxes from their risky pose on the topmost pile before you; pay to the obliging clerk at your elbow the excess charge on the luggage for your coming journey up the Hudson; and at length you step out into the sunshine and light, and feel that you are now in reality standing on American soil, in the streets of the chief city of the country, with a new world around to the strangeness of which you already feel a dim awakening.

Scores of carters await outside ready to cart your boxes and yourselves to the depôt, and in the course of a few minutes, sitting astride the carrier's load, you jolt along over uneven dirty streets, whilst above you, rushing from street to street, the over head railway can be seen with its crowded carriages, pushing its way along.

The boat does not start until 5-30, and this gives you time to have a square meal, as the Americans call it. Convenient to the depôt you find coffee shops, unattractive looking places enough. You order some food, and the proprietor takes your order with so palpable an indifference as to whether he serves you or not, that you begin to think that you have come into the wrong house. This is not however a very alarming characteristic of the Yankee, for he seems to think that a careless and negligent manner, as assumption of position, is the best and clearest way of intimating to the world around him that he is lord of creation,—at least, when he's at home; an innocent amuse-

ment, which generally brings a smile to the face of a stranger.

The Hudson river steamboats are smart looking crafts, capable of carrying hundreds of passengers, and providing them with comfortable bunks at reasonable prices. The boats are lighted with the electric light, and the officers are dressed in neat uniforms. You will find the skipper alongside the dock side receiving the passengers, but because you have travelled steerage you are denied the comfort of a bunk. No steerage passengers are allowed in the sleeping bunks, and you have to rough it for another twelve hours amongst the cargo.

Once again your boxes are weighed, and although excess rates have been paid at Castle Gardens the skipper informs you that the officials at Castle Gardens had no claim to the excess fares, and you are politely, but firmly, told to hand over the amount asked for. There is something so utterly contemptible in finding that you have been the victim of a swindle that you hardly know what to do. If it is any consolation, there is every reason for believing that you are only one of many others who are swindled by the same process; and to the victim, Castle Gardens appears in the light of a huge swindle, whereby emigrants are systematically robbed by clerks, who are apparently too callous to allow any sentiment to interfere with their nefarious practices, cheating the hard pushed emigrant, totally unconcerned as to how, with a reduced purse, he is going to hold out to the end of his journey.

The Hudson is a splendid river, about the beauty of which much has been written. The warm rays of the setting sun gleams along its broad bosom, and now the first real glimpse of American scenery bursts on the view as the boat glides along the water.

AN APOLOGY.

Owing to a very severe domestic affliction, the Editor has been unable to pay the usual attention to arrangement and punctuality.

All Welsh intermediate schoolmasters and members of governing bodies should read Professor Spencer's "Aims and Practice of Teaching," Cambridge University Press, 6s.

THE BALLAD OF ARTHUR'S SLEEP.

I.

ON the morn of sweet St. Martin
Davie drew a hazel wand,
And he singing came to Bala,
With the hazel in his hand.

What he sang, the song-thrush echoed,
Some wild song of lost Merlin,
Or the sad refrain of Rhuddlan,
Or the love of Hob and Gwyn.

From the hill, he heard the crows there,
And the haggles, in the town,
And his heart leapt up to hear them,
As he sang, and hastened down.

II.

What cobbled ancientry is this
Comes coughing through the fair,
Like one from out the grave arisen,
The grave-mould in his hair?

He scans the herdsmen, not the herd,
And coughs, and holds his way;
But he stops at sight of Davie's wand.
He has dark words to say.

"If you'll take me where your hazel grew,—
As you're young and I am old,—
I'll twine your wand with silver,
And bind your belt with gold!"

It's oh, to leave untasted
Half the joys of Bala fair,
"Davie dear," the shepherds call him,
But his fate leads otherwhere.

III.

Far from Bala fair the Lonnen
Hangs upon the mountain side;
Far above the Lonnen haystacks,
Sounds the brook the hazels hide.

There the grey man follows Davie,
As grey eve St. Martin's morn,
While across the Lonnen haystacks,
Now, the pale frost-fog is borne.

"Ugh!" the old man coughs, and Davie,
As they pass the Lonnen, sighs;
"Quick!" the old man cries, "'tis night-fall,
And our lantern is our eyes!"

By the brook above the Lonnen,—
How the old man laughs to see
There a stone that's like a gravestone,
Graved with Druid charactry.

"Ha," he laughs; his lean, long fingers
Strain upon it, till it stirs!
But a cry from out the torrent,
And the hazels, Davie hears,

"Lift!" the old man cries. They lift it;
Lo, beneath,—a dropping stair
Leads them to a dusty doorway
Open on the darkness there.

IV.

Like St. Dewi's church, a cavern
In the dark, lay dim below,
Arched and groined and loop'd and lifted,—
There no windows ever glow.

But a sudden sombre twilight
Seemed to show a thousand men,
Davie thought,—asleep in armour;
Oh, that they might wake again!

"They are mighty Arthur's soldiers!"
Said the old man, "till the day
Dawns, they sleep; yon bell shall wake them,
Then, to free all Wales for aye."

"Where is Arthur?" Davie murmurs.
"Do you see the starrier gleam,"
Says the old man, "where, around him,
Goldener the helmets beam;

"With his knights at the round table,—
Owain, Kai and Percival,
See, the star that crowns King Arthur,
And yon cup's the Holy Grail.

"But, as Merkin told, they wake not
In our time; and save yon bell
Should be rung, this gold heap'd round them
Is all ours! Sirs, sleep ye well!

"Hasten Davie! quick! thy wallet
Gapes for gold, that's heaped around
Like the grain! now, ere they waken,
Quick! ere yon dread belfry sound!"

But still Davie looked and wondered
At the soldiers in their sleep
With such spears, and splendid helmets;
"Oh," he cries, "to see them leap

"Forth to life, and march to music,
Flashing all their thousand spears;
I will ring yon bell, and Arthur
Shall rise, royal, when he hears!"

Still the old man gropes and grumbles
O'er his gold, as Davie's gone;
Hark, ye mystic hall of warriors,
Hark, the bell rings, night is done!

At its stroke, the mountain trembled,
And the thousand spears replied,
Grounding on the mouldy pavement,
And a voice, above them, cried,—

"Has the day come for King Arthur?
Who is he has rung the bell?
Has the day come?" But the old man
Cried in terror,—“Sleep! 'tis well!”

Oh, the soldiers rise in radiance,
All in motion, helm and spear!
And King Arthur's crown, above them,
Like a star shines steadfast there!

Then the voice cried,—“Sleep King Arthur!
An old man's greed, a child at play,
Wake thy centuries' sleep, and distant
Far is Wales' awakening day!”

And King Arthur cried,—“Sleep, soldiers!
Sleep, my spears!” They sank again
Into silence. Round the table
Arthur slept with all his men!

But the old man hastened, trembling,
From his gold, and softly crept,
And drew Davie up the stairway,
Looking back at those who slept.

February, 1897.

Far below, the Lonnen windows,
Sent one gleam forth loneliness,
As alone stood Davie, asking,—
“Old man, gold man, where is he?”

v.

Many a morn, up from the Lonnen,
Davie led his sheep to seek
For the door, but never found it,—
Many a morn, week after week!

Bala fair came round, and Davie
Drew a hazel, as of old,
Hoping still to hear the old man
Cough, and mutter of his gold!

But he never found the stairway,
Year by year, till he was grown
Old, and all the Lonnen meadows
And the sheep there were his own.

And not yet, the day of Arthur!
Still, the bell its counsel keeps!
Still within his hall of waiting,
With his warriors, Arthur sleeps!

ERNEST RHYS.



QUERIES.

I. Can any one tell me where the two following
“definitions” come from,—

FORGIVENESS,—“The odour that flowers breathe
when trampled upon.”

GRAVESTONES,—“Mountain peaks of a new and
distant world.”

II. TRANSLATION OF CEIRIOG'S “MYFANWY
FYCHAN.”—Has the translation of “Myfanwy
Fychan” which was successful at the National
Eisteddfod held at Pontypridd (I think, or
Llanelli) a few years ago, yet been published?
If so, by whom, and what price? HYWEL.

III. THE PRINCE LLYWELYN MEMORIAL.—I
should like to know how far the movement to erect
a memorial to the last Llywelyn has progressed?
COLOFN.

IV. Is the very bulky volume just published,—
“Gwaith Islwyn,”—a complete collection of
Islwyn's poetical works? If not, are the pieces
not included obtainable anywhere? I am very
anxious indeed to get every line this poet wrote.
MYNYDD ISLWYN.

REPLIES.

III. I am not able to state exactly how much
has been got for the Llywelyn memorial. The
honorary secretary,—the Rev. J. Gwynor Davies,
of Barmouth,—has been away in Palestine, and is
now, I regret to say, ill; when he is well again,
he will give Colofn all information. I am a
member of the committee, but an ignorant one,
and a lazy.

IV. The volume “Gwaith Islwyn” does not
contain the whole of Islwyn's poetry. It does not
contain any of his English verses,—all these will
come in WALES, and in this year's volume. It
does not contain all the Welsh poems either; some
of the best, in spite of every effort to make the
collection complete, have been left out. A new
volume, a supplementary one, is necessary. This
new volume will be the July number of the *Llenor*,
which will also contain some of Islwyn's choice
prose articles, and very interesting biographical
information. The price will be one shilling.

The help of friends to make Queries and Replies
interesting and edifying is earnestly solicited.

THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

AN IDYLL; A FARCE; AND A TRAGEDY.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL,

Author of *The Jewel of Inys Galon, Battlement and Tower, For The White Rose of Arno, etc.*

BOOK I: AN IDYLL.

CHAPTER VI.

THE YEAST OF THE OATH OF RAVENS.

THE river that wandered along the vale of Gildeg took many a turn and winding on its pleasant journey. One in particular it made, where a comparatively straight reach of some five or six miles was broken midway by a beautiful, smooth semicircle to the west. The main road along the valley, coming to this bend, disdained to follow the idle stream and kept a stubborn, matter-of-fact line on to the point where the river, its frolic ended, resumed the temporary straightness of its course. As if, however, to emphasize its disdain, the road now changed its bank, marching over a bridge and so continuing to its destination.

But to come back to the bend. Here, hemmed in by the curve of the stream on the one side and the straight of the road on the other, lay the little town of Gildeg. The road, of course, became a street, with various smaller streets leading down to the river, but only one in the other direction, and that was merely the lazy road from over the Moel mountains, which had put on airs, and now turned street because it happened to reach a town. Where these roads intersected was the market square, around which ranged the chief inns and shops of the town. Leading away from one corner of this, a narrow way ran to the grey old church, with its peaceful, yew-shaded acre of rest, on the banks of the gently flowing water, whose fringe of giant elms protected the quiet fane from the mid-day heat. One other feature of the town requires mention. Standing and looking along the eastern road a sudden curve shuts the view, a hundred yards along it. Walking to this curve one could note that the houses extended only another sixty or seventy yards, but the point that chiefly arrested the attention was a cubicle sort of erection which occupied the centre of the road at the end. Squat; massive; ugly,—that was the jail.

Three feet thick the granite of its walls, one foot thick the flagstones of its roof, hardly high enough for a tall man to stand upright in and barely wide enough for such an one to stretch his length along its floor. Four square it stood, grim

and forbidding, with a narrow doorway that forcibly suggested a coffin on end, were it not for the rough-hewn iron-banded ribs of the oaken door, which frowned in its depths and showed a key hole rivalling in size the loop hole which was supposed to admit light and air to any poor soul within.

Like most Welsh jails, however, this one was seldom used, and at present we should find it empty did we choose to go so far. Turning away therefore, as useless to continue, we should, perhaps, not be wholly surprised to find at our right elbow a house, somewhat superior to its neighbours in aspect, with bow windows above and below, and bearing upon its door a brass plate inscribed,—

“OWEN BEVAN, SOLICITOR.”

Nor, in continuing our journey back again to the square, should we probably make any comment at seeing, about half way along, another brass plate upon the door of a similar house, and bearing a somewhat similar legend,—

“EVAN BOWEN, SOLICITOR.”

Evidently the dwellings of the rival solicitors of the place.

Reaching the market place one finds the farther side of it utilized almost to its fullest extent by the front of the Red Dragon, most famous of inns, and home of most kindly cheer and potent ale. Other inns there are, King's Heads and what not, upon other sides of the square, but not one of them really competent to enter the lists with the Red Dragon; while, scattered between all these, stand the more or less modest shops,—chemists, grocers, drapers, etc., which naturally congregate in such small centres of activity.

Having thus the town in your grasp, upon the morning next following the events of the last chapter, turn your eyes towards the bridge and note, ambling in upon a powerful black mare, the scowling visage and bulky form of Will Addis, glowering furtively to right or left, with never a smile or a “good morning” to man, woman, or child; nor ever a smile or a “good morning” from man, woman or child.

Half through the night he had lain plotting and planning, with a brandy bottle at his elbow beside the tall candle whose rays kept at bay the vision

of the raven on the tree. Thoroughly stupefied at last, with the brandy heeled well down and the candle commencing to gutter, he had fallen asleep to dream of horrible scenes and doings, waking in the morning with a head possessing an individuality and movement of its own. However, up till now, he had never been much given to spirits, and therefore it did not take long, or need any drastic measures, to induce the head to abate its new found importance, a few minutes under the wall pipe limping and bedraggling its notions wonderfully. A draught of honest ale, and a stiff climb to the nearest shoulder of Drumbir, brought him to breakfast without any greater distaste for it than might have been expected, and over the breakfast his previous night's debates suddenly crystallized themselves into a distinctly satisfactory plan of proceedings.

Whereas in the night his thoughts had all tended towards some manner of safely committing a double murder and averting the consequences, the morning diverted them to what to him appeared a much saner and safer line. Instead of himself coming under the heel of the law he would now use its forms and powers as a means of gratifying his own desire for revenge. Murder was a poor enough mode of vengeance, lasting no time; tasteless, too, in all probability,—since likely enough the victim would not know who did the deed; vengeance in such case becoming rather a retrospective abstraction than a present sweet morsel between the lips.

His vengeance must last long and bite deeply in. No thing of a moment's duration, shadowed and haunted by a fear of the gallows. Clearly the morning's thoughts were wholesomer to his desires than the druggings of darkness.

The point then was how to begin? It did not take long to decide that a first step could not be better chosen than one which would strike at the prospective marriage through its prospective home. He would buy Hafod y Garreg and thus become Tom's landlord. Jacob Shop, down in Cildeg, owned the place, and Jacob Shop would do anything for money.

He smiled as he mentally settled this, and, rising, passed out into the corridor. He had donned his hat and was come to the front door before it struck him that the tune he whistled was *Cwynfan Prydain*, not a pleasant omen to be sure. Never mind, he would offset that; *Megan a gollodd ei Gardas* was surely fitting to the business in hand. So he kept on to the stables and told Randal Goch to saddle the black mare at once.

Thus it is that we meet him here riding in to put his plan in motion.

The shop from which Tom's landlord received his surname was situated half way down the square, on the right hand as you turned from the bridge road to the Red Dragon. Here he sold all manner of spun, woven, or knitted goods, with a good deal of miscellaneous else beside. Bolts of cotton goods and bales of woollen stuffs blocked up the doorway till there was barely room to pass, and not that if you had a kindly stomach. Inside, rolls of ribbons and folds of lace lay in glass cases blocking up the counter; handkerchiefs, neck kerchiefs, shoulder shawls, cravats and caps obstructed the light of the window; pasteboard boxes and brown paper parcels filled the shelves that lined the walls, and, overhead, lines of odds and ends, from tablecloths to babies' bibs, interfered with the glossiness of customers' beavers. Just the dim kind of place wherein the unscrupulous shopkeeper lies in wait to palm off wrong shades of colour and goods that are shady upon the long-suffering buyer.

The place was nominally the place of Jacob Shop, but notoriously it was the seat of the government of *Jen gwraig* Jacob Shop,—who ruled her husband, her family, and the shop, with a rod of iron, or, to be more correct, a tongue of inordinate length which was hung in the middle and wagged at both ends, as the common saying went. This morning, being the day after market, she was in an especially aggravating mood, for there was cleaning to do after the throng of yesterday, and neither had she yet exhausted her homily anent her husband's mistake of the same date, when a confusion of tickets caused him to sell a tucker three half-pence below its proper price. Wisdom did not come to Jacob Shop from experience, or he would never have ventured to point out to her, as he did, that it was she herself who had pinned the wrong ticket in place and thus caused the loss. Therefore he was very properly punished by finding that a whole evening's recrimination, continuing with the bed candle, did not find its usual conclusion in a half hour's summing up over the breakfast table next morning, but bade fair to be carried on through an additional twenty four hours.

His gratification then was proportionate when the Freeholder,—having sent this horse to the Red Dragon,—coming in at the door, overturned both piles of material upon the woman scolding inside. Decorously dissembling his glee the little man hastened to assist in the extrication of his lady ruler from the confused mass, duly receiving a vigorous box on the ear and a clutch of his scanty red hair as a reward for his gallantry. All the same the stream was turned and for the next few minutes the new comer was compelled to listen to the

torrent of her objurgations, which first astounded and then amused him, finally determining him to make her sorry some day.

When she paused to take breath,—which, being well practised in her line, was not soon,—he hastened to insert a word,—“Good morning, Jacob Shop! I’ve come to see you on a matter of important business. You had better put on your hat and come over to the Red Dragon.”

“All right,” responded the person addressed, with a deprecatory glance at his wife as he started round the counter.

But that good lady met his glance with a look that boded the downfall of the move. Setting her arms akimbo she spoke in her shrillest voice and most determined manner. “Get you back behind that counter, Jacob Shop, and don’t you dare to leave it to-day. Go to the Red Dragon, indeed! upon business! Any business in this house must be told to me or stay away—”

She didn’t break off for lack of words but because it is difficult to continue if you are seized by the shoulders from behind and violently flung aside; which is what the Freeholder did to her at this moment.

“Out of the way, woman, damn you!” he shouted; “and you, you fool! come with me at once. I’ll lend you my horsewhip to come home with when we have done. Come, and it will be good money and lots of it in your pocket. Now!”

The tone and masterful manner succeeded, and while Jacob Shop slunk out, Jen Jacob went into hysterics, until, finding that neither of the men turned back, she crossed over and smashed the cases on the counter and then, diving into the living room behind, seized the second boy, who had the misfortune to most resemble his father, and thrashed him till he howled again.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BUYING OF JACOB SHOP.

THE Red Dragon had other rooms beside the common one. Some folk,—homely, easy-going mortals,—preferred the settle nook by the kitchen hob, and the contemplation of the huge fitches of bacon hanging from the beams above. There was an atmosphere of plenty about these, backed by the mighty loaf and bulky cheese on the dresser, which was very comforting to folk who did not always find it easy to scrape along.

Others again, small shopkeepers and such like, proud people, aired their consequence in the commercial room, where prints of prize-fighters and game cocks, in equally ferocious attitudes, ministered to the accredited sporting leanings of the gig driving fraternity. There was a

swaggering, man-of-the-world, hanged if I don’t, sort of air about this room which agreed well with the pretensions of its local frequenters.

Different yet, some sybaritic souls swore by a drop of something short in the snuggery, where the brass candlesticks on the mantelshef rivalled the copper ale-warmers and bed pans in polished brightness, and the new-fangled sofa strove to look less glum than nature or its fabricator had made it. The long churchwarden pipes seemed to appear more inviting here as they smiled from the chimney rack, suggesting that a whiff of good tobacco was “a dish for a king.”

But none of these had any attractions for Will Addis to-day. Leaving them all aside he kept along the passage, past the bar and snuggery on the one hand and the commercial room on the other, till he came to the sanctum of mine host himself. Lifting the latch, with never a knock or a by your leave, he walked straight in, followed by the draper, who was not a little impressed by this cavalier treatment of the privileges of the house.

Mine host looked round smartly at this off-hand intrusion upon his privacy, but the sight of the Freeholder changed the words upon his lips.

“Ah, Will Addis! Good day to you.” He merely nodded to Shop.

“Good day to you, Madoc. I came in here because I wanted to talk over some important business with my friend,”—here he nodded condescendingly towards Shop who discreetly remained in the back ground and smiled feebly upon the scene at large,—“I thought it was best to come and ask you for the use of this room for awhile, knowing that you would not mind.”

“Oh, of course, certainly! I’ll send someone to you at once if you should want anything,” and barely noticing the other’s thanks, mine host departed.

Relieved of the landlord’s presence, the Freeholder sat himself down at one end of the little mahogany table in front of the fire,—which the thick walls rendered grateful even at this season,—and motioning his companion to take the seat at the other end, reached out a couple of the churchwardens reposing so cosily upon the hob. Handing one of these to the draper, he proceeded in a leisurely manner to fill the other from the contents of the tobacco jar standing upon the table, doing it with a nice deliberation well calculated to impress the beholder. Satisfied at last, he pushed the jar over to the little man, bidding him help himself, while he proceeded, with the aid of a spill from the glass vase on the mantelshef, to “light up.”

With the first whiff of smoke the door opened,

almost causing Shop to knock the head off the pipe he was filling, in a hasty attempt to hide it under the table, lest something should happen to him for his audacity in thus preparing to smoke the Dragon's tobacco from the Dragon's own pipe, and in the Dragon's own den, too.

It was no Dragon, however, that entered, but a trim, white-aproned maid wanting to know what the gentlemen would take.

"Brandy," said the Uchelwr from behind a blue cloud.

The little man protested; holding the pipe well under the table while he did so. Ale was quite good enough for him.

The maid's cheek dimpled at this; she knew! The truth was, that, in the surreptitious visits which were all he could usually manage to the Red Dragon, Jacob Shop was in the habit of taking brandy, neat, as thereby compassing the effect of much ale and long sitting, while only wearing really some three minutes from back door to back door and back again.

Therefore now, when he would have chosen to enjoy himself over some good nut-brown, his record was against him and he was forced to take what, he shrewdly suspected, would land him in ultimate sorrow.

The Freeholder, watching the maid's smile and the other's confused protestings, cut the matter short at once.

"Brandy! bring brandy. Never mind the ale."

Then while the order was being executed he handed the other a spill. "Light up! never mind who comes. I'll be your warranty."

With the first curling cloud Jacob emitted a long sigh of satisfaction; he did not often get such an indulgence; his wife saw to that. He had no right to waste money in smoke, said she. Then the brandy came in, and he stretched himself back with another sigh at the prospect of the coming pleasure, watching his companion the while he mixed the first double jorum.

"Try that," said the other presently, handing him a tumbler which reeked with the pleasant odour of its contents. Closing both eyes, he took a long, slow pull, gently waving the pipe in his left hand the while. Then, smacking his lips as he caught breath,—"Ha-a! that is something like a drink," he said, putting down the tumbler with a tender hand.

The other smiled in a satisfied sort of way, and, taking his own tumbler,—"Here's to us both," he quoth, tossing off half its contents at a gulp.

A pleasant foundation being thus laid, the Freeholder took up his churchwarden again, and after a few preliminary puffs, opened the business.

"I've been thinking for a long time now, Jacob,

that I should like to go in for doing a big business in wool and mutton; raising a good many more sheep, in fact, than I have done. Now to do that I shall want more land." Here he broke off and looked hard at his companion. That personage, by way of comment, took up his tumbler and emptied it.

The speaker resumed,—

"All the land in the vale, and most of the valley to boot, belongs to Llysoewen, and he, of course, wouldn't part with an acre. That doesn't matter so much, though, because I don't want the bottom lands; what I want is more the upland places,—places with rights of pasture on the open mountain. I want to get a footing round about Llyn Du and Y Garnedd, with a run from there to Aran. See?"

Again he broke off, and looked across the table at his companion. This time the comment was a double puff of smoke and a stare at the empty glass. He took the hint and filled the latter.

"Well, Jacob?"

But Jacob didn't rise to it yet; he was wary. Sampling the new tumblerful, he merely answered with a monosyllable,

"Well?"

"What do you say to my buying Hafod y Garreg?"

The draper's eyes flashed wide open. Then they half closed again, and he chinked his pipe bowl against the tumbler for a moment ere he replied, with deliberate weighing of each word,—

"I don't think I want to sell it."

The other struck an impatient tattoo on the table with his fingers.

"Of course you don't! But what price don't you want to sell at?"

"Well," slowly, "you see it's been in the family so long."

"Exactly. In fact ever since your father cheated Tom Hawys' father out of it."

"He did no such thing."

"No, certainly not! He stole it fairly and honestly. I've always understood that!"

The Uchelwr couldn't resist the temptation, but he saw that it was going too far; the other shewed signs of getting up and leaving. Therefore he changed his tactics.

"Letting the joking lie, tell me honestly, Jacob, what price you will take for the place? I know what rent it brings you in every year, and I'll give you a figure at a better rate than that. Now, what do you say?"

Here he named the sum. That sum was far in excess of the draper's dreams. So much so that he had to take a long pull at the brandy in order to steady himself and give him time to think.

Still in no hurry, he knocked the ashes and the "heel" out of his pipe, and proceeded to recharge it, while the other mixed another jorum to keep himself from betraying his impatience.

Spreading the "heel" over the new bowlful, and topping that with the old ashes, the little man lit up afresh, and then, from behind the screen of smoke, named a sum still higher than the bid; trembling the while, however, lest that should be withdrawn.

Then the haggling commenced, the two figures drawing nearer together, the lower one rising about twice as fast as the upper one sank, till, after about half an hour and nearly a pint, by clock and bottle, the point of mutual agreement was reached, and the two hands came together. By this time, owing to the Freeholder's crafty manipulations of the bottle, the draper was in an exceedingly enterprising mood, and accordingly the former deemed it a propitious moment for coming to the real point of his intentions.

"Now, Jacob, would you like to add fifty pounds hard cash to the sum I'm going to give you, shining yellow sovereigns like these," he went on, pulling out a clenched handful of golden coin and jingling them on to the table.

The eyes of the man at the other end glistened greedily. He thrust his hand forward to clutch the tempting pile, but the other stopped him. "Wait a minute, I say; would you like to earn fifty of these in addition to the other?"

"In what way?"

"Would you?" persisted the man, guarding the heap, "the way will be easy enough. I warrant you 'twill be the quickest money you ever thought of earning."

Fairly itching to grasp the coins the little man replied,—"I should. Tell me how?"

Then the Uchelwr drew away his guard, and, waiting till Jacob's hand was fondling and caressing the gold, he leaned forward and began, keenly watching the other's expression as he proceeded.

"It's been on my mind to buy Hafod y Garreg for some time, but a couple of days ago I found that, if I could get possession of the place at once, I could do a very good stroke of business; in fact, if I couldn't get the place at the coming rent-day, it was no use to think anything further about the matter at all. So I made up my mind to come down and buy it of you yesterday, and afterwards to see Tom Hawys, and agree with him to give up possession without the year's notice.

"I intended to offer him a receipt for the year's rent, and perhaps as much again in cash to boot, besides either helping him to another farm or

keeping him on as bailiff and shepherd, if he liked, till something turned up.

"Very well! yesterday, in the afternoon, I started this way; thinking the busy time for you would be pretty well over by that time. When I struck the road, however, whom should I meet but Tom Hawys, and with him Gwennie Cradoc. They're going to be married, you know."

The draper, looking up, detected never a tremor in the speaker's face or voice as he said this, and he wondered accordingly. The words continued,—

"When I saw them I cast about in my mind how to begin, and, knowing I should have no difficulty in buying from you, and thinking, further, that I was likely to have considerable difficulty in bargaining with him, I decided that it was best to appear to have the upper hand, but yet to be ready to see that he lost nothing in spite of that."

Here both men drank solemnly.

"Therefore," pursued the Freeholder, "I told him quietly, after greeting him kindly-wise, that I hadn't heard him say anything about it, or noticed him make any move in the matter, but I supposed he hadn't forgotten the notice to quit his landlord gave him last rent day."

The hearer sat bolt upright at this, but the speaker motioned him to be patient, and continued in a steady voice,—

"'What, notice to quit, Uchelwr?' says he. 'Why,' said I, as though surprised out of myself, 'you don't mean to say that Jacob Shop forgot to give you notice last rent day?'

"'I got no notice last rent day or any,' answered he, 'and what has my notice or not got to do with you in any case, that you should hope I haven't forgotten it?'

"Then I said, speaking strongly, as if I was annoyed and sure of my ground, 'It has this to do with me. Three days before last rent day I agreed to buy Hafod y Garreg, and Jacob Shop was to give you notice to quit, but not to say anything about my buying until he turned the place over to me, clear and vacant, this coming rent day, when we were to sign the papers and he was to pocket the money.' You know, Jacob," the Freeholder was nodding sagely to his hearer and making a brave attempt at a wink, "Gwennie Cradoc used to think I wanted her because I talked foolish when I had taken too much to drink, and we fell out over that. Perhaps she was thinking of the difference between Hafod y Garreg and Mynachty, but anyway she cried out that I was lying, all because she wouldn't have me, and flung a great stone at my head. When I was dodging that, Tom Hawys, taking me unawares, knocked me senseless with his ash staff, and then the two went off, leaving me lying there, and

not waiting to hear the offer I had intended to make."

The speaker paused and took up his glass. The draper had too much brandy in his head and too much gold in his fingers to think coherently or weigh matters with any of his usual shrewdness, therefore he saw nothing improbable in this sudden and fictitious value of an upland farm, nor yet in the narrative of the meeting in the road, while as for the Freeholder's so cool assumption of ownership and consequent lying, he saw in that only a very clever move. He began also to discern the path of the fifty pounds. Said he by way of comment,—“That was sharp work!”

“It was, as you say, sharp work, and because it was such sharp work I want you to earn that fifty pounds.”

“How?”

“Like this. You see if I don't get Hafod y Garreg this rent day it's no good to me, and therefore I shouldn't close the bargain with you; and you'd lose the money. I want the place and you want the money. I would have paid Tom Hawys well, and seen that he lost nothing; in fact I'll do so yet. But after what he did yesterday I want to make sure, so that he'll be sorry, and glad to take what I offer him, and think better of me than he does. Now, you remember, I said I told him I'd agreed with you a year ago, and you'd agreed to give him notice.”

“I remember.”

“Very well. All you've got to do is to stick to that story, and swear that you and I had drawn up and signed a memorandum to that effect,—sale, purchase, notice, and all,—three days before last rent day, intending that Evan Bowen should use it in getting out the deeds and documents when we actually transferred it, clear place for clear cash, on the next rent day following.

“You'll swear, too, that you gave him the notice in writing at the same time with the rent receipt, and that all he said to that was that he wasn't going to leave the place he was born in for any man living. Then, don't you see! having spread this story well,—he'll never hear of it till rent day; no one ever goes up there,—you won't be at home when he comes to pay the rent; you'll be spending the day with me somewhere away. Your wife will refer him to Evan Bowen. That lawyer will take the rent and see to the proper way of explaining the situation.

“He'll tell him that as he, Tom Hawys, doesn't seem to be acting upon his notice to quit, that it now becomes the duty of himself, the lawyer, to serve him with an ejectment notice, or whatever the law paper is, and if that doesn't shift him, the Sheriff's officer will, after the usual time is up,—

twenty one days or some such length it is. Next day I'll come upon the scene, and offer Tom Hawys the terms I spoke of, and so the thing will be settled without any further trouble, or anybody one penny the worse,—except myself, who pays for it all,—while as for you, you'll be fifty bright sovereigns in pocket over and above the lumping price of Hafod y Garreg,—fifty bright yellow sovereigns, think of that!”

The tempter was watching his victim narrowly. Greed for the gold, fear of the consequences, and some/lingering respect for the ten commandments, kept the victim silent while they struggled for mastery in his bosom. Guaging the balance to a hair's breadth, the Freeholder refilled the other's glass, and then began, slowly and coin by coin, counting out an additional handful of gold.

Chink! chink! clang! one fell to the floor and rolled towards the other's feet. He stooped and picked it up. That settled it.

“Give me the fifty pounds.”

“Shake hands on it then.”

They shook.

Then while the other counted the sum, Jacob Shop tried to salve his conscience. “Tom Hawys will not suffer really for it, will he? You're sure of that? Won't he be really better off because of it? You see he's been a good tenant and—and he might want to find me with that staff of his.”

The other grinned, a grey grin all savage like a steel trap. “Of course he'll be the better, and we'll see that you don't come near that staff. Why man, when it's all over we'll have him here and you shall tell him the whole story, and he'll laugh and thank us both. You know it's all owing to that Gwenie Cradoc and her lies, the little vixen!”

Yet, in spite of this, Jacob thought uncomfortably of Judas—and the rope.

CHAPTER VIII.

THREE COORBIES—WIND UP WITH SOME HILARITY.

“NOW,” said the Freeholder, as he finished counting, “here is the money, and, when you've counted it over yourself, let me hear the story of how you bargained a year ago with the man who wanted to buy your farm.”

“One, two, three—(Jacob was counting)—. . . twenty six, twenty seven,”—the fears were vanishing fast, swallowed up in the spell of the clinking coin,—“thirty, forty,”—Judas and the rope were both forgotten.—“forty five, forty six,”—his heart grew light,—“forty eight, forty nine,”—he was an honest man doing good by stealth, a philanthropist unaware,—“fifty! Ah! The story of the bargaining! Why, of course, that was this way.”

With a cunning leer, the now thoroughly self-satisfied draper set himself to fill in the lights and shades of the other's outlined plot. He was thoroughly at home in this sort of thing, lingering over and elaborating the details, touching up the essential features, and strengthening the whole with the loving care of an artist in prevarication. His bosom swelled with honest pride as he rolled off the telling points, supporting them with such minuteness of unnecessary dates as brought the hearer to protest.

"No! no! not down so fine as that; not quite so close, else you will be forgetting and confusing your story. Better stick to generous breadth, there's more room to turn in a meadow than on a midden, give yourself rope to face about according to circumstances."

But the artist, confident in the skill born of long practice upon the incredulity of his wife, stuck to his interpretation stoutly. "Trust me," he grinned, "I'll pull you through."

Then they proceeded to lay the foundation stone of a most respectable edifice.

"Have you got any of your shop paper with you?" queried the architect of this edifice of the builder of it.

The builder had. By good luck there were two or three sheets of it in his pocket.

Very well; here upon the desk in this corner were pens and ink with which to write out the notice to quit, which wrong-headed Tom Hawys had received a year ago. First, be sure that the date is correct, and then fold it and put it under the broad bottom of the desk, sitting upon that to sharply line the folds. That done to satisfaction, next smudge it by damping it and working it well into the corners of a dusty pocket. There! the appearance of age is perfect! Behold! the very document which an insolent tenant threw back in defiance at his meek landlord, complete even to the aggrieved endorsement in the lower right hand corner, to the effect that the document had thus been scorned.

Now open it again, and place it where it will be exposed to the gentle heat of the fire, in order that the ink may deepen in colour and appearance, as far as circumstances permit, while we proceed to concoct and indite the memorandum of agreement between Will Addis, freeholder of Mynachty, on the one part, and Jacob Bolland, Siop Rataf, Cildeg, on the other part, regarding and regulating the points of the sale and purchase of the house and lands known as Hafod y Garreg, with all the rights, appurtenances, etc., thereunto belonging, the said place being now in the occupation of Mr. Tom Hawys, at the yearly rental of, etc. It continued further upon the lines previously

indicated by the architect, stipulating in precise terms the notice to quit, and also the date upon which possession was to be given and the money paid, and mentioning in tail the amount of the bargain money to be paid down by the purchaser at this present instant; the seller also binding himself to a forfeiture of like amount should he fail to carry out his part of the contract. This precious document was signed by both parties, and also, as appeared, by two witnesses, of whom one was an evil-minded labourer at Mynachty, who could be trusted to swear to x his mark,—at a price,—and the other, a cousin of Jacob Shop's, since unregrettably deceased.

This paper also was dealt with in like manner to the first, and then the brace of worthy workmen leaned back to enjoy the prospect of their handiwork, as it lay baking by the gently glowing fire.

The penmanship was the penmanship of Jacob, but the tobacco ashes, caught here and there in the lines of the ink like blotting sand, were the ashes of the pipe of the Uchelwr, dropped in moments of especial self satisfaction at the thought of the beautifully smooth working of his plot; more particularly in that part of it which consisted of a purposeful liar deluding a mere enthusiastic liar, like the one over whose shoulder himself and his long churchwarden were leaning.

The one thing that disturbed him for a moment was as to the amount necessary to ensure the co-operation of a third and professional liar,—Evan Bowen, attorney, to wit,—but he put that by for the moment, till he should have sufficiently enjoyed the present point won.

After about ten minutes of such contemplative happiness, the architect thought they had now better adjourn to the office of the lawyer, first, however, going over their erection to make sure it lacked nothing and showed no shakiness.

In great glee the builder ran it over, even sufficiently well to satisfy his principal, who searched keenly for possible flaws, well knowing that the man of law would only act upon a plausible case. That he would be deceived, as Jacob Shop had been, the Freeholder did not for a moment believe; but he was certain that so long as things were not too violently wrested he would be ready enough to assist,—for a commensurate fee. And also all along pretend to believe the story, even to impressing that pretence upon Jacob Shop. Otherwise that person might grow weak in the knees.

With the two papers safely stowed in the inner pocket of the draper's coat, the conspirators next departed to find the office and person of Mr. Evan Bowen.

Crossing the square, the sight of his shop brought to Jacob's mind the vision of the half hour he was likely to pass inside it, when he should hereafter acquaint his gentle spouse with the fact that he had sold Hafod y Garreg. He well knew that even the price obtained would not protect him, nay, rather would it prove an unpardonable aggravation of his offence, since it would for ever remain a standing witness against her favourite taunt to the effect that he would have been a beggar long ago had it not been for her business capacity. And now for him to go and behind her back make such a rare stroke of business!

It was too much for him. Touching his companion's arm, he timidly suggested acquainting Mrs. Shop with the proposal for the transfer of the farm.

The answer to this suggestion was not loud, but it made the receiver jump and nervously hasten his steps. The dread lest his wife should herself set aside the Freeholder's decision, by coming out and collaring him in mid passage, to the endangerment of the treaty and the money in his pocket, quickened his pace to a half run, and it was with a sigh of fervent relief that he found himself entering the house of the solicitor, and turning into the room which served as an office. Once inside he looked the door behind him, bringing a grim smile to the countenance of his companion.

Evan Bowen himself set chairs for them, and the trio was complete; you could see that at a glance. Every line and movement of the attorney showed why the Freeholder had chosen to come to him. Not much taller than the draper, he was even thinner, and his hair, instead of being red, was dust colour. The small, steel-blue eyes matched well with the thin lips and sharp square chin, while the nose, like a hawk's beak, made the sunken and sallow cheeks look almost cadaverous. A very pretty man indeed, — for the Freeholder's purpose.

At present he was his own clerk and office boy, the lanky young gentleman who had previously fulfilled these duties having at length been driven, by hunger and unpaid arrears, to seek the nearest recruiting sergeant. Such a man as the attorney would, of course, be far too mean to support a wife and family, and therefore we find him an ingrained bachelor, with one lean old servant nagging him day by day for the balance of some years' wages, — a pity the recruiting sergeant wouldn't take her too, thought her master.

For his impecuniosity was become chronic. Business had never been over thriving with him, simple folk mistrusting him and his ways, and gentlefolk taking their business to his rival further on across the way. Only when two

persons indulged in the lunatic luxury of going to law, and one had been so fortunate as to secure the services of Mr. Owen Bevan, there was nothing for the other but to fall back upon Mr. Evan Bowen, with what prayers to heaven for help against his enemy and his own lawyer he might deem needful.

Thus came, and only thus, the few flies that usually supported life in the spider whose web these two had now entered.

Such being the rule, it was significant that the exception obtained in the case of such gentry as these new sitting with him.

Having, as we said, set chairs for them, he now proceeded to generalities upon the subject of the crops and weather, until one or other of the two should introduce whatever business they might have in hand.

After a few minutes of preliminary skirmishing, during which the Uchelwr in vain attempted to look behind those jingling little eyes and read the man, Jacob Shop began fumbling in his pockets, until at length he drew forth the two papers.

"Ah! that's it, Jacob," said the other. "Give them to me."

"You see," he went on, turning to the lawyer, and holding the papers towards him with a finger and thumb, "it's a matter these papers will best explain that we've come to you about. Read this one first," handing him the spurious agreement.

Carefully spreading it out on the table before him, the attorney proceeded to give it his best attention, going through it with an impressive hum from end to end, which rarely betrayed itself into a catchable word.

When the last word was reached the hum mounted. "Ha-m-m!" He was looking full square at the Freeholder. That person therefore handed him the notice to quit, calling his particular attention to the endorsement thereof.

The hum began again, and again mounted. "Ha-m-m?"

"You've read that endorsement? Well, the notice will be up shortly, and he doesn't make the slightest move towards vacating."

"Ha!" responded the lawyer, "then I suppose that you have both come to me to have the proper documents drawn out in accordance with this agreement,—which, by the way, I presume you have forgotten is unstamped, though that is a thing to be rectified, perhaps, at due cost,—and afterwards to see to the matter of this refusal to quit?"

"Aye, sure!"

"Aye, sure," echoed the draper.

The Freeholder turned and gave the latter his cue. "You remember *all* the affair, don't you?"

"Remember it? I should think I do;" and

thus set, the little man launched forth into the tale agreed upon.

His confederate wondered as he listened to the points and periods of the narrative; so absolutely faithful and unvaried was it. Not a word was changed. The success was complete. Complete, that is, so far as the proper words were concerned, but, watching the effect upon the lawyer, he could not for the life of him gauge the position of affairs; that face betrayed nothing. The reference to the agreement being unstamped, need not necessarily be an indication of suspicion as to its genuineness; since folk unacquainted with things legal,—as Jacob Shop and himself might very well affect to be,—could easily come by such a mischance from pure ignorance. As in fact they had done. Nevertheless he would give something to know. And therefore he waited for the mask to speak.

When the story was ended the lawyer spoke, his lean chin and sallow cheeks resting upon his long fingered hands; elbows upon the table.

"Very good, gentlemen, very good! The thing is now, which of these papers do you wish me to take up first? The notice to quit not having actually expired, no action can be taken upon it just yet; therefore your coming to me would seem to indicate that you wish me to take in hand, for the present, the preparation of the deed of transfer and the examination of titles. Is it not so?"

"Just so!" responded the Freeholder, with assumed cheerfulness.

"Just so!" echoed the draper, tentatively.

"Then, gentlemen," resumed the attorney from the table, "I presume, since this document states that the purchase is to be complete and the deeds signed upon a certain day, that I am to have the deeds ready by that day, when you will attend here to sign."

"Aye, sure,"—this time from Jacob Shop, who, having spoken, suddenly became aware that his confederate had not done so. He cast a scared glance in his direction, but the Freeholder had drawn his chair close to the table, opposite Evan Bowen, and therefore the little man could only see the back of his head. That did not move, and the stillness of it made him wriggle in his seat.

The lawyer noticed this, but showed no sign of intelligence as he proceeded. "Here, gentlemen, comes in another question. This agreement mentions a certain date as the date when possession is to be given and the money paid, under pain of forfeiture of a certain sum. But according to what you say if it is not likely that possession can be given upon that date since the tenant is obstinate. The question I spoke of then, is, are you, Mr. Addis, willing to defer your claim and

complete at a later date, or must Mr. Jacob Bolland forfeit the bargain money?"

The Uchelwr rubbed his chin. It would be a rare joke, should he, the stipulated story being now told, force restitution of the fifty pounds under this clause. He looked round slowly.

But Shop was too sharp. "That agreement was not stamped and therefore was not binding." Moreover, he looked uncommonly like bolting,—the cold light of a lawyer's office seemed to give a very distinct and sharply defined view of Judas and the rope.

While they faced each other thus and the plot hung in the balance, the lawyer, watching them through half shut eyes, smiled the ghost of a famine-perished smile, and nodded to himself.

Then the Freeholder grinned and stroked his mouth.

"Of course we must put off the date,—Jacob must not forfeit."

And Jacob Shop from behind said he should think not. His voice held a vicious ring in it.

Something suddenly flashed through the Freeholder's mind, and his lips parted for an instant, ere they closed again to a scarcely distinguishable line. The something evidently pleased him.

He banged his hand upon the table. "Of course I was joking. But I suppose that if the transfer was made to-day the notice to quit would still hold good, eh?"

"Oh yes, that would not be affected in any way."

"Very well then, if we put off the signing it will fall upon my friend here," he nodded over his left shoulder, "to take the law on his tenant, and I know he wouldn't like to do that, having been his landlord so long. Therefore I think it would be much better if we did the thing at once and then it would fall upon me to obtain possession,—that would save Jacob's feelings, and I could turn the business over to you as my agent in getting possession."

This pleased Jacob Shop, who began to wish the job well over and himself safely out of it, with the purchase money in his pocket. Indeed, only the feel of the coins clutched in the left hand, hidden in his inner clothing, kept him from backing out as it was. Speed in the matter would please him next best. It pleased the lawyer too, for all this boded fat fees,—full, fat fees, as he had decided when watching the pair a moment ago. While the proposer ought to have been pleased since it was his own motion.

He spoke again. "How soon can we sign the papers?"

"Let me see! This is Wednesday. Say Saturday, as I am very busy."

It was upon the tip of Jacob's tongue to combat this latter most palpable fiction, when something in his confederate's face, now turned towards him, made him think better of it. The Uchelwr turned again and continued,—

"And how much will be the cost, I mean of the transfer alone, letting the quit notice lie for the present?"

"That depends," returned the attorney; visions of folio upon folio of legal verbiage and redundant superfluities flitting through his mind. "That entirely depends."

"Set a figure," urged the other.

"I can hardly do that," demurred the man of quibbles.

"Set one. Whatever you think will cover it, so that we may know," persisted his interlocutor.

The lawyer reflected, tickling his temple the while with the feather of a quill pen to stimulate his imagination. He thought of the lean servant in the room behind, and the leaner larder, and named a sum that would leave an ample margin.

The answer came upon an unexpected line. "So much? Very well then. Now I want to put a proposal to you. If you will sit down at once, here and now, and finish the job out of hand, putting the rest of your business aside for the time, I will add five pounds to your fee."

Professional decency forbade the closing with this offer instantaneity, as Mr. Evan Bowen felt so strongly urged to do, but his defence was weak.

"I could hardly do that. My dear sir, justice to my other clients demands that I should not throw their interests aside in such fashion."

"Never mind their interests; charge them less and take it out of me. Come, I'll say guineas, and stand a dinner for the three of us at the Dragon after the names are signed. What do you say?"

Shop, from his position in rear, indulged in some extraordinary noddings and grimacings, intended to persuade the solicitor to comply. That gentleman therefore, proceeded to abate the austerity of his devotion to principle, doing it in as graceful and deprecating a manner as could well be compassed by a man with such a face,—and such an expression.

Chiefly he stipulated that he was to be put into possession of the title deeds at once, and that Jacob's own title should be held as satisfactory. This was immediately assented to and the three at once proceeded to the bank, a building which reared its modest front on the nearest line of the square, thence to obtain the necessary parchments,—Jacob having deposited them there for safe keeping.

A few final instructions and explanations over a

decorous tankard at the King's Head next door, and then they separated; the lawyer to his den, and the others to the sanctum at the Dragon.

The day by this being well on, the Freeholder called for a snack of something wherewith to steady their heads and stay their stomachs till the hour of the promised dinner. Over it he waxed entertaining, passing from one thing to another with the brilliancy, not of the polished diamond, but the newly ground broad-axe, and with the same airy playfulness of touch. Never once did he slack his efforts to distract his companion, till the hands of his watch assured him that the bank was closed and its officials departed. Then, with a sigh of relief, he leaned back in his chair and relapsed into silent enjoyment of the brandy bottle. But in his mind the satisfied thought was lying "All right, Jacob. You'll have to take a note now, or a bill, instead of the cash, and then——" He nodded to himself by way of expressing the remainder.

How it was done let those versed in the mysteries of the law explain, but certain it was, that by seven o'clock a message from Evan Bowen intimated that only their signatures were lacking to complete the business.

The question then rose as to the money, for of course the bank was closed, and the Freeholder carried no cheque book. Jacob Shop however, was by this time feeling so valiant and devil-may-care, as the result of the day's potations, that he was easily persuaded to accept a piece of paper in lieu of cash; folding it up and thrusting it down to keep the fifty pounds company with such muzzy content as brought a gleam of ill concealed satisfaction from beneath the bushy eyebrows of the purchaser.

And though Evan Bowen saw the look he could only guess at the thought behind,—“Now I have him, safe and sure; no fear of Jacob now.”

A few minutes only sufficed to draw up and sign the information requisite to set the law in motion against Tom Hawys; “Though,” lied the lawyer, “I hope he will come to his senses by rent day, and thereby relieve us of any disagreeable necessity of applying to the court.”

Which lie the Freeholder echoed.

But Jacob Shop, with his hand in pocket, fingering the price of himself, quoth scornfully, “Tom Hawys! oh, Tom Hawys be hanged!”

Which sentiment also the Uchelwr echoed, but not aloud.

Thereafter the three passed over to the Red Dragon, and by eight o'clock were sitting down to a roaring dinner, with the dimpled-cheeked maid to wait upon them, and viands worthy of her serving. The giver of the feast did steady justice

dimly about the man's feet until he prompted her once more.

"And then?"

Her voice took another thrill now. "And then, my Ion, that was impatient of owing aught to any man, most of all Aaron Megan, went down to work at the quarry that he might pay the debt. That was a weary debt to me and a heavy price I counted in settling it. I paid it in nights of tears and days of moaning. For that next day; only one little day between; up through the clouds that shut out the valley my Ion came home,—came home to me, aoch!"

"He came home on men's shoulders, for he was dead!—dead! and they would not let me see the face that the rocks had mangled so. Dead! my tall man; my Ion. Aoch! dear heart! dead!"

Tom put his arm around the rocking figure to still it, while he placed his strong cheek against her wrinkled one. Then she took courage and continued,—

"The blood in the quarry could wash out my happiness but it could not wash out the writing of the debt, therefore I was forced to give up Havod y Garreg,—the home that we had made,—to pay it. But I stayed on as tenant, at a rent, for your Aarons and your Jacobs would starve to death if they had to win a living from the mountain.

"When Aaron Megan seized the place there was still a little money left, and with it I built this house, wearing the remainder in sheep and young stock, for I still had my little Tom to think of and to comfort me,—aye Tom, and thou wert ever a good lad and a true comfort to me; here in this house, where we have lived together ever since and where, please God, I hope to die."

When old Hawys had finished she still kept her gaze fixed upon the flickering fire, till Tom, drawing a long breath, took up the continuation of the story.

"Aye mother, and then, from the day you built this house you struggled on and toiled hard, until one day you told your son he ought to get married. So he went down and chose a wife that pleased you as well as himself; the sweetest and the best maid that ever a man looked at. And after the banns were put up he went down to pay his rent in Cildeg town. There they turned him aside with it to the house of Evan Attorney, who told him that he was expected to quit Hafod y Garreg that very day, for he had gotten notice a year ago, and the land was sold to Will Addis of Mynachty."

The mother was looking hard at the son now, and as he ended, she said, doubtfully, "I am not quick, Tom, what is it you mean?"

Beginning in a monotonous voice, which half way through rose till it rang in anger, the man told over the story of the two days.

Still, till the last word of it was done, old Hawys sat, never once taking her eyes from those that blazed before her. Then, grey and rigid, she stood up, putting at arm's length the hand that would have stayed her. Her voice came hard and high. "To quit! to leave the house I built and the crofts we made from the mountain; the

garden that we made and the ash tree that we planted. Never! Never! Leave the spot where they brought my man home to me, dead! Never! Jen Lwyd's black son; Jen of the curse! and her son to do this because a maid preferred my son to her's! But I tell you, Tom, that I will not go, and when the Uchelwr comes to turn us out I will kill him on the threshold myself before his mother's soul, loosed from damnation, shall come in with him to triumph over me!"

The last words came in a scream as she turned, and, seizing the long, brown bladed turf cutter that leaned in the chimney nook, swung it up in the firelight with a pose that made her a picture of incarnate fury.

Even her son was awed for a moment by the sight of her in such transport, but, quickly recovering himself, he laid his hand upon the weapon as he said,—

"Nay, mother, he'll not come here. I've hunted him everywhere, and all last night I laid in the way for him. But he is hidden away somewhere; he is afraid to face me again.

"His mother was your enemy, and for love, as her son is mine, but if the shadow of the wings of Aran's ravens are to be on my life, then they shall be death to him at least. And, mother; we are not going from here. If he comes with his law to drive us out,—though I think he is too cowardly for that,—then I will set such a grip on him that he'll be glad to stop away, if he can only escape at all. And whether he comes this year or next, on the notice they say I had, or the notice they gave me yesterday, I will not go. I swear it!" he went on with a ringing tone, lifting his clenched hands, while a long tongue of flame leaped up and lit, blood red, the stern faces of both. "Hear me Llyn Du! by hill and plain and tree, I swear it!"

At the pagan oath,—belonging to the dwarf oak and the stone circle between the foam-teeth of Llyn Du and the grinning front of Y Garnedd,—a silence fell upon them both; silence born of the terrible tales that cling to those hoar stones, and it was not till the fire fell together, taking a crown of dancing flamelets which dissipated the near darkness, that either of them spoke. Then old Hawys said,—

"How will you meet him, Tom?"

"Barehanded."

All that night the moon or stars, looking in at the window, saw the same sight. By the hearth a man sleeping the heavy sleep of utter exhaustion, but with hands clenched hard as though he thought to-morrow's dawn would call him to keep his oath. And in the midst, gripping a brown blade, a woman, whose haggard face betokened the cruel pain at her heart, and whose restless movements, as she went to and fro between the window and the hearth, betrayed the fevered state of a mind which would, if possible, have brought the impending evil to the touch with the next sunrise, that so she might wake the sleeping man to fulfil her fierce desire.

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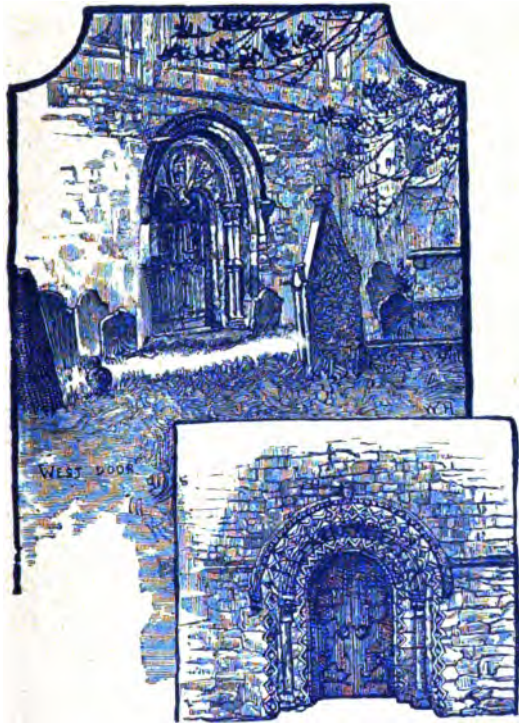
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[End of Book I.]

Y DATHLIAD DYFODOL.

Deng mlynedd yn ol, ynglyn a dathliad Jiwibili Teyrnasiad Eï Mawrhydi, dygasom allan am amser byr a phenodol, Argraff-ladan a Rhwymiadau arbenig o nifer fechan o'n Cyhoeddiadau mwyaf nodedig, fel y gellid trosglwyddo yn y ty a'r cartref rywbeth defnyddiol a pharhaol i blant y genhedlaeth oeddi i ddilyn, er cof am yr amgylchiad.

Y MAE Y CYFFELYB DDYGWYDDIAD I'w ddathlu yn fuan mewn gwahanol ffordd gan ddelhaid ei Mawrhydi ar hyd a lled y wlad.

YNGLYN A DATHLIAD Jiwibili Hir-Deyrnasiad i'n Brenhines

YR YDYM NI YN GWNEYD YR HYSBYSIAD A GANLYN:—
CYNYGIAD NEILLDUOL AM DDAU FIS
YN UNIG,

SEF MAI A MEHEFIN.

Gyda'r amcan o'i gyflwyno fel Anrheg, yr ydym yn dwyn allan **GOPI MEWN KHWYMIAD ARBENIG** o'n cyhoeddiad newydd,—

LLYFR PENBLWYDD.

Yn ystod Y DDAU FIS A ENWIR, yr ydym am roddi Anrheg o gopi o'r Llyfr hwn (yr unig un Cymraeg o'r fath), i bob un a bryno **UNRHŴ UN O'R CYFROLAU PUM SWLT ISOD**,—

Taith y Pererin Lamp yr Ysgol Sul
(LLIAN).

Traethodau Duwinyddol (LLIAN).

Llawlyfr y Beibl (LLIAN).

Y Testament Daearyddol (LLEDB, YMYLAU AUB).

* Yn mhob copi a ddwyg allan bydd label ar y clawr oddi fewn, wedi ei argraffu mewn llythrennau aur, yn gosod allan y ffeithiau fyddorol tuont yn achlysur i ni yhoeddi hwn.
Gellir cael y copïan hwn A DDYGIIR ALLAN YN ARBENIG ynghyd a'r Anrheg-gyfreil trau drwy y Pwll Idiwth y Cyhoeddwy, ond amfon P.O. am 6s. iddynt, neu cael trwy y llyfrwr.

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"GWILYM A BENNI BACH:"

FFUG-CHWEDL GAN
W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS, M.A.

Ymddangosodd y Ffug-chwedl Ddyddorol uchod yn ddiweddar
yn "Nghelt Llundain."

Yn ei Ffurf Newydd y mae wedi ei Hadolygu a'i Helacthu gan
yr Awdwr.

WALES.

VOL. IV.]

JUNE, 1897.

[No. 38.]

A PEMBROKESHIRE COWARD.

BY J. ROGERS REES.

Author of In the Study and the Fields, etc.



THE WELSH COAST.

S U M M E R morning's walk from Haverford-west will bring one to the inland ridge known as Plumstone Mountain, with Roch Castle standing in ruins on the rocks at its south-western extremity. The castle, as we first come in sight of it, gives no adequate impression of its importance; but a closer examination shows that

at one time it was a stronghold of no mean consideration. The surrounding panorama of land and water must have made it a pleasant place to dwell in, before ruin gat hold of it and dragged down its walls, nigh six feet thick. Looking up at the remains of its oriel windows, one wonders which gave light, in the long ago, to the cowardly crusader who locked himself up through fear of vipers.

At the time Thomas de la Roche, the subsequent crusader,—not to be confounded with Thomas, the last of the name,—became possessed of the place, the Roche blood had somehow got considerably watered, with the result that cowardice filled his craven soul, instead of the noble bravery which for generations had distinguished his race. This Thomas knew

he was a coward; and he also knew that the men with whom he mixed on terms of social equality were equally well acquainted with the fact. He could see that even his wife, whose pursuits were by no means those of a strong-minded woman,—her principal occupation being the making of tapestry and embroidery,—looked upon him as one to be guided and helped in all matters calling for prompt decision or action. One morning he awoke to a particularly painful realization of his position as a coward. In his dreams of the night he had, somehow, turned in upon himself, and, by some cruel fate, had seen himself as others saw him. This annoyed him, as the noon-sun does a sleeping infant; the light was too fierce. So, strange to say, he did the first thing that suggested itself; he sent for old Gwen Ferris, the wise woman, told her what he thought of himself, and asked her if it were true.

For answer she bluntly gave him "Yes;" for she also looked scornfully on her lord, who had such a miserably puny soul.

But the man was awake; and, seeing his weakness, he craved her assistance and support. He was as a bent reed blown against an old wall.

The heart of the woman melted at the self-abasement of the lord of Roch Castle, and she strove to arouse in him a resolution to live as a man lives.

"Unfurl thy flag, turn thy face to the east, and as a crusader show men that thou also art a man. And when thy work is done, return; and, as brave Sir Thomas, men will bend to thee, and thou shalt indeed be our lord."

These hot words from old Gwen went straight to his heart, hitherto empty of purpose, and filled it. But little dreamed she of the ill that was to fall on her own home as a result of her morning's work.

"Our brave Sir Thomas is going to take his chicken-heart out to make a meal for the heathen vultures!" ran the tale.

Some believed; but the many shook their heads and laughed. A few said it was but the assumed bravery of an old duck who flapped her wings in front of the beak of a Pembrokeshire falcon. They didn't know what falcon had pounced down upon Sir Thomas; but they were certain one had, else what reason could there be for this flutter and flap?

But Thomas de la Roche actually held to his purpose, and gathered together a small band of followers to go with him to the Holy Land. And a motley lot they were, forsooth! Some dreaded early punishment for offences ripe for discovery; others wished to realise their dreams of the vast world; some hailed the opportunity of possessing a sword; others, with untellable notions of the wickedness of the pagans, considered them fair subjects for sport, and looked forward to the fun as to a cock-fight or bull-badgering. Two, perhaps, were to be found in the crowd who thought of the help they were going to render Christian pilgrims; but not one had volunteered his services out of love for his leader. Among the stalwart lads, Rhys Ferris, the only son of old Gwen, stood up straight as a young poplar.

It is, however, unnecessary to follow closely the steps of De la Roche and his band; but this fact needs chronicling. No sooner had the *doughty* leader set foot in Palestine, and understood what was required of a crusader, than his newly acquired bravery forsook him utterly; and, without even acquainting his followers of his decision, he took Rhys Ferris with him, and re-embarked for home. But mighty winds seized the ship, as a giant a nutshell, and threw her hither and thither, far out of all reckoning. Then the fears of the lord of Roch Castle made a storm in his soul, as lively as the storm that raged without. At one moment he moaned aloud and called himself a second Jonah;

then he shut his mouth tightly and groaned inwardly, thinking what a fool he had been to mention Jonah, when the very word was enough to prompt the sailors to throw him overboard. He was haunted by horrible visions of the internal arrangements of a whale. But the storm at length ceased, and the sailors saw, a little way off, part of the northern coast of Africa. They accordingly cast anchor to mend the ship, and the captain went ashore for water.

The next morning De la Roche heard noises in his sleep, and opened his eyes on a sight that made his blood cold. In the further corner of the cabin crouched young Ferris, powerless to move, whilst a great snake, with raised head and ready fangs, confronted him. Instead of hastening to his rescue with the sword that lay at his side, Sir Thomas slid quickly from his resting place, and rushed through the door, up to the deck, where he ran about shouting,—*"Snake! snake!"* Two of the sailors immediately made for the cabin, and put an end to the reptile's life; but poor Rhys had been bitten, and, in spite of every effort to save him, he died, after suffering intense agony. His message to his mother was a very simple one,—

"Tell her," he said, "that *I* was not a coward."

The return of the lord of Roch Castle was as unlike that of the crusader of romance as can well be imagined. He slunk into his home at night time, alone and miserable. But it soon became noised abroad, and mothers, wives, and sweethearts came to the castle demanding their sons, husbands, and lovers. Amongst them came Gwen Ferris piteously holding out her withered hands, as a mother seeking for her helpless infant. Sir Thomas gave glowing accounts of the bravery of those he had left behind and the wondrous victories they had achieved, and were still achieving, over the accursed pagans.

"The Holy Land will soon be in the hands of the Christians," was the burden of his tale.

He told old Gwen, with a deceptive frankness, that her son was dead. But no word passed his lips of the shameful scene in the dark little cabin in the

Mediterranean. His story was of a surprise at night, and how, when the Saracens were upon them, Rhys had killed no less than four with his own strong arm, himself falling only when set upon by three horsemen. And so, with bent head and silent tongue, the mother went out from the presence of the lord of Roch Castle, who once more had hidden his cowardice behind a lie.

That night, as Sir Thomas sat alone in his chamber, he heard in the distance a low murmuring sound as of waves rippling on a sandy beach. He listened attentively, and thought he could distinguish voices chanting a monotonous song, which grew clearer each moment. There was a short pause; then his heart leaped into his throat, for the voices were in the room with him. There was soon no doubt in his mind of the fact, for, in the light thrown from the great wood fire on the hearth, he could distinguish a multitude of tiny, misshapen beings, crowding into the apartment on all sides; and yet the door was shut. The dwarfs immediately fell into something like order, and forthwith proceeded to march around the room, droning, as they went, some such words as these,—

“For a brave man is a brave man;
But a coward a coward alway.
Night is to the one but an absence of light,
Whilst the other cries out for the day.

“The lord should a tower of strength be
To the lads who follow his lead;
But if the lord shivers and shakes at a blast
Woe be to his men in their need.

“When blood filled the veins of the Roches,
They never knew tremble or quake;
Never flinched at a dragon’s approaches,—
And they simply put heel on a snake.”

Very soon, however, the strange swarming multitude disappeared in a general hurry and scurry, as rapidly and mysteriously as they had come. The next night they repeated their visits, and went through the same programme; and again on the third evening. But the song was getting to be too much like a direct accusation; and seeing how small and insignificant in bodily stature his accusers were, de la Roche summoned up the little courage he could call his own, and blustered

out a rapid command to an imaginary servant outside the door to bring him his sword, swearing that with it he would kill every imp in the place. This bit of bravado had its desired effect, for instantly the little creatures scrambled up the sides of the wide-mouthed chimney, chuckling maliciously as they went.

That night, unpleasant visions troubled the lord’s sleep; and when he awoke in the morning, news was brought into his chamber that Gwen Ferris had been awaiting him in the hall since sunrise.

When brought into his presence, she held up her long, lean arms, and cried,—“Curses on your cowardly heart, Thomas de la Roche! I have been to the eastern seas, where I looked upon my lad, a snake, your sword, and your miserable bloodless soul. Ah! there I see it all again;” and she stood with fixed eyes before the man who could not find tongue to utter a “Yea” or a “Nay.” “There he cowers, poor lad! in the dark corner, with the oily reptile gliding closer and closer. My lad! my lad! my only child!”

The old woman swayed to and fro in her agony, whilst the miserable man covered his face in fear. At length a torrent of words forced him to look up, and in a dazed state he just realised that terrible curses were being cast upon him.

“In thy body let the blood of the Roches be accursed on earth! and let thy soul be accursed in the hereafter! Whereas once thou fearedst to draw sword upon a snake, so once more shalt thou be paralysed by such a sight! Thy cowardice caused the death of my only child; thy cowardice shalt also prevent thy escape from a similar fate! By a snake shalt thou meet thy death, Thomas de la Roche! and when thy bones are laid in the earth, even there they shall find no rest!”

As these words died away into a dread silence, Gwen Ferris quitted the castle, leaving behind her a pitiful object in the shape of the lord of the place, more dead than alive with fright.

To the day of his death these dreadful words lived constantly with him. He would sit repeating them in a listless manner, in the upper chamber, in which he had taken refuge, as being the most secure

in the place, and from which he never moved. The Fear of the Snake was upon him.

Thus days and months passed over the head of this self-imprisoned man, whose frightened eyes peered into everything that found its way into the room.

Winter had come, and many fagots were used to heat and light his apartment. The miserable Sir Thomas did nothing but cower over the fire in a helpless, hopeless fashion. One night the dwarfs returned and marched about the place chanting their song,—

“For a brave man is a brave man.”

The next night a single dwarf came, who walked straight to the miserable man, placed a fagot across his knees and told him to feed the fire, for the night was cold. And as he obeyed, casting stick by stick upon the blaze, the dwarf danced wildly around him humming a repetition of,—

“And they simply put heel on a snake.”

Suddenly a piercing cry rang through the castle; and when his retainers came to him, they found their lord lying senseless on the floor bitten by a huge snake, that had entwined itself about one of his legs. On recovering consciousness, he at once sent word to old Gwen, telling her what

had happened and praying her to come to his assistance with charms and simples.

For answer, she sent him word to remember the little cabin out on the Mediterranean.

So Thomas de la Roche came to his death by the bite of a snake introduced into the castle in a fagot of sticks in the winter; and they buried him under the shadow of the neighbouring church.

But on the following morning, hasty messengers came to the castle with information that the body that had been buried lay now in the porch of Llangwm church, miles away. In the afternoon, it was brought back and re-buried; but similar news came the next day. It was again brought back and re-interred; and, as night came, a watch was set to prevent its being further disturbed. And the watchers made oath in the morning that at mid-night a multitude of dwarfs had come to the place, through the air, attended by a great number of serpents, and had lifted the coffin out of the ground and made away with it. Intelligence was subsequently brought that the body was again at Llangwm; and so they buried it there, causing to be erected in the church the monument we now see of Thomas de la Roche in the guise of a crusader having a snake entwined about his leg.

THE LOST GWEN.

I SOUGHT my Gwen when the New Year came,
On the hillside bleak and drear,
And the wily fox he laughed me to shame,
As I sought her far and near.
“O seek not for beauty,” said reynard sage,
“Thou lover of love forlorn,—
’Mongst the rents and scars of the tempest’s rage,
In the grey of a winter morn.”

I sought my Gwen right hopefully
In the merry days of spring,
When the blackbird sang on the apple tree,
And the lark soared high on the wing,
In the flowery mead where the oxlips grow,
By the brook that had mirrored her face;
But it babbled of nought that I cared to know,
For my Gwen had deserted the place.

I sought my Gwen on the lone sea shore,
In the summer time sultry and still,
But the only foot-prints the brown sand bore
Were the tracks of her wandering will.

And the crab of the ebb-tide pool did say,
As he turned in his eyes and sank,
“Lo! the only fair maiden who comes this way,
Is a mermaid with tresses dank.”

I sought my Gwen in the harvest days,
Mid the ungathered golden grain,
And the air was filled with rejoicing and praise,
And I was alone with my pain.
The berries were red, and the nuts were good,
But a squirrel made game of me,
As I wandered forlorn through the whispering
With a countenance doleful to see. [wood,

I sought my Gwen when the year grew old,
My heart was despairing and lone,
And my lips were numb with their tale untold,
But I found not my darling, my own.
Then spake a wise ewe, “To the haunts of men,
To the town, thou luckless bard,
In a draper-shop thou wilt find thy Gwen,
Selling flannelette by the yard!

OWEN GEORGE.

SOME SENSATIONS OF SIR RANULF.

By W. H. KERSEY.

I.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

VARIOUS doubtful opinions were prevalent anent Sir Ranulf de Lucy. Welsh folk dwelling nigh his stronghold in the Gwentland said that he was a recreant knight. Those of his own people who abode thereabout kept as wary an eye as was possible upon his behaviour; and opined and spoke of him as a fox with the fangs of a wolf. He, forsooth, professed and exhibited an indifference to criticism; and making his business his own, he took pains to remain unobserved, and care to be out of reach of either reward or punishment.

But an hour was arrived when pressure of circumstances disturbed the demeanour of the man, and revealed how the mediæval held sway within him. He felt that he had reason to deplore his fate. He felt that vexation possessed him not unreasonably, after the series of unfortunate events which had marred his pleasure during the morning intended to be devoted by him to hunting. The first of his ill-luck was the loss of a trained, favourite falcon. Soon afterward he had been fated to miss the only easy and likely shot that had fallen to his lot throughout a long, hot chase. At noon he had lost sight and hearing of the cavalcade of his companions. And now his horse was fallen lame; and at a distance of twelve miles or more from the round tower which he called his castle, and which stood upon an imposing tump over-looking the bosky level near the confluence of Wye and Severn. The knight swore over this last mishap; and turning his limping animal in a north-easterly direction, rode slowly homeward.

Reflections, filling him whilst he journeyed through dark, damp woods under a changeful and intermittently dripping October sky, did not tend to cheer him or lighten his mood. Nor was he long in convincing himself that there was more than the deplorable, but rather the supernatural, in the nature and

number of the accidents happened to him that day. Superstitious fear, acting in concert and unconsciously with the influence of a dismal environment, urged him to humility and examination of self. Yet nothing satisfactory came of his self-abased musing, or of morbid introspection. Perhaps he experienced something of satisfaction to find that he had attended mass constantly, that he had prayed, had fasted, and had given alms freely; furthermore, that he had made confession of his sins, fully and often. Why, then, was he made the sport of evil? he asked. In what way had he displeased Providence, that the powers of darkness dealt thus wilfully with him? Consequent on finding these questions unanswerable, he felt a pang of wounded self-esteem. So becoming aware of righteousness deep in his being, and affected by its growing warmth, he excused and absolved himself from weakly accusative memories of sundry peccadilloes peculiar to personages like unto himself, alien, and of his status, and similarly situated on the Welsh marches.

Just then, his horse bore him out of the thick trees into a wild place of autumnal-tinted brush, browning brake, and lush, sodden greensward open to a sky of broken clouds, grey and rainy below the white, with peeping blue and blue expanses and a forward limit of wrack, rain-laden, driven before the easterly wind that bit.

Anon the knight put to wing some rooks feeding upon the herbage. All the birds rose silently, save one, a patriarch with a hoarse voice, that flew hoveringly up the wind above and before Sir Ranulf, and vented such ominous, measured cries as made a coward of the burly, bull-necked Norman. He rose in his saddle and cursed the bird.

Now grown nervous and furtive of glance as his imaginative mind conjured up dire signs and fatal meanings to the incidental in his misadventures, the knight

urged his steed forward; shaking the rein, and repeatedly applying ugly rowels to the animal's reeking sides until it could no more respond gallantly to a call for speed, and became dead lame. De Lucy raged; and perforce dismounted to give the long-suffering beast a parting blow with his bow ere commencing a compulsory walk.

The afternoon was ending when he arrived within sight of his destination.

Whilst passing by a village of Welsh, he met an old woman; who stopped, muttering, before him, and held a thick stick out with both feeble arms, like a wavering bar to his progress. He would have brushed past without speaking, had not the old woman dropped her staff and caught him by the sleeve, and clung tightly thereto, with a pair of bony hands. The eyes he looked into seemed to burn deep down in dark sockets in her brown, wrinkled thin face. He knew her. He had heard her spoken of as a witch. He restrained instinctive promptings to harsh measures for a release from the clutches of the crone.

"'Tis thou, beldam," he said, in a patois of Welsh and English. "Loose my jerkin. Loose, thou hag!" He tried to shake her off, but she clung the tighter to him.

"Where is my child," she cried.

"How dost think I wot where she is. Loose thy gripe!"

"Thou art confessed out of thine own mouth," she replied, in quick, shrill tones rising nearly to a scream. "Bring her back! Take me to her!"

"Loose me! Dost hear! Loose me, or I'll deal thee a buffet as will——" He lifted his arm; his little grey eyes glittered; his red, freckled face flushed.

The eyes of the old woman seemed to reflect his fury, but with intensity. She let go her hold; and raised her arm to point a finger at the Norman.

"Betrayed of the innocent," she said. "May God's curse——"

The fearful Norman stopped her further utterance with a hand over her mouth. He grasped her shoulder with the other hand.

"Stay thy foul curses," he cried. "The girl came of her own accord. She loves me. Ay, indeed, and more." Feeling her age-wasted form become limp in his arms, he released the woman.

The shock of his words left her mute and looking incredulous; then she swayed forward near to falling.

"She loves *thee*," she said. "'Tis untruth. Nay," she wailed; "it is sooth. Now am I forsaken! Nor chit, nor child to care for mine old age. Alack! Alack! How the spark hath gone out on my hearth." She turned falteringly, and went away weeping, but without a sob.

The Norman hurried on.

GWALIA'S OWN DAUGHTER.

SWEET maid of Gwent,—
Thou of the darksome beauty, pleasant face,
And kindly eyes from out which peeps the truth
Of woman's soul, art Gwalia's own daughter.
Foremost with the best and fairest, gifted
Richly and endowed by very virtue
Of the Celtic nature and the Cymric blood,
Thou art chosen heiress of the ages.
And who more fit for such inheritance
Than thou, who hold of ages good repute,
And proud, unsmirched fame? Courtly Arthur's
Warrior kinglings knew full well thy worth;
When influence of thine set chivalry
To deeds endeavouring for good and fame.
See then, how the spirit dwells within you,
Of the worthiness that the past hath seen,
The present still hath need; so that the future

My loom with import for your kith and kin,
Yours alone the saving help; yours alone
The encouragement by word, look, and deed,
The sympathy, which men do value so.
Mayhap it will so fall that you complete
The complemental duties of your sex.
Then, as sweetheart, wife, and mother, your sway
Will e'en show itself for good or evil
In many ways. Therefore, 'tis with you,
And in your nature, surely lies the moulding
And the making of a nation's men.
Such reputation as is yours doth scorn
Decadence, rosy-lipped, that walks abroad
With fulsome pleasures for an idle hour.
What classic downfalls phantom in the train
Of one so fickle, what fearful memories
Of great nations perished, gone to doom!

W. H. K.

ALUN MABON.

From the Welsh of Ceiriog, by ALLEN RAINÉ.

XXII.

BUT shadows cold and strange, and change
 came o'er my life,
 A burning fever laid its hand on me.
 Around my bed my children stood in grief,
 Waiting in sad suspense for fate's decree.
 In the long watches of the silent night
 No slumber came, to rest my weary brain ;
 But Menna, bending o'er me, pressed my hand,
 Held the restoring cup, and soothed my pain.
 When the cold mists of death hung over me,
 What kindly angel came and wafted them aside ?
 Through all my veins the flood of life returned,
 Bearing new hopes upon its flowing tide.
 New thoughts of health refreshed my weary soul,
 Kind sleep returned to calm my aching brain,
 And Menna, bending o'er me, pressed my hand,
 Held the restoring cup, and soothed my pain.

XXIII.

When health was before me,
 One morning they bore me
 Out into the sunshine,
 The blue hills to see ;
 My sad heart was lightened,
 My pale cheeks were brightened,
 By the wind from the mountain,
 The breeze from the sea.
 I rose from my sickness,
 The long days of weakness,
 The sad weeks of weariness, sorrow, and pain ;
 My heart lost its shadows as down in the meadows,
 I watched the wild colt and the lambkin again.
 The blue sky smiled o'er me,
 The sea stretched before me,
 I faced the broad sunlight, I drank in the wind ;
 The little birds singing,
 Around me, were bringing
 The long absent visions of health to my mind.
 My children's embraces,
 Their sweet smiling faces !
 My Menna sat near me, and smiled through her
 My dear old dog found me, [tears.
 And frolicked around me,
 The friend of my household, my comrade for years.

XXIV.

Long years have passed. How fleeting !
 And gone that happy meeting,
 When, health returning, hope revived
 Beneath the sun's warm greeting.
 But safe in mem'ry's keeping
 Those days of joy and weeping.
 My children married ! Menna fair
 Within her grave is sleeping.
 Ah ! well do I remember
 When our little children died,
 And Menna, broken-hearted,
 Seemed fading at my side.

On a bright Palm Sunday morning,
 With flowers their graves adorning,*
 She stooped, and as she rose, my heart
 Felt a sharp pang of warning.

Beneath the yew tree kneeling,
 With tears of tender feeling,
 She planted pinks and golden broom,
 The little graves concealing.

The wild flowers soon were growing,
 Their colours brightly glowing ;
 But the roses paled on Menna's cheek,
 Where tears so oft were flowing.

And since my Menna faded,
 The world in gloom is shaded,
 Her ring alone my treasure now ;
 I walk through life unaided.

Her ring I'll keep for ever,
 Nor from its mem'ries sever ;
 Then come my harp ! once more I'll strike
 A strain, the last for ever.

XXV.

Alone in the churchyard my Menna lies low,
 And alone for the rest of my life I must go,
 But thou, little ring, my companion shalt be,
 Her hand where I placed thee, in fancy I see.
 And as I remember those long vanished years,
 My heart fills with longing, my eyes fill with tears,
 In the silence of death Menna parted from me,
 And thou, little ring, art as silent as she.

When first on her finger I placed thee, dear ring,
 The joy bells rang gaily, 'twas green leafy spring ;
 But when from her finger I drew thee again,
 The bell tolled to summon a funeral train.
 I gave thee when dressed in her bridal array,
 I took thee again on her funeral day.
 Oh ring of betrothal, we never will part,
 I'll wear thee till death stills each pulse of my heart.

XXVI.

Still the mountains tower high,
 Still the winds around them roar,
 Still when dawn lights up the sky
 Sing the shepherds as of yore.
 Round the hills and meadows fair,
 Still the starry daisies grow,
 But the shepherds singing there
 Are not those of long ago.
 Changed are all old Cambria's ways !
 Generations come and gone !
 Changed are all the ancient days,
 Other times are pressing on.
 Alun Mabon's days are o'er,
 And his harp is all unstrung,
 But his songs, for evermore,
 Live in Cambria's ancient tongue.

[THE END.]

* The annual decoration of graves with flowers and evergreens on Palm Sunday was a beautiful old custom of Wales a few centuries ago.

THE BOOK OF THE THREE BIRDS.

By T. R. ROBERTS, Carnarvon.



THE result of the recent revival of interest in matters relating to Wales and the Welsh is that considerable attention is being paid to literary productions which in the past have been much neglected, and which, in fact, had been almost entirely forgotten. One of the works which has thus been rescued from a threatened oblivion is "The Book of the Three Birds," (*Llyfr y Tri Aderyn*), by Morgan Llwyd of Gwynedd.

Morgan Llwyd was born in 1619, at Cynfael, in the parish of Maentwrog, Merionethshire. When about fifteen years of age he removed to Wrexham, probably to complete his education. Here he came under the influence of Walter Cradock, and this proved to be the turning point in his career, for he himself tells us, in a poem discovered by the late Rev. John Peter (*Ioan Pedr*), that it was in Maelor he awoke out of his spiritual sleep,—"*Ar Maelawr y dihunais*,"—Maelor being that part of Powys of which Wrexham is the chief town. He died at Wrexham, June 3rd, 1659.

As a preacher, Morgan Llwyd was not only eloquent, but a fresh and original thinker, thoroughly conscientious, and, as he himself expresses it, "saying nothing that he was not ready to seal with his own blood." He was a man of superior mental powers,

an accomplished scholar, and he wrote English and Welsh with equal facility. As an author, he was remarkable for the originality of his ideas, the purity of his style, but at times we find him expressing himself in language which is somewhat unintelligible. One of his qualities as a writer which deserves special mention was his habit of saying what he had to say in the fewest possible words. "*Multum in parvo*" seems to have been his motto, and in the result we have in a small volume of less than a hundred pages as much solid matter and food for reflection as many of our present day writers, in the "exuberance of their verbosity," would give us in a volume ten times the size.

The spiritual condition of Wales in Morgan Llwyd's time was most lamentable. We find Walter Cradock, in a sermon preached before Parliament, in July, 1646, making the following appeal,—"*Let not poor Wales continue sighing, famishing, mourning, and bleeding, while you have your days of feasting, rejoicing, thanksgiving, and praising God Is it not a sad case that in thirteen counties there should not be above thirteen,—God grant there be more! I know not so many,—conscientious ministers, who in these times expressed themselves firmly and constantly faithful to the Parliament, and formerly preached profitably in the Welsh language twice every Lord's day?*" The Rev. Rhys Prichard, vicar of Llandovery, and author of "*Canwyll y Cymry*," (*The Candle of the*

Welsh), in referring to the state of the country at this period, tells us that not one in a hundred of his countrymen could read; that no copy of the Scriptures was to be found even in the mansions of many of the gentry; that the clergy were asleep, leaving the people to wallow in their sins, unwarned and unrebuked; that the upper classes, with rare exceptions, were totally regardless of religion; and the common people ignorant, and unwilling to receive instruction. "Licentiousness," he says, "drunkenness, dishonesty, falsehood and infidelity are rampant through the Principality. . . . The Lord's day is a day for drunkenness, dancing, idleness, games and wanton lewdness among the Welsh."

The first of Morgan Llwyd's works in point of time, as well as in order of merit, was "The Book of the Three Birds; a mystery for some to understand, and others to ridicule, being a discourse between the eagle, the dove and the raven." Primarily, the eagle no doubt represented Cromwell, the dove the Nonconformists, and the raven the Established Church. But it is generally conceded that the book has a meaning beyond this, and that the dove is intended to describe the true Christian of every age, that the raven represents the enemies of the truth, and that the eagle, in his regal attitude, represents the impartial man, who mediates between the contending parties.

The work contains frequent references to the conscience, and many interesting passages might be quoted, but the following dialogue between the raven and the eagle must suffice,—

"RAVEN: Many speak against their conscience and according to their will, and some speak against their will and according to their conscience.

"EAGLE: What conflict is there between the conscience and the will?

"RAVEN: The conscience says, 'Thou shouldst do this,' and the will says, 'I insist upon doing that.' But we too frequently obey our will, and forsake our conscience.

"EAGLE: But what, sayest thou, is the conscience?

"RAVEN: A witness within, the light of

the birds, the candle of men, a voice searching us, the ready writer, secret adviser, eternal friend, a continual feast to some, and an undying worm in others."

The following choice sentences, which may be described as a new series of beatitudes, are in the author's best style,—
 "Blessed are ye that yearn for God; ye shall be filled with him, in him, for him. Blessed are ye who are diligent, faithful, and constant; ye shall have a blessing on your work. Blessed are they who pray without hypocrisy; they shall always be hearkened to. Blessed are they who deny themselves, God will not deny them. Blessed are they who sincerely sow the oats of God, they shall enjoy a spiritual crop. Blessed are the spiritual, for with them is the secret of God. Blessed are the watchful, the devil shall not lay hold of them. Blessed are they who wait in silence, the Lord Jesus shall visit them. Blessed are they who suffer with the Lamb, with the Lamb shall they reign. Blessed are they who have been awakened and become void of self, they shall live in God himself. Blessed are the weary, humble, broken-hearted, for in them doth God abide. Blessed are the innocent, none can injure them. Blessed are they who abide lowly, they shall be raised high."

In the following passage we have some beautiful thoughts concerning the omnipresence of God,—
 "There can be but one immeasurable; and he, because he is perfect, must be everywhere at the same time, speaking constantly to all,—hearing and sustaining everything at once. There is not a part of him here, and a part yonder, for in him are no parts. But he is altogether and entirely and wholly everywhere at one and the same time. Moses could therefore speak to him face to face, for the whole Godhead was before his eyes. But none see this except the spiritually-minded, as the sun can only be seen in its own light Understand, that where his love is, there is life and paradise; and where his wrath is, there is death and hell. This is the immeasurable God, for ever blessed, who for ever rests in himself, and to him be praise everywhere for evermore Before him the heavens flee, and in his presence the

holy angels hide." The late Dr. Lewis Edwards, of Bala, describes the foregoing passage as one which contains "noble thoughts clothed in sublime language," and he adds that if Dr. Samuel Clarke had understood the matter as well as Morgan Llwyd he would not have sought to demonstrate the Being of God by taking for granted that length and breadth were among the attributes of the Almighty.

"The Book of the Three Birds" abounds in concise, pithy sentences, which easily become fixed in the memory, and which remind us of the proverbs of the ancient Cymry. If we adopt Fuller's definition of a proverb,—"*much matter decocted into few words*,"—many trite sayings from the pen of Morgan Llwyd deserve to rank high in this branch of literature. The following are a few examples out of many which might be given,—

"The custom of the world is the open gate to destruction. The time of man is his portion, and woe unto him who spends it in vain. The man who will not swim against the stream of the country must needs sink. Let no man fear others so much as himself. If thou canst not silence others, be silent thyself. An unclean heart is a pot that boils on fire of hell. He that climbs not above himself shall never sit in heaven. If the will be evil, every feather of that bird is evil also. The sense of man is a thief within, locking the door of every mind against the

breath of the Holy Spirit. Every man has sufficient cunning to deceive himself. Let every man beware of his own reason. As soon as a word is spoken, it is printed in the air, and the angels convey it to the other world. It is better to suffer the greatest wrong than to enter upon the smallest quarrel. Beware of hardening thy conscience by frequent heating and cooling. The flesh is like sackcloth on the windows of the mind. He who flatters men is corrupt at heart. When there is most noise in the world, let there be least in thine own heart. There is a worm in the bosoms of men which, if not destroyed, will destroy them. Let thy words be few, and thy heavenly and mighty deeds be many. Christ is a great and unspeakable gift, and the hand of faith to receive him is also a great gift; none can buy it, but the poorest can receive it. He who will not bend shall be broken. The reason of man is a bush of thorns; whoso denies himself will flee from it. Feed thy desire, and it will slay thee. The spirit of the talkative man is a horse for the devil, without a bridle in his mouth. It is for many too late to-morrow, because to-day is too soon. Thou must needs be slain before thou art saved, and lost before thou art found."

Such are a few of the gems which glitter upon every page of "The Book of the Three Birds," and which entitle the author to a very prominent position in the ranks of Welsh classical writers.

A WELSH GHOST EPISODE.

By A. JACKSON, 1, Marine Mansions, Barmouth, N. Wales.

MANY years ago I lived in a tiny Welsh seaside village. Tiny though it was,—there were scarcely more than half a dozen cottages of white-washed stone in it, together with two or three larger houses,—this little village boasted of a real live ghost of its very own! It was a respectable ghost too,—not one of the extraordinary apparitions English rustics delight to believe in, such as for instance the Mudfad-cum-sloshby ghost, a creature reputed to have the head of a white calf

and eyes like saucers, which the Sloshbyites protested to have seen prowling round the churchyard in the small hours. Nor was it an apparition resembling the witch-ghost of Greymoor, which was said to appear even in broad daylight, in the shape of a brown mastiff with the head of a rabbit, gliding across the road on his hind legs. Oh no, the Welsh ghost of my childhood indulged in no such vagaries. He was the genuine spiritual article, and a perfect gentleman into the bargain. The conduct

of some spectres, by the way, is the reverse of gentlemanly. They presume upon their privileges and appear in alarming and fantastic shapes at most unconscionable hours of the night, thereby frightening poor mortals out of their seven senses. Such conduct is highly reprehensible on their part. I once heard of a ghost who walked,—or glided, for I believe that is the correct way of describing their mode of progression,—up to a man who was sleeping peacefully and laid its icy hand on the man's forehead. An apparition who would behave in that manner must be totally devoid of a conscience. Suppose the tables were turned and the ghost was comfortably tucked up in bed, and snoring away as warm as a toast, and suppose a man came and put his cold hand on the ghost's forehead,—how would the apparition like that? And when the poor ghost, shivering with fear, tried to hide himself under the blankets, suppose the man were to make himself suddenly visible in the form of a ghastly skeleton surrounded with a halo of blue fire. Why the bravest ghost would have an apoplectic fit on the spot. The moral of all this is that ghosts ought not to do as they would not be done by. If spectral visitants are gifted with supernatural powers and can slip through a key hole and make themselves visible or the reverse at their own sweet will, that is no reason why they should take a mean advantage of us poor mortals. If they cannot pay their visits in a proper manner, and at a respectable hour, let them keep at home wherever that may be. Between you and me I strongly suspect that the reason we seldom hear of ghosts now a days is because public opinion is becoming too strong for them, and they are getting ashamed of their conduct. I often wonder why, among the various schemes which are set on foot, no one has proposed a society for the conversion of ghosts from the error of their ways. But all this is a digression. Let us return to the ghost of my childhood.

Glan y Mor, the house where the old squire had lived and died years before I was born, was by far the largest house in the little Welsh village. With its great iron gates, its tall gaunt trees, its stagnant

pond, and weed besprinkled drive, Glan y Mor looked the very ideal of a haunted house. It had long ago passed out of the old squire's family, and an English lady rejoicing in the euphonious name of Judd was living there at the time of which I speak. It was the ghost of the old squire who walked,—so the villagers said. There was scarcely a Welsh peasant round but had seen his familiar figure again and again pacing the gloomy avenue or strolling by the great gates. I never saw him with my own eyes, though as I scurried past those huge iron gates, through the tall tree-shadows in the gloaming, I could many a time have fancied that I did. If you asked the villagers why he walked they would hesitate and prevaricate. You would have to be very intimate with them before they would hint even darkly at smuggling practices once carried on at Glan y Mor, at underground passage and illegal booty at which probably the old squire had winked. He had been highly respected by the whole neighbourhood in his day, and it was then nearly a century ago since he had been made high sheriff for his county. Perhaps none but the villagers knew of his partiality for smuggling enterprises,—a partiality for which they admired him greatly. I think they attributed his inability to rest in his grave to his anxiety about the stores that had been hidden away in his subterranean vaults. The squire's grand-daughter,—a sweet silver-haired old lady,—was a great friend of ours. Aunt Madge we children used to call her, though she was no relation of ours. How well I remember the weird thrill of that ghost story of my childhood told in her musical Welsh accents. Aunt Madge was staying with us and had taken me to call at Glan y Mor.

"Have you ever really seen the ghost of the old squire?" I asked, in hushed accents, as we walked down the gloomy avenue in the twilight, and the hollow ring of our footsteps reminded me of the tales of subterranean passages.

"Yes, often, Willie, when I used to stay here with my brother David and his wife Gwen."

"Do tell me about it, dear aunt Madge," I pleaded.

"You won't be frightened, Willie?"

"Frightened! no,—why should I?" I asked, trying to look my bravest.

"Why, indeed, I should be only too glad to see my old dear grandfather again. It is many years now since I saw him last. I was sitting in one of the big armchairs by the library fire at Glan y Mor,—alone and thinking. And when I lifted my eyes, there he sat, in the armchair opposite me, just as I had seen him many a time in life,—his hands resting on his knees and his eyes looking into mine."

"Did you speak to him?" I asked, trying not to let my voice quiver.

"Oh no, dear. One can never speak to a spirit."

I wondered why. Was it because of some mysterious rule of spirit-etiquette with which aunt Madge was acquainted?

"I fancied he wished to speak to me," she went on. "He looked so troubled,—dear old man. His lips seemed to move, but they uttered no sound, and then Willie," aunt Madge's voice sunk to an awesome whisper, "then his shape grew more filmy, and I distinctly saw the chair appear through it till he quite disappeared. The next evening I was again in the library looking for a book in the old oaken bookshelf, when suddenly I felt that a presence had entered the room. I was not surprised to see my dear grandfather once again standing at the open door, with the same troubled look on his face as the evening before."

"Oh, weren't you frightened?" I gasped involuntarily.

"No, dear. I felt a kind of awe,—but why should we be frightened at the presence of our beloved dead? I felt grieved that he could not tell me what he wanted to say. I moved towards him, and as I moved his figure glided slowly back-

wards." [You see I was right,—our Welsh ghost was too much of a gentleman to turn his back on a lady.] "Through the doorway he passed, I following him. And then slowly raising his corpse-like taper fingers he pointed towards the wide oaken staircase and, as if overcome by the effort, immediately vanished."

Aunt Madge wiped away a tear, and I heaved a deep sigh.

"Ah Willie, I soon found out what he meant. The very next day David's only child,—a bonny baby boy of three was taken seriously ill. We sent for the doctor at once, but he gave little hope. And then I knew why my grandfather's spirit had appeared and had pointed to the nursery where little Glynn was playing. He came to tell us that Glynn was going to leave us,—yes, and I believe also to tell us that he would take charge of his little grandchild in the world beyond. Ah, it was a sad time that followed,—when we sat by our darling's side in the grey dawn and saw him fade away before our eyes. Poor David and Gwen, their grief was terrible. They sold the old house soon after their loss. They could no longer bear to live there, for it was the pitter patter of his baby feet and the music of his baby tongue that had brightened up the gloomy old place. Poor precious little baby Glynn."

Aunt Madge broke down here and we cried in each other's arms. Dear kind old aunt Madge, with her simple faith and mild superstition,—she belonged to a type that is fast dying out. We are wiser now, if not better, and even in wild Wales the school board is doing its best to drive out the old beliefs in ghosts, witches, and fairies, and yet I think most people will agree with me that there is always a touch of pathos in saying the little word "goodbye,"—even to a ghost.



THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

AN IDYLL; A FARCE; AND A TRAGEDY.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL,

Author of *The Jewel of Ynys Galon, Battlement and Tower, For The White Rose of Arno, etc*

BOOK I: AN IDYLL.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PROPER MODE OF FETCHING THE COWS.

"HA!" said the gossips of Cildeg, "so Gwennie Cradoc couldn't be married after all; for wasn't the word gone through the town that the Uchelwr was turning Tom Hawys out of Havod y Garreg, and that Tom was sworn to kill Will Mynachty for it? And hadn't he been hunting him these two days? And wasn't he newly gone home this evening to see if the law had meddled with his home, swearing that to-morrow he would start afresh to look for his enemy? And he was the man to do it too, and so Gwennie might fold up her wedding cloak and lay it by till some new man came, after Tom was sent to prison,—or hung maybe."

So pleasant a budget could not long lack a carrier, and shortly it found its way up to Glwysva. The cobbler's wife told it to the wife of Kyffin Wernlas and she, upon reaching home after dark, sped it on by the young man whom she detailed to carry the blacksmith's answer to Glwysva anent the work.

Thus it fell out that Gwennie heard the story.

All the night before she had been hurt that Tom had not called on his way home, as he had spoken of doing before he left in the morning; nay, she had been almost ready to decide upon being cool when next he should come. All the night while Tom stood beneath the oak tree, she had lain in trouble, tormenting herself with a ceaseless train of reasons for her lover's non-appearance. Faithlessness, of course, never once came into her mind, for the man concerned was her Tom, but pretty well everything else took its turn in the review. With the day, wonder gave place to fear, and many were the little tasks which suddenly appeared to take her to the window or the door; nay, once or twice even to the gate by the road. Therefore the evening shut in with foreboding; foreboding that recognized coming disaster in the tale from Cildeg.

She was not in the room when the narration began, and when she entered the messenger broke off abruptly, looking confusedly at her father as if

for some sign or word of direction. Her mother, sitting on the speer beside the fire, motioned her to a place beside her, and, when she was seated, put her arms about her and kissed her in silent sympathy. Instantly Gwennie caught the alarm.

"What is it, mother dear? There is something, I know, and it is about—about——"

Her mother drew her close.

"It is about Tom," she said.

"Begin again," said the father, quietly to the messenger.

Thus admonished the young fellow began, with a new distaste for his job. At the first mention of her lover's name Gwennie sat upright and listened intently. As the full import of the tissue of lies showed itself to her astonished mind she broke out with hot denunciations.

"What lies! What liars!——"

But her father checked her. "Gwennie! we know they are; but listen."

Yet though at this reproof she held her tongue, her eyes and bearing were far more eloquent than mere words could have been. Her pale cheeks and flashing eyes, the whole pose of her frame, showed the intensity of her indignant dissent. Then, as to the first part succeeded the second, detailing Tom's persistent efforts to find the conspirators, the light in her eyes changed to one of apprehension and the closed lips relaxed with a suspicious quiver. With the last words, detailing how Tom had sworn to renew his search to-morrow,—which, though they had no real foundation were as true as the rest, so far as she knew,—she broke down and hid her face upon her mother's breast, while her father took the young man aside into the outer doorway to question him still further concerning the intentions of the lawyers in the case.

But of this the young man knew nothing and made haste to leave, mentally cursing his folly in having undertaken the task of bearing such news at the bidding of his master's wife.

Very gentle were her parents with Gwennie after the bearer of ill tidings was gone, and her father spoke cheerily to rouse her.

"Nay, Gwennie, never trouble yourself so, or

Tom will think but little of your faith in him. And surely for the law part Owen Bevan is a better man any day than Evan Bowen. Keep your needle busy and never mind such tales or you will not be ready when your wedding day comes."

"But they do lie so, father, and their lawyer too, while Owen Bevan is an honest man."

"An honest man the man Owen Bevan may be, but the lawyer Owen Bevan must do as lawyers do."

Not disputing such a dictum from such a source, the maid's next word showed the real fear that disturbed her.

"But, father, what if Tom should find Will Mynachty and—and—harm him. What then?"

"Oh! the Freeholder will be very sure to keep far enough away, and for Tom, why! he'll soon cool down and think it a vast deal better to live for you than to die for that other; I'll warrant you! Good night now, little maid, and do you sleep sound till morning. Good night."

Even her brother varied the usual indifference of a brother's "good night;" striving a little to comfort her by word and tone, and avowing his belief that all would come right.

But in the darkness of her own chamber the night came thronging full of fears, making her long and pray for day-light when she might be up and doing, exchanging this sickening uncertainty of inaction for at least the attempt to turn her lover's purpose to a safer path.

Therefore she slept as little as did old Hawys, though from the tugging of an opposite desire, and before the dawn had well swept away the last shadow of the night she was on her way up the trail to Havad y Garreg.

Belike she felt stronger from the bravery of her apparel, for she had donned her most becoming adornments, and, with the roses that the little breeze dropped upon the cream of her cheeks, she knew she lacked none of a woman's auxiliaries. So fast she went, that, by the time she reached the rock where Tom had discarded his knee ribbons, she was forced to pause for breath, and looking around, caught sight of the first uplifting of the sun from behind the buttresses of Moel y Gaer. Wide, as she gazed, flung the flood of golden glory, leaping from point to peak, sweeping along the level of Drunhir, and with one swift flash melting into the earlier-lit crest of Aran, whose countenance of virgin white blushed into amethystine shame at the caress.

The beauty of the scene made such sharp contrast to the fear in her bosom that she clasped her hands to her heart as she cried aloud,—"He must not go seeking Mynachty. He must not go!"

Tom flushed as she entered the house, but he stood up and read in her face that someone had told her. And when she, not stopping or looking anywhere but into his eyes, came up and took his hand, saying,—"You must not go, Tom; for my sake you must not go!" he thought he understood, and from the bottom of his heart he answered,—"I will not Gwennie; I have sworn it."

Then the load fell away from her bosom, leaving her so light of heart that she remembered that she was still unwed, and the blush that came with the thought stirred her lover's heart till the hand upon her shoulder closed like a vice. The pressure reminded her that he seemed in no haste to caress her and she awoke somehow to the fact that he was no longer the shy Tom Hawys who had talked such sweet unwisdom down in the valley, but a man with his grip upon the things of life and set to do his part stubbornly in the wrestle.

Old Hawys was not satisfied with the scene, doubt of her son's firmness assailed her; therefore she said,—

"Tom, son, she will make a rare bride for thee."

He started; that woke him too. Taking the maid in his arms he kissed her so long and so fiercely that the colour of her neck shamed the colour of the cloak below it.

What a glorious morning it was after the wind of yesterday! And the cows were to fetch yet, as witness old Gelert's impatient tail in the doorway. Then Gwennie must be introduced again to that four footed paragon; and how merrily she laughed as she clasped his neck and told him what a nice, dear, good dog it was. This was on a thirty seconds' acquaintance, and decided in a single look from the honest eyes of the dog.

"Aye," said Tom to his mother in pride, "Gwennie is going with us to fetch the cows." And old Hawys nodded in great glee at that and set to straighten up the interior of the place a bit while they should be gone.

All the way through the upper croft, Tom, with a happy cadence in his voice, was pointing out the beauties of the prospect, showing the place where the snow lingered latest on Aran and where the sun touched it first or smiled on it last. He pointed out the near rocks at whose bases the moss was greenest and softest, and he showed where the hawk's nest was built last spring, and where the clearest rills ran,—but he made no mention of the trail that led over to Llyn Du.

To fetch the cows required the longest time on record, though for a second occasion the cows were again waiting at the upper gate. But then, that gate was so very convenient to lean upon while

descanting upon the points of the restless-tailed cattle, while Gelert looked on in sore bewilderment to see such laxity upon the part of his partner in the cow-driving business. He was highly scandalized indeed, presently, to see that partner's arm steal round this new person's waist, and at the sound which followed he felt compelled to protest. He sneezed distinctly; twice.

He might just as well have wagged his tail though, for all they seemed to hear, and, the sound being repeated two or three times, he, in shocked sternness, attempted to bring the offending arm to a sense of propriety by rubbing his cold nose upon the back of its hand. That brought another hand to bear, a bonny little hand, which so altered things as to make him leap up with his two fore paws on the gate and lick the slim fingers, and all to a running accompaniment of tail wagging that made quite a breeze. He saw from the two faces above that cow-driving was not the only, or even the most important, business in life. So pleased was he with this new knowledge that thereafter he immediately fell to recklessly corroborating all that his partner said about the cows, jumping over the gate and singling out which ever was being mentioned, leaping round it in an ecstasy of delight, and finishing each biography by jumping up to the gate to get the approval of the new partner's hand. That was a fine fetching of the cows; vastly fine!

And on the way back Gelert kept looking from Tom to Gwennie and the cows, making queer little motions, wanting to tell all about his compact with old "Star" and wagging his tail so violently that it almost lifted his hind legs off the ground,—and certainly communicated a motion to his ears, when Tom at last explained what he wanted to say. What a rare morning this was to be sure.

At the milking, too, how clever the little hands were, and how steadily the two streams kept up the "risting" into the frothing pail. Even Longhorn, the restless one, liked that, and did not lash her tail about more often than she could possibly help, while old Star looked around in sheer encouragement and approval.

Then Tom and Gelert must take back the cows by themselves, for Gwennie was going in to see old Hawys, "never you mind what for."

You see breakfast was still to come, though Tom seemed to have forgotten such like things. Inside old Hawys decided at once, that, this being Gwennie's first visit, the occasion called emphatically for cakes, hot cakes, well buttered, breast and back; and who in the world now could make cakes like Gwennie? And when they were mixed and before they were baked on the swept hearthstone, the old wife took the maid through

all the places; the two rooms below and the attics above, and told her how fain she was to be handing the care and keeping of it all to such an one as herself, and how thankful she was that her son had not brought home any of the good-for-nothings from the town who would have made sore work of the home. "For you know, maiden, that my Tom is enough to set them all a-fever for him." And Gwennie blushed at this and bore herself with such decent modesty through it all that it made the other thank God earnestly and aloud for such a happy choice on the part of Tom's affections. In like manner, too, when the cakes were baked and the breakfast set, how pleased the maiden was when the mother wondered so admiringly at their luscious perfection, and Tom scorned that wonder, saying stoutly that perfection was the only thing to be expected from perfection itself. And, judging from his carriage as he took morsel after morsel from the new comer's hands, Gelert was of identically the same opinion.

Aye! that was far and away a much pleasanter meal than any of the three had anticipated at dawn. And outside, on the bench at the foot of the ash tree,—not one but half a dozen at a time,—the daws were perking and peering in through the open door to see who this was so bonny.

Breakfast over, with the table cleared and the room tidied, the maid must hurry down to Glwysva or her mother would surely be scolding. Would she? Tom would see about that; he would take her home and receive the scolding himself.

Indeed no!

Indeed yes! He was putting the cloak round her shoulders and stopped her demure demurrings with a string of kisses. Well! he might come as far as the gate of the lower croft, but not one step further. Gelert barked at that, frisking about like a puppy; he knew that one step leads to another; and Tom knew too, for the rogue laughed as he appeared to assent. But when the bright beaver was donned to satisfaction he turned to his mother at the door and said he would be back perhaps by noon. Whereat she laughed too. Sorrow seemed far enough from these folk.

At the gate of the lower croft there was a very pretty squabble, out of which the man must have come victorious, for he forthwith began to pilot the maid's footsteps down the trail; footsteps that at another time would have been equal to that trail on the darkest night, let alone a day like this.

She might have been a grand lady from some city, the way he talked. "Now put your foot upon this stone and then on that; and here is a firm spot! so! now we are over that miry place.

I ought to mend it I know,—some day I will, maybe,” and so on with variations. Happy home taking. So happy indeed that they did not discover the four men, who, ascending and seeing them coming, had at once made haste to leave the trail and secrete themselves amongst the rocks to the right.

Said the chief of these four, speaking to his companions, when the couple has passed below the crag at the turn of the trail,—“We are lucky.”

When the two were gone completely out of sight the four rose, moving as swiftly as might be, till they reached the gate of the lower croft. There they paused to reconnoitre till the bark of a dog came faintly from the open mountain above. At the sound the leader hurried all forward till they reached the house. Here, taking from his pocket a sheet of paper, he hastily affixed it to the door, saying exultingly as he turned away,—

“There is no end to our luck. Now back by the Ffridd,—then we shall not meet Tom Hawys at all.”

CHAPTER XII.

A HOLE IN THE PLOT.

WHEN, after the noon hour, Tom got back home, he found old Hawys standing by the ash tree with the turf-cutter in her hand and a look on her face that boded bad news.

“What is it, mother,” cried her son, “that you seem so troubled at?”

“Look!” said she, turning and pointing to the door behind her.

He strode hastily past her to the door. “Read it!” she cried from where she stood. “What does it say?”

Tom turned to her again with a hard expression. “It says, mother, that if we are not away from this by a certain date, the law will come and put us out. It is a notice of eviction.”

“Ha! I knew it had to do with that business. When you two went out of sight from the lower gate I saw the sheep were broken into the far croft so I took the dog and went to drive them over the mountain again. By the time I had done that and made up the fence once more, I saw four men hurrying away from here, heading for the Ffridd, and when I got to the door there was that paper upon it,—so I waited to be ready for whatsoever might follow.”

“And they went back by the Ffridd?”

“By the Ffridd.”

“Tell me, mother, do you think the Uchelwr was one of them?”

“Nay, there was none tall enough.”

“Oh, then they were only the men who

carry for the law, and they matter nothing yet. This paper gives the date when the law’s grace ends and its officers should come to evict us. We know they cannot do it before that, and till then we need not trouble up here.”

“And your wedding day, Tom?”

“Comes some days before that.”

“Will it come?”

“I must go down and speak with Glwysva and the lawyer Owen Bevan.”

“Will you lose such a bonny bride for Mynachty’s doings?” cried his mother in anger. “Will you give in like a beaten hound already before the stick falls?”

“Mother,” answered the son impatiently, “you know I will not give up; not after the stick falls,—if it must fall,—let alone before. But I must let Glwysva know, he must never say I dealt dishonestly by him; and perhaps the lawyers can comfort him in this new turn; neither Gwennie nor myself need any. You go on, mother, with your baking and your brewing, for the wedding will be on the day set; no matter what may happen on another day.”

“That is right, Tom; that is like my son; and we will win yet, too, in spite of the raven that I saw this morning, coming eastwards from Aran and circling for a full hour round and about our house. Jen Lwyd and her ravens,—to the devil,—we’ll mock them yet. And now you may go to Glwysva; I am satisfied if you will only stand your ground,” ended old Hawys.

With a brief word of parting Tom took the downward road, carrying in his pocket the paper torn from the door. When he reached the valley Glwysva was eager to go to the lawyer as proposed, and sent his son without delay to catch and saddle the two nags.

In the interval the lover found time to whisper a word to Gwennie who, with shining eyes and pale cheeks, reminded him of his morning’s promise.

“You will not go, Tom; you said you would not.”

“I will not go, never fear! I will keep my oath that I swore last night, and my promise that I made you this morning,” replied he, as he kissed her at parting.

And, as cheerily threw himself into the saddle, he thought in his mind how little he should ever have suspected her of such determination. “Why, she’s as firm set to stay and fight the Uchelwr as my mother herself. She has a rare courage; she’ll make a rare wife.”

Which shows how easily two folk may put different meanings in the same words.

Then away the two men pricked down the road,

and as they passed the still broken gate of Mynachty, Glwysva took good care to be on that side and to look the other straight in the eye as he turned his gaze up the lane; for on the way Tom had told him of his search.

"Nay! nay!" he said, shaking his head, "no more of that just now; push on to Owen Bevan."

They clattered on over the bridge and into the square, Tom with his eyes ever on the alert hoping to catch a glimpse of his enemy. He would have ridden into the shop but that the other seized his rein and turned him to the left along the Stryt Glyndwrdr, riding thus past the house of Evan Bowen and so on to the place of the rival solicitor.

Dismounting and throwing their bridles to an urchin near, the door was opened before they had time to knock, and inside they found Huw Auctioneer and Owen Bevan, both standing ready to welcome them.

"He didn't get back till just now," said Huw cheerily to Tom, over the hand-shake, nodding to indicate the lawyer as he spoke, "but I've just finished telling him the whole thing and he'll have it all right in two shakes of a lamb's tail; you see if he doesn't."

"Of course he will," chimed in the person spoken of, as he shook hands in turn. "The thing is preposterous; anyone can see that."

"Yes," interposed Glwysva, "but can anyone see that when they have to look at it through the law? Tell me that Owen Bevan!"

The lawyer laughed. "Well, that is another thing sometimes, but still we'll have a shot at this precious lot in no time. I'm only so sorry that Llysowen took me away to Aberalyn over that mortgage business of his; otherwise,—but no matter; let us get down to work at once."

In another minute all four were seated and Tom had spread the eviction notice upon the table, while he told what he knew about it and supplemented that with what he reckoned about it.

The lawyer was busy all through the recital drawing comic sketches upon the paper before him. When the narrative ended he held the sketch at arm's length while he surveyed it with a genial countenance. "Ha!" said he, slapping his thigh with his free hand, "they are a sharp gang. Rapid moving, eh! But we'll get out an injunction at once and put a stopper upon their little game. Never fear! Now tell me, Tom, was any one with you when you paid your rent a year ago, or is there anything you remember about it that would ear mark the scene in your mind. I mean something that, if it occurred, Jacob Shop must remember as well as you do, something that I can tackle him about in the witness box, eh?"

"I'm not sure!" replied Tom with a puckered brow.

"Well now, what date was it, and perhaps we can help you that way,—have you got the receipt?"

"Yes, it's here, with the rest of them for a dozen years back," answered Tom, hauling out a bundle of papers.

Owen Bevan spread them out and scanned them narrowly. After a minute or two of this, he laid them in order afresh and took up the comic sketch. Screwing up one eye at this he began to whistle, but before he had gone three bars he stopped and ran his eye over the receipts again.

"Wait a minute! I see this is dated a day later than all the rest; a day later than the proper and usual date. Do you remember anything about that?"

"Why; yes, I do now," replied Tom, the wrinkle disappearing at once. "I could not come on the usual day because I had intended to ride, and the pony,—it was a young one,—broke away and kept me chasing it till I was weary. I reckon he was weary too, for when I mounted him he started off and fell under me, bruising me so that I was fain to bide at home till next day."

"Very good! Now do you remember what date was upon that paper the starveling clerk gave you? It's a pity you didn't keep it."

"I think you did keep it, Tom," broke in Huw Auctioneer. "Feel through all your pockets, for I know you had it crumpled in your left hand when you collared the clerk."

A hasty search brought to light, among a pile of sundry other forgotten things, a crumpled scrap, which, upon investigation, proved to be the very slip itself.

A quick glance over this brought a broad smile to the face of the lawyer. The smile became a grin; the grin a laugh.

"Ho! ho! what a numbakull lot they are. But this proves that Evan Bowen only came in on the completed plan; he had nothing to do with drawing it up, that's certain, or else he would have looked to the dates closer than this. Ha! ha! We have them now surely."

"How?" queried Tom.

"Never mind how; the less you know the less you'll tell if you should happen to fall foul of any of the three. And yet I suppose you will guess if I don't tell you. It's this, the notice to quit purports to have been given on the usual rent day, while the rent receipt is dated the day after, which, as you remember, was the day you really paid. Now their story runs, as this last slip shows, that the notice was given at the same handing with the rent receipt,—see?"

The grin had gone round them all as the hole in

the plot showed plainer, and now it was a laugh that greeted its finished outline.

"I think you ought to invite yourself to the wedding," quoth Huw Auctioneer to the lawyer.

"And so I would if I didn't have this business of Llysowen's to look to."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Tom, in a glow of involuntary relief, born of the faith that nothing now could interfere with his wedding; "I've got the rent here yet that I should have paid three days ago,—I vote we all go over to the Red Dragon, now or some other convenient time, and put in a dinner and the aftermath at Will Mynachty's expense."

"No! no!" interposed the lawyer. "Give me that money to pay the rent. Otherwise they'll make a point about that not being paid and I must be able to meet their demand. Moreover if you do not pay that, the Uchelwr might distrain for it; and that would be awkward——"

"It would," interrupted Tom grimly, "for the Uchelwr. If that will fetch him up there though, I'll keep the money till he does come to distrain."

"Yes; but he'll come by proxy, not in person. The sheriff's officer will do it by order of the law."

"Very well then, but surely I can make him come for his rent himself if I leave word to that effect at Mynachty."

"No, because for one thing it is the custom,—and you have always followed it,—for the tenant to seek the landlord with the rent; and for another thing Evan Bowen is his duly accredited agent, and a lawyer costs more than a dog to have dangling after you in a string."

With visible reluctance Tom drew forth, from some heretofore undiscovered receptacle in his clothes, a rough saddler-made purse. Slowly he counted down the contents upon the table, saying, as he pushed the completed tale over to the solicitor,—*"I hate to do it; I do hate it as I never hated anything before. May every round piece of it burn a hole in his soul and let damnation in deeper."*

"Never mind, Tom, you'll come out the best man yet in this that lies between you and Mynachty."

"Best man! Aye! God's death will I; and you and everyone else shall see it; and see it so plainly too that you shall have no room for an answer."

The drift was getting awkward, bringing Glwysva to the rescue. "I think we hill folk had better be riding, 'twill be late before we get home otherwise."

"Late! and what of the moon, is that not bright enough to bring you safe to Glwysva," cried the lawyer merrily. "I'll warrant Tom

needs neither sun nor moon to light him to that ingle; the two stars under its eaves will draw him there fast enough." The flush rose to Tom's face, but he got even.

"What should honest townfolk know of moons, whether they be light or dark, or was it Llysowen's cellar held such good stuff that you took all night to get home, eh! Owen Bevan. I do hear tales of folk who come home in carriages because they are too mellow to ride, and the roads too wide to be walked. Did you ever know any such?"

The laugh was turned against Bevan, who however, laughed loudest of the four. "Llysowen's cellar! you shall judge what stuff is in that same cellar, for here is a bottle of it; and the best of it, in truth and deed. Here we are," he cried, opening the *"cwpbwrdd tridarn"* in one corner and producing a long necked bottle, together with the requisite number of glasses.

He handled that bottle lovingly, careful not to disturb its contents, and inserting the corkscrew with due reverence. "Look at that," he went on holding the glasses to the light as he filled them, one after the other, from the bottle. "Just taste it and tell me what you think of it!"

"It's little skill I have of your wines and foreign drinks, but that is something to make a man feel thirty years younger before he can put the glass down," said Glwysva, smacking his lips as he showed his empty.

"Bah! man; you don't understand," cried Huw Auctioneer in feigned disgust. "This is none of your harvesters' ale; twopence a gallon stuff. This is wine to be sipped, not swipes to be swilled. Give him another, Owen, so that he may tot it properly."

"And Tom, too!" echoed the lawyer refilling their glasses as he spoke.

"Nay! nay!" said Glwysva, when the second had been duly sipped, "no more for me, or there will be moons enough on every tree to light a troop home, and stars on every stone that trips our nags. I'll drink good ale with the next, but wine fits gentlefolk better than simple."

Huw laughed. "That would be rare stuff for the wedding, eh Tom?"

"And there shall be some," cried the solicitor. "I'll see to that! Llysowen will be glad to give it for the jest of this affair. I'll not keep you now," he went on, deprecating with a wave of his hand Tom's demur, "I must get to work at once upon this restrainer."

"And I should like to see Evan Bowen's face when you get the injunction," chimed in Huw Auctioneer.

"Would you?" quoth the lawyer, "you would expect a frown and a curse; well, I tell you, it

will be a smile and a nod to himself, for this failing means another attempt on the part of Mynachty, and more work and bigger fees for the attorney; since they will be bound to get his help from the first; not bring him in last as they did this time. Now, gentlemen all, good evening! but stay; just another taste round before you put the door between you and the cupboard; just a taste."

Right hearty was the parting and light hearts went the different ways, though perhaps the Auctioneer's was the most unalloyed happiness. For the lawyer, beneath his merriment, knew well that other troubles would come of that shifti rogue over the way, and Glwysva remembered that no matter how this ended there was another notice expiring next year, while Tom felt, deep down in his bosom, that something would come of his pagan oath.

When the horses turned into the square Tom laid his hand upon the other's bridle arm,—“Just come with me to Nanno Milliner's; I want to get something there; a bit of ribbon it is.”

Glwysva smiled, but all the same he was pleased to hold the other's horse while he went in to make the purchase. When they set forth again the younger man explained, saying simply,—

“That other ribbon I got from Jacob Shop.”

Whereat his companion smiled again.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER SORT OF BREAKFAST.

IN a private room, in an inn in a South Wales town, sat the Freeholder. The town was neither large or much frequented, and “like town, like inn;” which was probably Mynachty's reason for choosing both. He was not much of a scribe, yet nevertheless he had made laborious shift, some few days ago, to compass a screed, directed to Evan Bowen, Cildeg, asking for news, and for this news he was this morning patiently waiting. He was going over the whole position again in his mind. “You see,” he was saying to himself, “if I were to meet him and hammer him in a fight, that's nothing; it's over and done with and makes no sort of set off. But with these law businesses it's a vast deal different. I can have him from one day to another; from year's end to year's end, till he will only wish to get within reach of me to murder me. And that's where the sweetness of it lies,—for he'll not be able to get at me. No! I'll stay where he cannot know, but all the time I'll know where he is and watch him squirming and writhing; cursing the law and double cursing me, and I'll look and

I'll laugh and think out some new way of twisting him.

“And she,—blast her! I'll make her a hell to every man she chooses, if this notice breaks if off between Tom Hawys and her,—I'll bring such sorrow to the man she sets at as shall make her shunned like a very pestilence, and I'll harry her till she'll be glad to come to Mynachty without ever riding to church first. Blast her!”

“Hullo!” This last was addressed to Jacob Shop, who made his entry just at that moment, bearing the letter for which he had been sent to enquire at the post office.

“Yes,” responded the draper, “I got it; and it has the Cildeg mark on it, too. Here it is.”

The other pushed the ale tankard over in exchange while he seized the missive. Tearing it open, he carried it across to the deep embrasure of the window, after the manner of men unaccustomed to the deciphering of handwriting, and who, during the operation, must have all the aid which circumstances admit; chief of which generally appears to be the fullest light obtainable.

His companion watched him in fear and trembling. Beginning with the swelled head of the morning after the dinner, the draper's mind had grown more and more ill at ease, till the day of their departure from Cildeg had bred a positive sinking in the region of the stomach, whenever he caught sight of the magistrate's offices over his shoulder as he slunk out of the square to join his fellow conspirator. That sinking seemed to become a permanency when his backward eye could no longer get a glimpse of the court room which prompted the original feeling, and all through the day's drive he had roused the contemptuous anger of his companion by the starts he made whenever, upon the road or at any of their numerous halting places, a form had appeared bearing even the remotest resemblance to Tom Hawys. In sheer desperation he had eagerly applied himself to the drink which the other so scornfully furnished, and from that day to this his chief business upon rising every morning had been to get drunk enough by night to insure oblivion in bed.

Each day had been worse than the one preceding, partly from the uncertainty as to the course of events in Cildeg and partly from the certainty of the effects of the continued intoxication. His nerves had gone under completely for the nonce, and now, while the other read, he made haste to fortify his stomach against possible disaster by emptying the tankard.

Looking once more at the man in the window, he caught fresh alarm from the darkening visage above the letter. Bah! that ale was no stronger

than water; where was the brandy, the brandy? In his increasing perturbation he uttered the last word aloud, electrifying himself and bringing the other to his feet.

One glance at the man advancing and terror seized him. Grey, ashy grey with wrath; his eyes blazing in fury, the Freeholder bore down upon the wretched draper. Seizing him by the throat till the long fingers bade fair to meet through the flesh of it, he shook the miserable wretch with a force that made his heels crack, ere he flung him, limp and boneless, into one corner, a whining heap of sick collapse.

In the flood of blasphemy which burst from the foaming Freeholder, tongue and jaws utterly failed to keep pace. Oaths and curses and words of fearful import fell and tumbled over each other in disjointed fragments, while the veins in his neck and forehead threatened instant apoplexy. But the whine from the floor, coming across a gasping pause, assisted him.

"It wasn't me! I didn't do it! It wasn't——"

"Stop it! d——n you! stop! 'It wasn't you.' What wasn't you? you unspeakable cur! Shut up and get up, you misbegotten abortion of a man. Get up, I say, or I'll break every bone in your body with this," seizing and swinging aloft an oaken chair of ponderous proportions.

Shop scrambled to his feet with an alacrity born of sheer fear. The sight of his shrinking form and visage provoked the other to new fury. Dropping the chair he made another reach for him, but terror rendered the object of it too quick; his whole frame simply shot downwards and rolled under the table.

Choking with rage, the Freeholder surveyed this haven for an instant, stamping his foot at each new whine, till finally, in a transport of ungovernable anger, he flung the letter beneath the table.

"Read that," he shouted.

"I can't read," lied the one beneath.

"No? and I'll make it a sorry day you ever learned to write."

"What for?"

"What for? I wish the hand may wither that wrote the notice that day in the Dragon; read, you fool; read! you snivelling wisp of uselessness! you that have not so much backbone as the shadow of a toad in the moonlight. Read, I say! or I will smash your two eyes with this foot-stool."

Shop began to read, jerking and jumbling the words and sense in such a manner that when he came to the end he simply looked up and said helplessly,—

"Well?"

"Read it again and then again till your thick wits get hold of it," roared the Freeholder.

A second time and a third the other went through the letter, and by the fourth time the meaning of it had managed to percolate through the dense mass of his fear, so far as to shape itself into something of coherency and bring his head up again as he commented,—

"Why, I don't see that it's so bad after all. They haven't found us out; they only call it a technical error; they don't say we did it on purpose."

At this speech, betraying as it did so plainly, the complete divergence of their minds, the other sat down and simply gasped.

"It's no use," he groaned, as Shop, gaining courage from the new aspect of things, both here and in Cildeg, crawled from his refuge and stood, irresolutely grasping the edge of the table, ready to resume its shelter upon the instant should fresh necessity arise. "It's no use. The thing is shivering all the time lest the jail have him,—d——n him! Here! give me the letter," he went on, half rising from his seat.

But he did not need to rise, the other was in only too great a hurry to throw it over. It was from Evan Bowen and ran to the effect that the eviction business was at an end, having been stopped by legal process on account of a little discrepancy between the dates of the quit notice and the rent receipt, the former purporting in its endorsement, to have been given in the same handing with the latter, which however, proved to be dated a day later.

Nevertheless, though this was bad news, yet the writer was happy to say that, acting upon his usual maxim of providing as far as possible against even the improbable, he had, upon rent day, given Tom Hawys notice to quit for the next year's end, in case the present action failed, and, since this had unfortunately happened, there was still the small consolation of knowing that a year had thus been saved, which otherwise, and but for the foresight which comes of a legal training, would have been wasted.

He was only sorry that they had not consulted him in the drawing up of the original notice when, in all probability, this mis-dating would not have occurred, and he could only suggest that in any further movement they should place the fullest confidence both in his legal acumen and his desire to serve them to the best of his ability.

As for Tom Hawys' conduct on the occasion of his receiving the news of the transfer of the farm and the notice to quit, he thought that some action ought really to be taken in the matter, but would wait for a consultation with him, the reader, and the worthy Mr. Shop, before taking any steps.

P.S.—Perhaps it would interest his clients to know that Tom Hawys was to marry Gwennie Cradoc in the course of a few days.

The art of spurring a man was well understood by the crafty attorney. It was some five minutes, ere the Freeholder, after re-reading the epistle, looked up and spoke again to his companion.

"Ring for some brandy and then sit down. Hang it, man, we're in the same cart and we must look to it that we get to the far end safely."

Not much relieved by this speech, but eager for the spirits that would lift his own, the one addressed hurried to comply.

When the liquor was set and the maid gone, Mynachty came back to the table.

"Just go and see that there's no one at the door and then bolt it as you come back," he said.

This also done, and Shop settled on the opposite side of the table, he poured out the liquor and began once more,—

"Well, Jacob! this letter means that things are bad. Now you remember that you got the fifty pounds so as to get Tom Hawys in a tight fix?"

"Oh, yes! but that was only so that you could get him out of it again."

"Of course," retorted the other, dryly, "a man does pay fifty pounds away, and the lawyer's fees to boot, in order to make a fool of himself, doesn't he?"

"But you did."

"Did what? make a fool of myself? I did do that!" emphatically.

"No! I mean you said that you only wanted to do it as as to,—so as to—"

"Now that's just it exactly. I did it 'so as to' and for nothing else, and you believed it then just as you believe it now, and that is not at all,—first word and last you knew it was a lie; but you wanted the fifty pounds. Tell the truth, Jacob, for once, you'll gain by it this time in pure contrariness."

"I did believe it, for he was a good tenant to me; I did believe it, and I didn't want him to come to harm."

"No, you didn't; that's why you sold his place over his head when you knew he would have given you a fair price for it any day, eh?"

Jacob squirmed.

"Well now," resumed the other, "we'll play that it was all true and that you did believe it. But you must see that having pocketed the fifty pounds to spread that lie, and having written out those false documents and sworn to them, you are bound to go on. If I lose in my sheep and wool business by not getting Tom Hawys out of Havod y Garreg, then you will have to refund that fifty pounds; that's only fair, eh?"

"Oh no, I did what I bargained to do; I spread the story."

"Story! lie! exactly. You'll hardly go to court though, and sue me for that fifty if I should stop that amount when the paper I gave you comes to be redeemed and paid, eh, Jacob?"

"But I won't agree to that."

"And how will you help yourself? Tell me that, Jacob Shop?"

"Be honest!" whined the draper. "I did my part honestly!"

"Then if you did, you didn't understand what was wanted at all. What was wanted, and what I paid you the fifty for, was that Tom Hawys should be at my mercy, and that has not been done yet. You made a mistake in dating the paper and so it fell through. I'll not say anything about the risk of our being prosecuted for that mistake, but now you owe it to me to remedy it and to make good the bargain. And that bargain is to get Tom Hawys on the hip."

"I didn't see it that way."

"More fool you then; you made it and by all that binds I'll see that you stick to it."

"What do you want now?"

"Ha!" said the Uchelwr, leaning back and smiling grimly, "I thought I wasn't mistaken when I trusted you, Jacob,—I knew you were an honest man that held fast to his word. Give us your hand and we'll drink to our confidence in each other."

He had refilled the other's glass to the brim while speaking, and now chuckled audibly as he watched him drain it to the dregs.

"Go on," said Shop, putting down the glass.

"Both ways?" queried the Uchelwr, dryly picking up the bottle and once more filling the glass. "Very well," he went on, "and now for our plan, only it isn't a plan just yet; it's only this. As you believe that I lose a lot of money through not getting this fellow out of Havod y Garreg, it stands to reason that I want to get even in some way, and you are to help me, no matter what that is."

"But how?"

"I can't tell that just yet, or till I've seen Evan Bowen, but it will be as soon as possible; for, of course, I can't pay you the money for the place until you've done your part, eh, Jacob?"

This was the last straw, for something in the other's eye warned the wretched draper that upon this point the Freeholder had been reckoning all along to insure his co-operation, and that, moreover, he would enforce it to the uttermost. Nevertheless the miser in him wailed in feeble protest,—“Oh! I want my money, though, when the bill is due.”

"And you'll get it when it's due, when Tom Hawys is fast and my foot is on him; not one minute sooner. And, further, for you, Jacob, remember that I'll ruin you by law or wring your chicken neck by hand, if you ever so much as show your teeth in a word to anyone of what's between us, aye, or if ever you hesitate an instant in the doing of it. Do you believe it?" seizing him by the throat and shaking him till his eyes threatened to start from his head.

"I do! I do!" gasped the miserable victim, as soon as the pressure was released sufficiently for him to catch breath.

"Very well,"—another shake,—"*we work together and stand or fall together, and you get your money on the day Tom Hawys is fast had; not one second sooner. And above all you keep your mouth shut.*"

CHAPTER XIV.

BONDS, BREECHES, AND A WEDDING.

AS Evan Bowen had expected, his letter brought him a speedy visit from the freeholder of Mynachty. It was at a late hour he came; an hour when honest folk were mostly donning nightcaps or extinguishing bedroom candles, and indeed the old servant, who opened the door in answer to the visitor's cautious knock, wore the one and carried the other.

And if she was ill-pleased at the sight of him on the doorstep, she was finely indignant as he sprang instantly over the threshold, almost capsizing her in his haste to seize and slam the door.

He cut her shrill scolding short.

"Send your master to me at once," and without waiting for argument he turned the handle of the office door and passed in.

The master was well pleased to receive the summons; irregular visits bring irregular fees; irregular, that is, from an ascending tendency.

The point discussed was as to the bringing of Tom Hawys to book for threats uttered, and it was decided that he should be laid by the heels and sent to jail as soon as possible; to-morrow for choice.

The visit was a surreptitious one and Jacob Shop had been left at Mynachty, partly from his own flat refusal to face his wife, and partly from his confederate's desire to keep secret the fact of their return.

But this new project, like the first, was doomed to disappointment, for upon the morrow Owen Bevan gave his opponent distinctly to understand that any move in that direction would be met by an action for attempted perjury and half a dozen

other law breakages, based upon the failure of the attempted eviction. Evan Bowen, however, kept a bold front, fighting the point so skilfully as to secure a very pretty advantage, and one which would, moreover, be of material assistance to his client, failing the securing of the primary object. It was nothing less than an informal undertaking on the part of Owen Bevan, for his client, Tom Hawys, binding him in a substantial sum, to keep the peace towards the threatened persons during the remainder of his tenancy of *Havod y Garreg*, and to this undertaking two men of approved substance were to become bound that very day.

All this time Tom was sturdily going about the work of his place up on the mountain in serene unconsciousness of what his friends were doing, for assuredly his serenity would have been of short duration otherwise. But the Freeholder's crafty attorney knew well that, though he would have indignantly scouted such an undertaking if consulted and left to his own free will; yet, nevertheless, he would feel strictly bound in honour to respect it most scrupulously when he should find that his friends had engaged themselves for him.

And Owen Bevan knew it likewise and, moreover, welcomed this bond as a blessing in disguise; seeing therein a means of restraining that rash temper which otherwise, upon any chance meeting, might begin with assault and end with manslaughter. All the more did he feel a devout thankfulness when, in crossing the square to hunt up Huw Auctioneer for one of the bondsmen, he came across Glwysva himself. And Glwysva echoed his thankfulness, entering into the project with a heartiness that told of a world of relief to his mind, while as for Huw Auctioneer, he simply shook hands all round in his enthusiasm and proposed instant doubling and signing of the bond, to be followed immediately by a journey to *Havod y Garreg*, picking up Gwennie by the way as an ally to assist them over the first explosion of their explanation with Tom.

"After which," continued he, "we can all come back again to have a bit of an evening at the Red Dragon."

"Like Mynachty's affair," responded the lawyer drily.

"Mynachty be hanged!" retorted the proposer. "Because the devil dines that's no reason why honest folk should go hungry, eh?"

But the upshot of it was that while the Auctioneer's first proposition could not be allowed, as savouring too much of a victory of the other side, and his last might lead to scandal; yet his second was wholly wise and should be followed out with all speed.

"Never fear about the amount of the bond, Huw," said the lawyer, "it is quite large enough; I saw to that; while at the same time it is not so much the money as the betraying of our trust that will bind him. I'll go bond on that."

Nevertheless, it needed all Gwennie's mute influence and the persuasiveness of his friends to make Tom yield a grudging acquiescence to the "fact accomplished" when, that evening, the four had painfully climbed up to his home. What most influenced him was the terse sentence into which Owen Bevan put the whole situation.

"It was a written bond or an iron one, Tom. He had witnesses of your threats; we had to give something."

Old Hawys, too, unexpectedly saw clearly, and said to Tom aside,—"It's only till your time is up here, and your oath comes in after that." She was glad that there was now no chance of confusing the point of her own desire, which was to make the retention or otherwise of Havod y Garreg the pivot of her defiance of a dead woman's living feud; there could be no chance struggle now to waste the strength that should be hoarded against the chosen moment.

Huw Auctioneer clinched it. "You couldn't very well be married in jail, Tom; it wouldn't have looked decent."

The laugh that followed this settled matters, for Gwennie got up and walked over to old Hawys to hide her indignant blushes. But that speech saved the wedding for all that.

And a brave wedding day it was after all, with Gwennie's new mantle to outshine all the mantles that ever were worn to a wedding, in that church at any rate; and a beaver of such a gloss as never was; no, never! All Cildeg was prepared to swear to that, while Nanno Milliner was certain that the ladies up at Llysowen hadn't a finer gown or bodice than those she made for the bride,—and if she didn't know, then who did? And the pair of spanking greys with the shining carriage which Llysowen sent,—at hearing of it all from Owen Bevan,—specially to bring the bride and her bridesmaid to church, kept the whole street agog and furnished a topic of gossip for weeks,—this was no common horseback wedding you will understand.

As for Huw Auctioneer, he threatened the ringers with impossible penalties should they stop longer than to bottom a flagon of the strongest.

But they were very near having to do without the groom though; all because old Hawys had decided that he was to wear the coat and continuations his father was married in. Which honour made Tom feel very proud, for he had often heard of those sacred and wonderful

garments, though never permitted to see them; not even now, when his mother had made such a momentous decision. The glory of that raiment had been one of the fireside tales of his childhood and he no more dreamed of challenging the legend by a demand for ocular proof than he would have dreamt of challenging the rest of the stories and traditions heard at the same time.

Until the night before the great day it didn't occur to either of them that perhaps the things might not fit. Then the groom thought that it would be a very good idea to, in a manner, rehearse the new clothes; new, that was, to him. Accordingly the bottom drawer of the old oak dresser was opened and out from many a fold of soft paper and sweet herbs they shook, with due reverence, the ceremonial vestments for the morrow.

The coat was blue and the buttons were silver, with the waistcoat of flowered silk; and the knee breeches of kerseymere, tied at the knee with a gay riband of blue like the coat; a brave costume surely. True, the cut of them was just a trifle old fashioned perhaps, but in the seclusion of the other room Tom felt that he wouldn't have minded that so much if only he could have worn them.

For the truth was they refused to be worn, they had been made for a tall, wiry man, and any one who chose to grow, not so long, but a good deal broader, had better go and get some clothes built that way. Anyway they were not going on him; he could make up his mind to that at once; the sooner the better, for they weren't even going to make a start at fitting him.

A pretty pickle truly! and no help for it. But Tom wasted no time. A few hasty minutes he stayed first, trying to comfort his mother's keen disappointment, and then with a long swing he was taking the trail to Cildeg, there to wake up old Madoc Kynaston, tailor, with all his apprentices, and set them to work, thirteen to the dozen.

What a fluster to be sure, but old Madoc responded nobly to the call, and when the youngest apprentice snivelled at being hauled out of that snug bed under the counter, he promptly seized a goose and proceeded to instil moral precepts into the sniveller's mind,—through the seat of his trousers. Which would appear to be also the seat of the understanding at that age, or at least the nearest way to it.

Then fast and bewildering fell taping and cutting and basting and chalking till Tom began to believe that getting married was something serious, and to be rather aghast at the light-heartedness with which he had approached it.

What a bustle. "Just take off your waistcoat and try on this," or "now then, how's that? Just a little more in the leg there." "So! that's it," etc., etc., until, when the small hours began to give place to their big brothers, the groom to be was fain to accept the tailor's hearty assurance

that all would be finished and delivered by sunrise, and then, making a virtue of necessity, to take his departure.

But before he reached the bridge the church clock chimed the hour and that sent a shiver of apprehension down his spine. He turned back at once and, with his hand on the latch of the half open door, alternately prayed and cajoled old Madoc for another ten minutes, till that genial snip dryly remarked that he was going the right way about to prevent the clothes ever being finished; standing there and delaying them with chattering, and letting the breeze gutter the candles until, what with the din and the flickering, they couldn't put a stitch in.

"You'd look fine going to church to-morrow with a great streak of candle fat all down the back of your coat, wouldn't you? And that's about how it will be if you don't travel out of that at once," he concluded in a voice and with a manner that set the youngest apprentice roaring.

Tom didn't stay to apply the goose again to that young gentleman, but, reluctantly closing the door, made the best of his way up the valley.

There was little time remaining for sleep when he reached home at last, but that little he utilized to the fullest extent by dreaming all manner of dreams about the business in hand, through most of which he seemed to be struggling to get inside impossible breeches and preposterous waistcoats, the coats themselves hanging disdainfully upon the pegs as scorning a contest with a man who couldn't yet master such inferior folk as the other two.

Then, with the break of day, he was up to do the indispensable work of the place; first, however, going as far as the lower gate to strain his gaze for the coming of the promised garments. They didn't appear.

After a very confused breakfast he passed his time between the barn and the croft end until it was time to get ready for church if he was going at all. He went in and looked at the clock; he went out and looked at the sun, and then turned loose and objurgated the town and the tailors and civilization generally with a generous impartiality.

Desperate at last,—and in his desperation utterly forgetting the sleek nag upon whose grooming he had spent so many hours of these last few days, in order that he might be fitly mounted in escorting the bride to church,—utterly forgetting all this, he dashed down the track at breakneck speed to hunt up his wedding vestments. Half way down he met the youngest 'prentice, bearing the coat and full of the news that the waistcoat was just behind. That was a luckless speech and won for the speaker a cuff that made him see comets,—“was a man to go to church in sections and be married by instalments?”

That 'prentice really hadn't time to study a problem of such weight and gravity before the old coat was flung at him with an injunction to carry it up to the house, while, new coat and old breeches, the bridegroom sped on.

Just before he reached Glwysva he met the waistcoat; but no sign of the breeches.

He didn't cuff this second 'prentice; he didn't even swear, such things may fit ordinary occasions well enough, but now they would only be mockeries; he simply seized the vest and glared at it. There was no help for it; he couldn't appear before Gwennie like this, breechless to all intents and purposes; he must make some shift. Stealing cautiously round to the stables of Glwysva, he found there young Sion Cradoc, Gwennie's brother, just giving a final touch to the nags which his father and he were to ride to the church. Hastily giving that young man the headlines of his dilemma, and stopping his guffawing with a threat to heave him on to the midden, best clothes and all, he seized and bridled the newly broken colt in the corner stall, dragged him out, leaped upon his bare back and, with a furious dig of the heels, was gone to hunt his breeches.

Sion's wide-mouthed story to the party inside, waiting to start, took the shine off the carriage and pair at the door as far as Gwennie was concerned, and all the way in she was very much inclined to be angry at the fun her brother and her cousin would be poking at her, and it wasn't till Megan Wills, sitting beside her for bridesmaid, as the great folk's fashion was, threatened to turn termagant, that they at length desisted. But when they reached the bridge the black shadow vanished in magical fashion, for there stood Tom himself, completely clothed in the finest, and with Huw Auctioneer to back him up, so that, almost before Gwennie knew it, she was saying “I will,” in a very pretty voice, and the deed was done in very deed.

No wonder she walked out all smiles; wa'n't she “Gwennie gwraig Tom Hawys” now when anybody spoke of her,—unless it should be the clerk who had just made her sign her name, saying “That's it, Mrs. Jones,” when he took the pen from her; horrid old man!

Then how the dogs did bark and the boys did shout and the gossips call all manner of queer meanings after them. And how Jen Jacob Shop did turn up her nose to be sure, but that was long enough and thin and sharp and crooked enough to make a scythe handle, said Megan Wills to Huw Auctioneer, sitting opposite her. “Therefore, maybe the twist would improve the look of it,” answered he with a laugh.

Next Madoc Tailor would put the last of the 'prentices upon the Glwysva colt, to carry home Tom's disregarded continuations. Whereupon that 'prentice boy, puffed up with pride of his mount and infected with the reckless delight which had bitten the whole town, would race the wedding party over the bridge; to his own woeful undoing, for there the colt shied, pitching rider and bundle into the stream together, and then, with a wild kick and a lunge, galloped madly off home to the pastures of Glwysva.

And only the constable, looking after them along the road, shook his head and wondered about the Freeholder.

[THE END OF BOOK I.]

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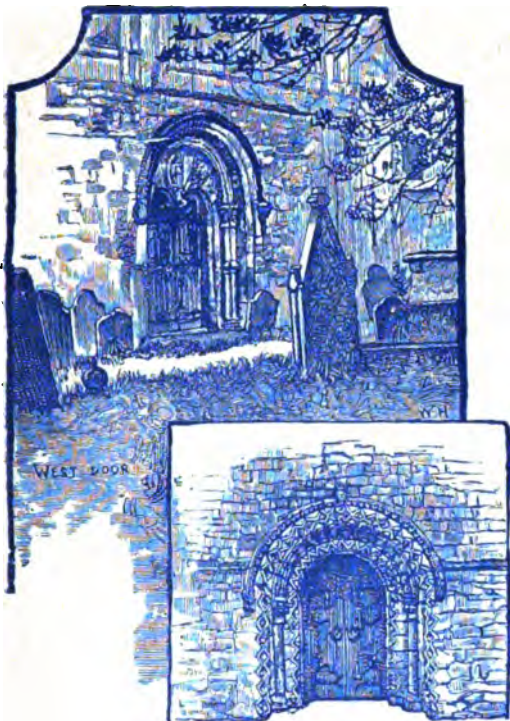
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JULY, 1897.

[No. 39.]



A NOOK NEAR BARMOUTH.

A MOUNTAIN STROLL.

By A. JACKSON, 1, Marine Mansions, Barmouth.

FIVE or six miles from Barmouth, as the crow flies, lies Llyn Tryddyn, a small lake almost surrounded by mountains, and a short distance beyond it, Llyn Bodlyn, the lake from which the Barmouth Water Works Company procures the supply of water for the town. The scenery round Llyn Tryddyn is remarkable for barren desolate grandeur, and causes an almost overwhelming sense of solitude in the spectator. It was in the depth of winter that my husband and I last visited the lakes, taking a short cut across the mountains from Barmouth to Llyn Tryddyn. Though there was no snow on the ground in Barmouth, the mountains were covered with frozen snow, and the boggy places, of which we had to cross several, were frozen hard. The morning was bright and pleasant, and our walk,—during which we skirted the mountains above Llanaber and Dyffryn, passing within a short distance of the interesting cromlech, etc., known as Carneddau Hengwm, and quite close to the remains of a small druidical circle,—was delightful and invigorating, with its fine views of the Carnarvonshire mountains,

Snowdonia, and the Cardigan Bay. To reach the lake we had to pick our way between immense boulders whose interstices were filled with snow,—a somewhat difficult task on the shelving ground. However we were determined not to be out-done, and at last our perseverance was rewarded by a walk across the frozen lake. Our plan was to cross the Llawllech range, part of which descended almost sheer to the lake on our right, and return to Barmouth by the Sylfaen valley on the opposite side of the range, altogether a round of some fourteen miles or more. As it was too cold to sit down we had no alternative but to partake of our lunch in a peripatetic fashion, which, however, did not prevent our doing full justice to it. The sky had now clouded over. How bleak and silent was the snow-robed scene interspersed with huge dark boulders. Yet if antiquaries are to be believed, in these frozen solitudes once stood an ancient city, the remains of which are still pointed out, on the western shore of Llyn Tryddyn. Having crossed the lake we skirted the foot of the Llawllech range till we reached

a slope which looked tolerably easy of ascent and then began to climb. Turning round we saw on our right a portion of Llyn Bodlyn, immediately beneath us on the left Llyn Tryddyn, and in front of us the mountain Moelfre, which rises at the back of Dyffryn. There was a stiff wind blowing up from the north, and we were alarmed to perceive a black threatening cloud coming towards us over Moelfre. In a few moments the snow or sleet-storm was upon us, and my courage sank to zero as we turned to climb the unknown snowy heights towering far above us,—the more so as a minute later my stout stick sank into the snow right up to its handle, and a step or so in front of me I perceived through the sleet a treacherous green pool on the mountain side indicating a deep bog which, for some reason or other, whether from a spring or owing to the shelter of the snow-drift I do not know, had remained unfrozen. We were half inclined to give up our attempt, face the storm and return by the way we had come, when we suddenly struck upon a road,—the old mountain road from Harlech to Dolgelley,—winding up the mountain side. Never was beaten track more welcome to lost travellers. Slowly and cautiously we climbed up the icy track, for the roadway was in fact a sheet of ice, and only on the outer edge of it, which being higher had remained dry and was therefore only snow-powdered, could we gain a risky footing, with the mountain side descending at a rapid slope below us. At last we reached the summit, where we found ourselves about a mile and a half from Diphwys—the highest peak of the Llawlech

range,—rising 2467 feet above the level of the sea, and far below in front of us, the Sylfaen valley and the estuary of the Mawddach, beyond which rose Cader Idris, spread out in a snowy panorama. The sleet-storm was nearly over, but the wind blew icy cold, and we were only too glad to get over the brow of the mountain range. Here we left our roadway, which trended away to our left towards Bont-ddu and Dolgelley, and getting over a wall we began to descend the steep mountain side. The frozen snow was of sufficient depth to give us a foot-hold, and as we cautiously descended we were rewarded for our toil by a grand sight. Every now and then fierce gusts of wind would blow across the top of the mountain range, whirling the powdery frozen snow upwards in grand spiral columns which travelled majestically down the mountain side,—as pillars of sand are said to move in the desert,—and then dispersed into the air. I must confess that a slight degree of distance happily lent considerable enchantment to the view, and that we congratulated ourselves that one of those beautiful whirling pillars of frozen snow did not approach us with too great familiarity. With no greater mishap than an occasional slip we reached the farthest point of the Sylfaen valley, and here the cold was so intense that, though warmly wrapped up, I could not keep my hands warm even by running. We made our way across the frozen boggy fields to the Sylfaen road and so back to Barmouth, passing the Sylfaen farm and the Panorama mountain on our way, having thoroughly enjoyed our excursion in spite of, nay perhaps all the more for, the snow-storm.

FROM THE WELSH.

THE sweetest happiness of earth,
The joys to which high heaven gives birth,
All meet in one, nor ever cease
Where thou, O Lord, dost grant thy peace.

Forgiveness is a mere word,
My prayer is as if all unheard,
Sound without substance are they all
When aught thy gracious face doth pall.

If he shall hide his loving face,
Can earth's poor playthings take his place!

Mere forms and phantoms, verily,
Are all, if God I do not see.

No sun, no moon, no glorious star,
Not all earth's treasures, near or far,
No friend, no kin,—what mocking self?—
Can e'er content. O, give thyself!

If he withdraw his pitying face,
In all the world naught brings me grace.
Naught can fill up my craving loss,
From earth to heaven all is dross.

SOME SENSATIONS OF SIR RANULF.

By W. H. KERSEY.

II.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



VENING hung around when Sir Ranulf surmounted the bare hillock whereon stood the rotund and squat tower he sought. After shouting and attracting the attention of the porter, and whilst awaiting admittance, the knight remained standing within the portal of the only entrance to the cellular abode of little rooms built in the thickness of stone walls, hollow at the core like a well. The doorway had a prospect southwest over massing tracts of woods and distinguishable marshy, leafy lowlands beside the sea, a tide reflecting the many humours of scudding cloudlets. The hour was fine. Overhead were flecks of purple below the grey; and purple tints in the clearer sky due west were washed with transparent bronze which lit the edges of white clouds with ruddy gold and glistening; such gleaming bars stretching athwart the further field of pale rose and delicate until they gradually lost tone, and merged unnoticed into colder greys.

Inside the tower, Sir Ranulf made certain inquiries before leaving the dungeon-like basement,—used as a stable, store-room, and the like,—and mounting into the lesser gloom of a narrow, loopholed stone stairway leading to the principal apartment.

He found the room empty.

He made a further ascent of steps passing up by the door; and arrived upon a little landing, lit with the flare of two smoky torches in a sconce, and having a curtained doorway at either side. Peeping through the curtain on the left, Sir Ranulf discovered an untenanted interior. He was about to continue his climb up the wind of rugged steps reaching a chamber immediately beneath the flat roof, when he paused with his foot upon the first step,

turned, passed through the thick curtain on his right, and stepped down one step into a small chapel; a lonesome place of deep silence, and deep shadows intensified by the strange glimmer from the two burning candles upon the diminutive altar with a large crucifix.

De Lucy dipped a finger into a vessel standing inside the curtain. He crossed himself. Then he bowed his head and made a genuflection. Advancing a few paces to the altar, he paused reverently and again crossed himself. There he remained standing some minutes; and the faint light from the candles revealed his somewhat coarse face softened, refined, and anon beautified with the spiritual sentiment and the divine fervour welling up within him. Then he slowly dropped upon his knees. Presently, his emotion became acute agony of spirit which distorted his face and bent him, stretched him prostrate, and trembling, even writhing; yet withal not insensible of his likeness unto a bruised, shaken reed before the Almighty.

This mood of sensuous moments was too intense to continue for long. Penitence was nearly past and spent of its utter abandon, the manner of humility and weakness was falling away before the reviving ego, when the knight who had found sanctity heard a disturbance near the doorway. He raised and turned his head to behold two persons making ingress down the broad beam of torchlight entering through the uplifted curtain, which quickly dropped to shut out the light and leave De Lucy blinking and listening to weird sounds echoing and mingling with the varying and seemingly unnatural tones of two subdued voices.

His immediate course of action,—instinctive of a desperate period, of the wily man in wary, intriguing times,—was to stoop, and then to lie flat along the floor

and crawl carefully away from the altar into the black shadow beyond the candle-light.

There he lay, with ears and eyes all strained.

Resounding footsteps loitered nearer the altar. The voices of a man and a woman talked in earnest, low tones in the Welsh tongue. Their every syllable sounded like a muffled clamour.

De Lucy contrived to wriggle noiselessly a few feet further away from the talking, and lay rigid. He grew fearful of the sound of his own suppressed breathing.

He became intently alert when soon he recognised the voice of the young Welsh girl, the beautiful Susa who had dared all for love of him, and whom he had thought was anxiously awaiting his return in the upper chamber. Her companion was a young man, speaking occasional vibrating tones from a broad chest, and who had the carriage of an athlete. De Lucy inwardly glowed with anger at the man's presumption of familiarity with Susa; for he lingered alongside the dainty girl, and the bend of his shoulders and the turn of his head were almost a caress, when each time he stooped to speak to her, seeming to eloquently urge a desperate argument. Susa shook her head more often than she replied; and she studiously kept her eyes lowered and fixed to front.

When they stood more distinct at the edge of the radiance round the altar, De Lucy saw who the man was. A loon, a Cymric peasant, naught else, the knight contemptuously commented to himself,—a mere hind, who styled himself a chieftain, and who went by the name of Clechro. Seemingly, the man was a friend of Susa's; mayhap one whom the girl had wished to gossip with, to hear sing, or make music withal; and the churl had doubtless become enamoured of her; the which was appreciative, but presumptuous, thought De Lucy; and the knight felt a calm toleration towards the love-sick rustic, seeing that he himself possessed the darksome wench, who was beauteous as a Provence rose, ripe and luscious as a Gascony grape.

Some words spoken by Clechro roused Susa. She replied vehemently. Her com-

panion raised his voice. He pressed. She declined, rejected. The chapel rang and rang.

Now, De Lucy could hear all that they said.

Susa took a quick step to the front of the altar. Clechro followed. Susa turned to look up into his face; then she laid a hand upon his arm, and with the other she pointed to the shining crucifix. Forthwith Clechro ceased his animation, and was silent; and together, he and Susa made reverent obeisance.

"Are we come to pray for our safe flight hence?" suddenly asked Clechro, looking hard at Susa.

Her hand still rested upon his arm. She turned calmly to him, and answered gently,—

"Ay, friend Clechro. We are here to pray,—but that we do no murder."

The Cymro started impatiently when Susa called him friend; he regarded her curiously when she used the word murder, and his eyes fell.

"Kneel with me, Clechro," Susa continued. "Kneel with me, and pray with me, and promise, nay swear by the holy cross, that thou wilt raise no felon hand against him I love. Do not turn thee away, Clechro. I need my friends, now that all, save thee, call me outcast and wench of the bush and brake. Promise me thou wilt use neither murderous blade nor flight murderous shaft against the knight, my lord. Ay, my lord, Clechro,—and my good lord; for I love him too well to be aught else than slave of his. For my sake,—your looks frighten me, Clechro,—kneel with me, and swear."

"I will not kneel! Faugh! And the false knight himself hath knelt here. I will not swear!"

"For my sake, Clechro."

"Nay."

"Not for *my* sake?"

"Merciful God, must I then forswear myself! Hearken. I made oath to thy mother that I would avenge thee and thy kin."

"Ah!"

"See how he hath wronged thee."

"Nay, nay, nay! Not so, I say. I am here of mine own free will. I am here to

come or go, as I list. How durst thou——. I am mine own avenger an' I have need on't. How durst my mother——. Forgive me, my mother. My mother, my mother who careth for me so well. She wots not how the matter stands. My old mother——. Although I love her so, I love *him* so much that——. Clechro, an' thou art my good friend, an' thou lovest me indeed, then tell my mother that he hath need of me. Why dost regard me so straightly. An' thou wert a woman, then thou wouldst wot how that no sacrifice were too great. Take heed what I say. I am a woman, who but a short while since was a girl. I am weak, albeit strong; and I suffer, even whilst I sing for joy. I love *him*, and I am happy to be nigh him. I love him, whilst yet I am sorely troubled, and have misgivings because of it. But I would not have it otherwise. Nay, I would not. I have all to give. I have all to sacrifice. And I do. O, so gladly. I would do aught, aught, for his sake. But thou canst not understand how 'tis with a woman. Take thou the vengeance thou hast sworn. Take thy vengeance,—and *I* am slain by't."

"That blow hath disarmed me. The Norman is safe at my hands."

"My true friend!"

"Friend, again. Friend. Even so; he who loves thee indeed, is thy friend, naught else. Look ye, Susa. Come away. Let us go together, anywhere. I will make thee a loving husband. I will become stranger to mine own kindred, to all, for love of thee. We will raise a roof-tree over a fire on a fresh hearth by ourselves elsewhere. Susa, sweet, I love thee!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she motioned him off.

"O," she cried, "an' thou but knew how thou dost sear my heart!"

She stood silent for a little while. Clechro remained looking down upon her; and as he looked, he felt a desire, which became a heartfelt longing, to touch, to caress, to kiss, the long black locks hanging about her shoulders and down beside her sad face.

"What can I say thee," Susa resumed. "I am humbled of thy respect for me. I do not deserve it, Clechro. Cease to love

me, cease to think of me——. O, how hard it is! What thou wishest can never be; even though I turned to love thee this selfsame hour. I and my child——"

The Welshman started up with a fierce cry. He seized Susa's shoulders in a painful grip, and centred piercing eyes upon her face.

"He hath done this thing! And to thee, my love, my love," he cried. He released Susa; and squared himself up. "Sir Ranulf de Lucy, thou shalt rue the day. Here am I, in thy very den, thou wolf, and I have not a clutch at thy ravening throat. Yet how I do feel thy teeth. Thou hast bitten through my vitals." He looked again at Susa. "I must get me gone ere I set eyes on the recreant knight. One kiss, child. Susa. One kiss, the price thou payest me to forswear myself. I will not harm thy——. The Norman, then. But thy folk——."

The unfinished sentence left Clechro with a calm face and a hard mouth, as though he foresaw retribution overtaken his enemy and was satisfied; and it fell with a terrible meaning of menace on the ears of Sir Ranulf, and set him to rapid imaginings of evil and evil forebodings. The witchcraft of Susa's mother would work him woe. The revilings of Susa's relatives would set their hate of him to a craving that naught but an assassin's knife could satisfy. Following this rapid forecast of the developed situation, De Lucy felt that from this hour his life was indeed in danger; and the danger he was most desirous of averting.

Thus his mind was occupied actively during the meantime of an uneventful minute of tragic silence fallen upon the couple before the altar. The crucifix, shining and significant of forgiveness and life through death, caught their eyes. Simultaneously, and as if by intuitive rapport, they knelt down one beside the other and prayed silently.

Hereat De Lucy's perturbation and suspense subsided in part before what relief he experienced at the turn of events. Here was exactly the opportunity he wanted. But anxiety denied him instant ability to word his intention of appeal to

the softened natures of the kneeling pair ; and further efforts for clear thought brought him near to a desperate state and quite to a perspiring body. He made an involuntary movement ; disturbed the prayers. Immediately, he sprang up and drew a long hunting-knife that was a poor safeguard against the threatened attack of Clechro ; also upon his legs, and armed with a glinting length of blade. Susa remained kneeling, and fascinated, staring, dumb ; with her arms at a tension, and her fingers interlaced tightly,

The situation demanded perfect quiet and no movement. Neither man twitched a muscle nor blinked an eye ; both stood motionless ; whilst Susa hung agonised on the meaning of their exchanging glance. Then the girl's overwrought feelings found vent in a sharp cry which released her limbs from the grip of terror, and she staggered up and between the men. They dropped their offensive arms. They turned away from her. They returned towards her ; Clechro looking sullen ; De Lucy, inscrutable. Neither spoke ; both looked at Susa of the frightened air and trembling lips.

"What —. What would ye do,—and here," she said, and her voice, her whole form, palpitated with emotion.

Clechro looked this way and that, uncomfortable. Then he straightened himself ; and the eyes he turned on Susa had all the shattering of his best hopes in them ; he paid no further heed to the Norman, but took three strides towards the doorway into the darkness ; leaving Susa and Sir Ranulf as two figures silhouetted against the illumined space ; although the sound of De Lucy's voice paused him, he did not turn.

"Cymro," called the knight,

The Welshman was moving, without a word.

"Tell thy people," the knight continued ; "tell thy people I will make Susa my wife. Hold ye !" he shouted, as Clechro stumbled against the step at the doorway and clutched the curtain for support, thereby pulling it aside and revealing himself in a blaze of torchlight from outside. "Send me Susa's mother, that——."

But already De Lucy and Susa could hear the chieftain clattering madly down the steps.

"A SACRED SPOT."

BLOW not, ye winds, too roughly here,

Nor scorch, O summer sun !

Sweet birds, come here and sing your songs

Of praise, when day is done.

Take her, kind nature, to your gentle breast,

Here, where we lay her 'neath the sod to rest,

For she, of all our dearly loved, the best,

Her earthly course hath run.

Fair flowers ! here your freshest bloom,

And grass, your greenest grow !

'Tis meet that ye should grace the tomb

Of her who lies below ;

'Tis meet, west wind, that you her knell should ring

'Tis meet, sweet spring ! your earliest flowers to bring

Here swallows, flit and twitter soft, and sing,

For O, she loved you so !

Rest her upon your soft green lap

O nature ! guard her bed ;

Lull her, and whisper gentle things

Over her tired head.

For she through life had walked with timorous feet,

A sad look in those eyes so soft and sweet,

The heart which felt life's strain with every beat,

Is better stilled and dead !

But think not thou hast all of her

O ! grave, with tolling bell,

Thou keepest but the mortal part

Of her we loved so well,

Her gentle spirit hath but freer grown,

From earthly cares and pain for ever flown !

She knows no longer weary sigh nor moan,

Nor heeds that mournful knell.

And though for that entrancing voice

We listen now in vain,

The memory of those tender tones

Will in our hearts remain.

'Tis but a little while to wait, and we

With her, within the heavenly fold shall be ;

Then in angelic tones, in rapture, she

Will sing to us again.

When on the battlefield of life

I stumble, wounded sore,

Or in the stress of worldly strife

I falter more and more,

And when, at last, perhaps with sob and tear,

Kind friends shall bring me on my funeral bier,

Clasped hands, closed eyes ! O ! may they lay me here

To rest for evermore.

ALLEN RAINÉ.



PORH PENRHOS, NEAR HOLYHEAD.

THE YOUNG WELSHMAN ABROAD.

III.—UP THE HUDSON—PIGMIE CASTLES.

By J. DENLEY SPENCER.

YOURS is not the only steam boat that leaves New York at the same hour, for if you watch carefully you will see a rival line despatching a fast boat which runs in opposition to the one by which you are travelling. The race between these boats is of sufficient interest to attract the notice of the passengers, provided the cares of a steerage life do not lie heavy on their shoulders.

The last glimpse of new York is centred on a regiment of clothes lines and props, ostentatiously clearing the smoke and gloom that crowns the house tops, and lending anything but a graceful finish to the towering architecture of this new world city. But even the waving contents of the clothes lines at length drop from view, and the wharves along side the river seem to slip back as the throbbing engines forces the boat through the water.

Many and varied are the scenes along the shore on either side, but until you have made some arrangements for the accommodation of the party your attention is required elsewhere. Those emigrants who are fortunate enough to be the possessors of feather beds are happy in all their worry; and with the prospect of enjoying a night's rest on their own feather bed, despite the fact that it must be arranged in empty spaces amongst the crowded cargo, they view the journey with less dread.

The cargo deck is not left to the emigrants alone, for it is also the resort of those travellers who have not the means to pay for a bunk on the second deck.

The cargomen likewise share this part of the boat, and altogether there is a fair company down below. "Greenhorns," a name given to all strangers, are the target of the crowd, and they are oftentimes unmercifully quizzed to the amusement of the persons standing around. The citizen does not, however, always get the best of the encounter, and should he, as sometimes happens, tackle an emigrant, presumably a greenhorn, but who turns out to be another citizen on his way home from a trip abroad, why then the stranger gets the laugh on his side and the citizen collapses.

Admitted jokers as the Yankees are, a little derision in this way serves to enliven the evening, and the utmost good feeling prevails. Welshmen are proverbially men of peace, and are drawn into brawls under great provocation; but it would have given any Welshman considerable satisfaction to have seen the way in which a little Welshman, not standing more than four feet high, got rid of a drunken Dutchman,—for Dutchmen who drink are found in the states as well as other parts of the world,—whose burly form towered above the little man from the Principality. The Dutchman had made himself disagreeable as soon as the boat left the wharf at New York, and it was clear that his intentions were to annoy the strangers. At length the smallest man of the party rose in his wrath, and with an eloquence altogether out of proportion to his size, so discomfited the Dutchman that the latter's friends came to his rescue and

hauled him away to another part of the boat. The little man was a citizen going back to the country of his adoption.

Having fixed your belongings for the night, you have time for a smoke and chat with the cargomen whilst leaning over the side of the bulwarks.

What grand scenery skirts the side of the noble river. Forests of beautiful trees, with here and there a clearing containing neat villas and lawns well kept, dawn upon the view. Presently the woodlands give place to rocky cliffs rising hundreds of feet straight as an arrow, on whose top half a dozen pine trees sentinel-like stand, with a sweeping landscape below, and the winding waters of the Hudson melting away from view in the distance. At such times one thinks of Cooper's Indian heroes who stood as those pines now stand, brave to face the storm of conquest, heedless of the danger that grew upon them; and they too like the Indian braves shall fall to the march of civilisation, and the cliffs shall know them no more.

Creeping along seemingly at a snail's pace a heavily loaded freight train emerges from the darkness of the forest. These trains contain on an average about fifty to sixty cars, loaded with produce of the far west; gathered in fair California,—and despatched to the east from whence the markets of the European countries obtain their supplies. Suddenly the darkness of night falls on the scene. The twinkling electric lights glistening in the distance, denote the presence of a town; and a turn in the river brings the boat opposite the enormous fires of ironworks, where the men sweltering in the dreadful heat pursue their labours.

The morning sun shines on a scene undiminished in its splendour. The country

around is full of the struggling life of springtide. The homestead lying on the banks of the Hudson, with its cattle and horses grazing on the fresh green herbage, brings to one's mind that fairer scene in England far away. Already the day is warmer though it wants some hours ere the breakfast gong sounds,—not for you in the lower deck, but for the revellers in luxury over head.

When the setting sun dipped in the west and you were robbed of a further glimpse of the country, the river was land bound with over-battling cliffs and wooded headlands; now, however, you see the land stretching away far beyond the reach of the eye. Great hills stand up at the edge of the horizon, beyond whose rocky sides the land of the west awaits the ploughshare and the pioneer.

Over the tops of the trees on your right you catch a glimpse of the turrets of a castle. Truly a strange sight in the land of Washington. The Yankee, at any rate, is practical in all things, and the man who has made his pile considers he has as much a right to live in a castle as the belted knight of Europe,—no matter whether the castle is of card board patterns or pigmie in character.

This game of hunting the aristocracy for titles finds competitors in other countries than America; but when found the coronet deserves a better resting place than the flimsy looking towers which greet the eye from a Hudson river steamboat.

You reach the city of Troy by six o'clock after a twelve hours' run. The streets are lined with trees which throw a grateful shade on the pathway. The sun is becoming unbearably hot, and you feel thankful for the luxurious seat of the railway car as you are borne off to your destination.

PARISH LITERATURE.

THE Parish Councils have added a new feature to Welsh literature. Gradually one Parish Council after the other publishes a little handbook of parish affairs,—concerning the administration of charities, standing orders, church and churchyard, and the peculiarities of history or custom which make every Welsh locality interesting.

The last contribution of this kind that I have seen is a little Welsh handbook of the parish affairs of Llanfihangel yng Ngwynfa, that Montgomeryshire parish in which rest the remains of Wales' two greatest poetesses,—Gwerfyl Fychan, of Tudor times; and Anne Griffiths, who sang Wales' best hymns.

A NIGHT AT THE HAVOD.

From the Welsh of Glasynys, by GRIFFITH JONES (*Glan Menai*).



OKINDNESS! What is there on the face of the earth so amiable and precious as thou; especially when thou art to be met with in the recesses of the mountains, where thy neat dress is not soiled by rudeness and disorder. To the mountains, then, from the deafening clamour of the towns,—from the midst of the blinking blustering of vain conceited pretenders,—from among envy's vaunted tribe, and the servile children of malice and uncharitableness. To the mountains, to listen to the wind's loud whistle between the craggy peaks, to hear the raven's harsh croaking, the sheep's plaintive bleating, the shepherd's harmonious shout, and the clacking and barking of the dogs at the sheep. To the mountains to sleep away our lives in virgin solitude,—in unbroken peace,—in the midst of nature's virgin beauties,—which, ministering as definite mediums, link the present and eternal together. Just as the mountain peaks sink to the azure depths of the sky, and as it were disappear in the bright light of heaven, so is there a pure, quiet, and undisturbed life joined to that continued life of which immortality will not see its close. Therefore, reader, to the mountains.

Well, where shall we go? Which will be the most pleasant, the recesses of Eryri, or the hiding places of Berwyn? Which will be the most delightful, the lowlands of Nant Conway, or the grand peak of Cader Idris? Which is the most quiet spot, between the green-clad hills of Montgomery, or amidst the wilds of Ystrad Yw or Ystrad Towy? We decide upon going to Cwm Cowarch. What sort of a place is that? Where is it? It does not matter, let us go to Cowarch, and we shall remain for a whole night at Havod. Where shall we get a bite and

a drink, or "drinkables and bed" as quarrymen have it? All right, by simply going to Cowarch. Cowarch is a dale, about two miles long, a river of course running through its centre, with a plentiful supply of trout in it at all times. Houses on both sides of the dale; some with their gable ends to the sloping hill, and a few with their backs to it. There is neither road nor pathway, but a sort of a lane, winding along and across, until we reach a level spot which at one time was a peat bog, but which is now smooth common land. At the upper end of the dale stands a stupendous rock which seems every minute as if on the point of tumbling down. It has an ugly threatening aspect. But under its chin stands the Havod. It is an old transverse house, the place having never seen lime except at a distance; but let us go in. Every mortal is welcome there. That is something, is it not? We doubted not we should see something new,—everything is new to the traveller when among the mountains. What sort of place is Havod? There is a very large kitchen there with a chimney as big as a good-sized parlour, and a hole for the peat quite large enough to put a bed in if necessary. When we rapped at the door we were answered in a barking fashion by some half a dozen shaggy curs and two or three terriers. But some one came to the door, and in the shaking of hands we had also a shaking of hearts; no lukewarm ceremony here; but the heart is felt throbbing in the fingers and in the palm of the hand. Having had some whey and a thin oatmeal cake, we are going to discuss the world's affairs, and to give some reminiscences. The fire is all ablaze, and the flames are roaring in their fierce struggle upwards. We both sit in arm chairs; one of black oak and the other of white sycamore. Opposite us, that is, near the fire, was uncle Rolant, talking, and at the same time handling his jew's harp. Auntie Gwen has her cheerful looks directed towards the three partitioned

cupboard, searching for some wax to rub the bow of her violin, and the elder son tunes his harp near the large table. Although we consider the notes of the clarionet as no better than those of an old goose clacking for a gander, still at the Havod,—in the bosom of the mountains,—we were content to put up with any sort of musical instrument. Having set the candles in their proper places, and stirred the fire, and having made everything trim and tidy, we had a solo on the jew's harp by the good man of the house. Although the almond tree has blossomed on his head for many a year, and although the sharp nails of time have left their marks on his cheeks, still he played his little instrument very cleverly. "Now Roli," said auntie Gwen, "give it up now; let us have *Difyruch Gwgr Dyfi*" (The Delight of the Men of Dovey), said she to the harpist, and a capital duet we had; and after that we had a chorus; the jew's harp, the harp, violin, and clarionet; the fife and tambourine by Deio Wmffra. The house re-echoed, and every one performed his part as he ought to. Upon this someone knocked at the door, and who was there but Deio Puw. A funny old chap he was. He used to come to the Havod about every three weeks regularly for some forty years, and a very merry old boy was he. He could relate all the ghost stories of the country, and he was an efficient player on the fiddle. A tune having been given on the fife,—a quick lively one,—auntie Gwen cries out a second time,—"Roli, come to the kitchen," to which the old man immediately obeyed, in proof of which he flings away his two clogs, and jumps at it to open the dance. There were at least seven of them nimbly and smartly shaking their legs. Both old and young amused themselves with the same vigour and avidity. Having had enough clattering of feet, they then sat down and had such a cup of tea as was never poured out through a teapot's spout. The tea at Havod was really good. All of one accord are they, without a harsh word or a sour face. After this we had some singing with the harp. Each one was well up in the art, from the youngest to the eldest, and there was very little danger of having a single hitch in their

performance. Being asked if they were in the habit of getting such a night often, we were given to understand that it was only about three times a week. Thus to the sound of the muse, song, and harp, this family spend their lives. And here is another thing, when it is time for family prayers, there is no one more solemn and fervent at the throne of grace than uncle Rolant when on his knees; nor any one with a more open heart, a purer life, or more chaste her conversation, than auntie Gwen. A beggar never comes to the door but is relieved, none of the poor boys of the neighbouring cottages come there without getting free of charge a pail of thick milk and a big clout of bread and butter; at Christmas many a fat sheep is distributed there, and during the whole year, it may be said of Havod as the immortal Ieuan Brydydd Hir said, when he broke out as follows,—

"Open then thy treasure, and give a portion discreetly, as long as thou canst to the needy; better will it be at some future hour to lose the money, than close thy purse and let the poor languish."

Yes, and thus in accordance with what the *englyn* teaches, this good family loves to shew kindness and not merely speak of it; and above all, we never heard of a single false tale having ever gone out of Havod. Instead of living in slander, envy, and calumny, they escape to world of song. There is no one in the whole district so little talked of as this family, each and all, and although not particularly rich as to the things of the world, still there is no gentleman's house, if a Welshman, in the county but that some of the family have been staying in it at some time or other; neither is there one in the country who would not do anything for them, should they require it. But what is the moral? This; that old Welsh life, similar to that of the Havod people, is better,—more harmless,—more honest,—and so more pious, than the sourness and falsehood, pride, and prodigality, of the country at the present day.

A MOTTO FOR A WELSHMAN.—"Hence, bashful cunning, and prompt me, plain and holy innocence!"
SHAKESPEARE, *Tempest*.



"THE ROMAN STEPS" (MERIONETH.)

(From a photograph by H. Owen, Barmouth).

THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

I HOPE the above picture,—of an ideal place for a June holiday,—will recall to my readers pleasant reminiscences of the twenty second of June, rightly spent.

The parts of Wales still tinged by its departing barbarism, will, I have no doubt, have had their sports and their bonfires; and will have commemorated the prosperity which has been so

conspicuous throughout the queen's reign by spending as much energy and capital as possible unproductively. The more enlightened parts, however, will have utilised the favour of thanksgiving for the completion of the funds required in order to place the intermediate schools,—the best products of the reign,—on a satisfactory basis.

THE SINGING MEETING.

By ASTA, author of "A Welsh Courtship."



THE evening service was over in a tiny chapel in an odd corner of Wales. The rays of the setting sun streamed in through the windows, and lit up all the wrinkles of the congregation, and touched the bright hair of the children, as they slowly worked their way out of the narrow doors.

Some few, however, remained behind. A singing meeting had been announced, and the singers, numbering some twenty, left their seats and formed a solid phalanx in the front pews. They were at first sight an imposing spectacle, and the preacher of the evening, who had lingered to make arrangements with the deacon who procured "supplies," laid aside his muffler and expressed a desire to hear them. For his part he liked "a little music."

The leader of the singing looked gratified. A bland smile overspread his countenance, and while Cadwaladr Jones distributed copies of tonic-sol-fa, he helped himself to one lying near him, carefully found the place, and ostentatiously handed it to the preacher, volunteering the fact that they were "learning the Hallelujah Chorus."

The old gentleman who leads the six basses had assumed his spectacles, and was now severely examining the innocent music which he held.

"Are you ready?" said the leader of singing, raising the fore-finger of his right hand.

"Miss Hughes has no copy," murmured a bashful soprano,—commonly pronounced "s-prano."

"Cadwaladr," commanded the leader of the singing, "give Miss Hughes a copy;" and Cadwaladr handed the sole remaining copy to one of the five sopranos, and the fore-finger was once more in evidence.

The seven tenors coughed conspicuously and twisted their necks in their collars,

while the altos, consisting of one young girl and a handful of boys, looked indifferently round.

"Now!" exclaimed the leader of the singing.

The preacher looked up expectantly. Silence! only broken by a cough or two from the susceptible throat of a tenor.

The leader of the singing had forgotten his pitchfork. Having searched four pockets he at last discovered it and brought it forth in triumph, and struck it with some force on the front of the nearest pew. The singers, and especially the altos, watched in silent expectation while he cautiously put it to his ear, and finally gave vent to a prolonged,—

"Aw—w—w—w—."

The sound was taken up by the singers led by the old gentleman of the bass, and the common chord was given in the euphonious utterance,—

"Aw—w—w—w—."

"Now!" exclaimed the leader of the singing in an excited whisper,— "Now—"

"One! two! three! *four!*" And the choir burst out with deafening force,— "Ha—â—lêlûjah! Ha—â—lêlûjah! Ha—â—le—ê—lû—jah—."

The preacher looked about him in some surprise, and perhaps this was natural, since he was of course ignorant of the somewhat ornamental functions of the sopranos, of the properties of silence possessed by the altos, and of the excessive soundness of lungs which distinguished the mystic number of tenors. But he had no time for reflection. He was borne irresistibly forward.

"Hallelujah. Hallelujah!"

The fore-finger flashed hither and thither.

The gentlemen of the bass with puckered foreheads pounded it out,— "Hallelujah—."

The preacher began to feel giddy, but was relieved by a space of comparative calm,—

"But the Lord God omnipotent."

Surely he was not mistaken. Surely a faint soprano chirp was to be heard. But

there was no time to ascertain the point, for once more the deafening chorus arose,—

"Hallelujah."

Here, there, flashed the fore-finger, even louder shouted the singers. A spirited soprano caught the high "D," and kept there.

"Come down," cried the distracted leader of the singing, beating time wildly. "Come down! Don't stop there for ever."

He himself turned his voice about in the most astonishing way; now soaring aloft after the manner of a soprano, now diving into the deep caverns of the bass; now sailing along the smooth waters of the alto, now struggling with and falling beneath the overpowering forces of the tenors. Onwards they swept, full determination upon their faces,—

"Hallelujah. Hallelujah. Hal—le—lu—jah—"

What heavenly calm. The preacher heaved a sigh. The gentlemen of the tenor vigorously cleared their throats. The gentlemen of the bass mopped their foreheads, while the altos and sopranos smiled sympathetically upon each other. The sun's rays had beat a hasty retreat

long since. Then with a conscious smile, the leader of the singing turned towards the preacher, who roused himself and said, hesitatingly,—

"It's a very pretty piece."

The singers looked pleased, and the leader of the singing said, with a modest smile,—*"It's—er not bad."* While the old gentleman of the bass who, having mopped his scarlet face, was now polishing his glasses, broke in hotly,—*"Sir! it's a grand piece. It is the noblest music that was ever written in this world."*

Meanwhile the preacher seized his muffler and was searching for his umbrella, and having secured these articles, he courteously thanked the singers for the great treat they had given him, shook hands cordially with the leader of the singing, and made his way out. He had not gone far before a great shout fell upon his ear,—*"Hallelujah!"* The ghost of a smile flickered on his face, and he murmured to himself,—*"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord."*

Far across the heather the western sky was glowing with crimson and golden beauty, and the preacher added softly,—*"Yes, unto the Lord."*

THE SORROWS OF OFFEY LAN CRIBIN.

A STORY OF TRELECH, CARMARTHENSHIRE.

OLD Offey Lan Cribin, he went to the town
With hands hard and horny, and face very
With cattle to market in Carmarthen fair; [brown,
Old Offey Lan Cribin, he hadn't a care.

But Offey, poor fellow, had sixpence to spend,
And a wife at home that he daren't offend,
So he thought he'd buy her a sort of fairing,
He looked the town through, and at every new thing.

At last in the window of a butcher's shop,
Where some bladders of lard still hung on the top,
Poor Offey Lan Cribin couldn't help but stare,
For he couldn't make out whatever they were.

"*Dei cato,*" said Offey, his mouth open wide,
"*Hai!* tell me, wat's them there, up there on the side?"

"*Horse's eggs,*" said the butcher, just for a good spree.

"Well, what price?" Offey asked. "Oh, sixpence," said he.

"*I'll have one,*" said Offey; he took it with care,
And he thought he had purchased a thing very rare;
An egg that would hatch a young colt at his call,
He wrapt it like gold in his wife's plaid shawl.

Now, fools in the town to taverns repair,
But Offey kept sober, and left the great fair;
With the egg of the horse that the butcher sold,
Offey walked towards home alone o'er the wold.

He came to a stile, where he stumbled and fell,
And the wonderful egg was broken as well;
Then a wild, frisky, brown hare jumped o'er his head,—

"*Ju! ju! ju!* Bobol anwyl, I've hatched you," he said.

And away he ran at the tail of the hare,
For which he had paid and had taken such care;
Through a bright moonlight night, to Offey's big eyes,

Why, the wild Welsh hare looked treble its size;
Yet, on Offey ran,—yelling, shouting, amain,
But that wonderful colt he ne'er saw again.

HOWELL VICTOR.



ON THE USK, BRECON.

IN THE GARDEN AND THE HOUSE OF REST.

By EDMUND J. BAILLIE.

IV.—"THE BALANCE OF LIFE."

IN taking up the string of my thoughts I felt tempted to put upon it beads of the same pattern as those which we last put into place under the title of "The fair face of Nature," wandering over fields of fancy, trying to arouse the poetic emotion without which life would indeed be commonplace and dead. Then I remembered that we had not had very much practical talk together, and it seemed as though I ought to say something that would have some bearing upon a more prosaic level, as, although it is true that "man doth not live by bread alone," still we are again and again forced back to the realisation of the fact that so long as man constitutes the great human family in earth-life he cannot live without it. Thus reflecting in this direction the words of Emerson were brought to my mind,—

"The wings of time are black and white,
Pied with morning and with night;
Mountains high and oceans deep,
Trembling balance duly keep."

And so, standing midway in the circuit of the year, we may fittingly look a little closer at this marvellous unfolding of the Creator's will, the right discernment of which can only come with the gift of that higher wisdom which surpasseth knowledge, and which alone can teach true life. So let us look at life.

It is astonishing to consider with what diversity of vision men look upon the world. Some are so saturated with the mercenary spirit that to them the world is simply a money-box into which with one hand they slip their coins, with a persistent earnestness that at times, alas, puts ridges across their foreheads like the ridges round the edges of the coins they handle so lovingly. With the other hand they abstract deftly what they, or other people, had put in, and so this process of acquisition, of accumulation, and deposition and of abstraction goes on perpetually with wearisome regularity till the tired toiler dies and leaves it then to others. This

tendency over periods of time, and possibly in particular places, has borne many names. Commerce tinged deeply with this money making notion, has been styled the method of particular schools. The moralist and the preacher have in turn styled it the utilitarian fetter and bondage to the material sense. The system has been denounced and the torments of its serfdom exposed, and yet the lust of gold still eats its way into men's hearts, and if the older notion of the money-box is obsolete, or nearly so, its equivalent, under varying titles, may be found everywhere where men are found in sufficient number to constitute a social circle, or a commercial ring.

There are others again who may perhaps have kept themselves aloof from the magnet of the money-changer, but who regard the world as a music hall or a pleasure fair. Enjoyment is everything. If to the miser the proverb reads "Time is money," to the pleasure seeker that proverb with its strange paradox of sham optimism, but real pessimism, "Let us eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die" would seem to hold a first place. This binding power of procrastination, how it festers! But to the mind of the truly wise, time is simply opportunity, and his view of the gifts of life, and even the material things of the life, have been so analysed and rightly gauged that he has assured himself that the true philosophy is found in the beautiful announcement in Bible phraseology that it is possible, nay, that in the depths of Truth it is no other than possible, that "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, all may be done to the glory of God." So whilst to the vision of Bunyan, in his wonderful allegory, the progress of Christian was styled "a Pilgrimage," there is in the thought a gentle reproof administered to those who would regard the earth-life too flippantly.

If some would have us believe a Pilgrimage is for the Puritan Quietist let us at least beware of our making it a jaunt. We must not forget that whilst the master himself spoke of this pilgrimage as an advancement in the way under the weight of a cross, still it was made abundantly and blessedly clear that it is impossible to travel the distance from the

cradle to the grave without weight of some kind. The burden that is easy and light indeed is that which He himself would impose and has promised to help us carry. Hence there is choice for those who care to make it. Those who would avoid a cross must e'en carry care. We may soon find which is the heavier load,—but am I leaning too much toward sermonising and forgetting the notion that had possession of my mind when I tried to fit the thoughts into the narrowness of a title?

So long as we, children of Adam, are permitted to remain occupants of the earth sphere, there are diversities of gifts to which we not only may lend ourselves, but to which it is our duty to apply ourselves with an earnestness of purpose and simplicity of heart which we find to be essential if we are to make life in any sense harmonious and useful. In the first place, we have each of us some vocation, or calling, to which a large portion of our existence is necessarily given, and which constitutes a means of life so far as the provision of material needs is concerned, but which indeed permeates a wider field, for we are influenced by that to which we lend our minds and muscles, and which we call labour under some of its synonymous terms, and we cannot escape the atmosphere of our workshop, be it where it may. It is then quite essential that our work, as work, should be pleasing in character and useful in purpose, and that we, as workers, should give the best that is in us to the due completion of that which our hand findeth to do. Conditions as to quantity may vary; conditions as to quality are everlastingly the same. It is not necessary to fret ourselves into uneasiness to do over-much, to force ourselves to effort above what we are able; it is a needful condition to the true worker to see that what he undertakes and completes is absolutely well done. In this age of hot haste, and love of superficial display, life has to be hurried and things can hardly be good, but they must be cheap hence work is demoralised, and men belittled, by this deplorable process covered broadly by the catch phrase supply and demand.

In the balance of life character must hold place supreme, we must fix, at any

rate approximately, how the day shall be divided and to what pursuits and objects its hours shall be applied.

As I have already indicated work is essential,—so is rest. The great gift of leisure comes in between these two essentials, and having decided that our work shall be useful, and that our rest shall be restful, we have then to determine as to the occupation of our leisure. Let us see. To most of us literature comes with a great claim. She has wonderful possibilities both for good or for evil. Whilst there is no choicer companion than a good book, it is doubtful whether there can be one more evil than a bad one. But when we have free access to the great minds and great hearts that are laid open before us on the printed page, it seems at least remarkable that we so seldom find ourselves in the sacred silent company of these wonderful powers for elevation of mind and purity of soul.

Then there is art through all its varying spheres. Pictorial art with its power of charm, first in the direction of admiration for those who have left us such invaluable bequests of past ages of greatness and glory; but there is also a charm in even the crude personal effort we ourselves may make to portray the simple objects of beauty which we see about us. It is not needful, happily, that one should attend an art school or a painter's academy to possess oneself of this power of recording in a simple way the objects of delight he sees about him. The passionate fondness with which the Welsh people as a nation have regarded music is one of those sublime facts which confront us immediately whenever we speak of Wales, and the perpetuation of this love of vocal harmony, it is hoped, may be assured. Science invitingly beckons those who are surrounded by the charms of nature, or by the weird wonders locked up beneath the surface of the soil, to study these things in a quiet and patient manner, recording observations and classifying results, and thus accumulating a fund of information that shall give passport to a kingdom of thought full of interest and enchantment. Outside and beyond all these there are the varying diversions included under the heading of

craftmanship, the production of articles of use or ornament, or rather of use and ornament, to which so many of our homely people prefer to lend themselves, and the claims of the plot of land to which we are invited to give some attention that we may receive much in return.

To what end then is all this skirmishing and to what point are we to be directed? This. That we are to see that we are rightly employed in the earning of our bread, and then to throw the whole force of our better self into it,—to do good work and to do it well. Having thus concentrated our energies into the groove of the specialist over the hours, long or short, of our working day, then let us in those sweet margins of leisure cultivate an enthusiastic versatility, a zeal for right things in a right way that shall elevate the mind and put sunshine in the soul, giving of course the heart as a guest-chamber to that promised presence without which our efforts will be fruitless, and the labour of our hand cannot be established. To catch that inspiration which enables us rightly to hold the scales of being, and to adjust with reverent devotion that which needs adjustment,—that is the power which will aid us in our effort to attain and maintain all that we can conceive as rightly belonging to a Balanced Life.

MEMORIAL TO HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST.

ON April 23rd, the 202nd anniversary of the poet's death, a beautiful tablet to the memory of Henry Vaughan was placed on the south wall of the nave in Llanantffraed Church. The tablet measures 3ft. 10in. by 3ft. 3in., and is surrounded by a deeply carved wreath of oak leaves and acorns in pink Penarth alabaster; in the centre of a panel of white Sicilian marble the following inscription, written by the Dean of Llandaff, is cut and leaded in,—

In late but reverent remembrance of a sweet Psalmist of Israel,
HENRY VAUGHAN, M.D.,
(Known as the Silurist),
Of Newton-by-Usk, in this Parish,
Who died April 23rd, 1695,
Aged 73 years,
And was buried in this Churchyard.

"He that hath left life's vain joys and vain care,
Hath got an house where many mansions are."
1896. SILEX SCINTILLANS.

The tomb has been restored, the ash-pit has been removed and filled in. Some £7 more are required. Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Philip Morgan, Buckingham Place, Brecon, who is hon. sec. to the fund. The work was executed by Mr. W. Clarke, of Llandaff.



D. PUGHE EVANS.

ANOTHER voice is mute
In the great music; yet another lute,
That waked to ecstasy, hath snapt its strings!
Now echo only brings
Its notes Aeolian to our hungering ears
Fed on its magic, 'midst discordant years.

No more, ah, nevermore,
Returns that full-toned rapture to our shore;
We moan another chord lost in the strain,
Yet seek its sound in vain,
For in the vaster music of the skies
His soul doth ever make new harmonies.

Lost chord, and found for aye,
Sadly we seek its sweetness, day by day;
Yet, in the music of a purer sphere,
It breaks forth fluty clear,
And resonant, more ravishing than when
Its soothing rapture was beyond our ken.

Why will ye, swelling skies,
Rob earth of all its full-toned melodies,—
Intoxicated with excess of joy?

Will your sweet music cloy
If other, newer notes,—alack our pain!—
Be not induced to your triumphant strain?

Thus doth it seem, but no!
'Tis true, and yet we own it is not so,
For all our rare Aeolian harmonies
Are wafted from the skies,
Are echoes of a deep, diviner strain,
In that vast sea that dip, and sing again,

Let not thine eyes be dim,
And red with tears, my native land, for him
Whose life was music, and whose note was joy;
Let not thy tears alloy
That song of hope that never more will cease,
That knew in death the "Kindly Light" and peace.

Why mourn the golden strain
Sent hither to take form, then lose again
Itself in its prenatal ecstasy?

The strain itself can never, never die;
We weep but for the stave. Let's dry our eyes;
The strain survives below and 'mid the skies.

Sweet soul of music fled,
We never, never number thee as dead;
But seem at times to hear thy notes of fire
Strike from thy glittering lyre,
And make for earth. Play on, and we'll rehearse
Echoes of notes caught from the universe.

J. JENKINS (*Gwili*).

LLYWELYN AP MADAWC.

TO whom belong yon massive shield
And shining javelin?
Yon ponderous sword, who dares to wield
Amid the battle's din?
Behind the shield, a shoulder strong,
In front is black dismay;
The hero bold of many a song,
Llywelyn, leads to-day.

A brave and honourable chief,
Breathe not another name,
His exploits rare transcend belief,
Through Cymru rings his fame.
Who scorns the humdrum rites of peace?
Who wastes the Saxon land?
And every hour his ranks increase,
Llywelyn leads the band.

To whom belongs yon helmet red,
A fierce wolf is its crest?
Yon shining breast-plate broadly spread
O'er a reproachless breast?

And whose the angry prancing steed,
White as the mad sea-froth?
Llywelyn brave to-day doth lead,
Relentless in his wrath.

Llywelyn the long-armed is he,
Of high untinted blood,
Vehement leader of the free,
And lord of hill and wood;
Forth to the fight, a prince renowned,
Goes, eager for the fray,
From hill to hill the bugles sound,
Llywelyn leads to-day.

His javelin's deadly thrust I sing,
His keen edged Spanish blade,
His flashing shield, like eagle's wing,
His wolf-crest, wondrous made;
His war-horse, confident and strong,
His faultless war array,
The hero brave of many a song
Llywelyn leads to-day!

OWEN GEORGE.

THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

AN IDYLL; A FARCE; AND A TRAGEDY.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL,

Author of *The Jewel of Ynys Galon, Battlement and Tower, For The White Rose of Arno, etc*

BOOK II: A FARCE.

CHAPTER XV.

"REMEMBER YOUR OATH!"

GWENNIE made a good wife for all her good looks, and that, as everybody knows, is a wonder indeed. But then, said the spiteful gossips, Tom Hawys was always soft; a woman brought him up and it was likely he was easy to handle just the same now. His wife would have smiled to hear that; she knew what likelihood there was of turning him when once he set his face on any point. Not that the question troubled them at first, for he liked to see her happy, while she thought a vast deal more of her husband than ever she thought of her lover. So, therefore, what folk at Cildeg might choose to say, could carry no weight at all by the time it climbed up to the Havod.

The first snow had fallen upon Aran in the night of Tom's vigil by the broken gate beneath the oak tree, and upon Cefn Du and Drumhir almost immediately after the wedding, while hard upon the heels of that came a winter fierce beyond memory. But the cold was all without and none within, where Gwennie sat, thankful that the deep snows kept her husband busy about the stock, and barred all journeys to town save such as were absolutely necessary. She had already, before her marriage, arranged with her mother to send down all the dairy produce from the Havod to Glwysva, whence it would go to market along with the other; which arrangement was to continue as long as there was any fear of ill consequences from a meeting betwixt her husband and the three. Old Hawys had seen through all this, though she said no word about it, while Tom only thought his wife was a very clever little person, that was all. But as the winter darkened on, the mind of old Hawys darkened with it. In the wild storms that whirled and tossed about the riven crown of Aran her gloomy imaginings saw the mocking wraith of her rival of past years. In the days when from horizon to horizon a leaden sky weighed down upon all things, she caught in it the lowering front of the dead woman exulting over a coming

revenge. The howling winds of night that drove the sheep to shelter under the lee of the rocks, where the snow drifts buried them and gave hard digging to Tom in the next day's lull, were but jeering manifestations of the strength of an undying hate. But with each newly noted token of that malice her determination did but catch new strength, while she muttered to herself,—“Let him but come! then we shall see; we will know which wears the torques. Yea, we will know surely!”

Day by day, as she brooded, all other considerations seemed to drop away, leaving her every thought revolving round and round the one moment she had come to yearn for, and to which all things of earth and sky seemed tending. The concentration of her mind seemed to absorb all the vital energies of her physical being, so that her frame became weaker and weaker as time went on. She herself, in her rapt mental state, did not notice this, though it became painfully evident to Tom and Gwennie, who, however, put it down to the severity of the weather and longed for the coming of spring that should cure it. As for Tom, if he thought anything strange about the winter he did not mention it, though through it all he never went over to Llyn Du; but did double digging elsewhere, leaving others to save what sheep they might from the snow drifts of Y Garnedd.

If that winter came early it tarried still later and, just when everybody wondered if spring had utterly forgotten them, there came the wildest snowstorm of the year. With it, upon the wings of the blast, came the summons to bid old Hawys fare forth.

The veil had come over her with the first few flakes when the storm began yestere'en, and she had lain quiescent, save for an occasional muttering, through all the unholy hurly of the night. All the morning the storm had grown worse till now, at noon, the blasts seemed to be verily gibbering in demoniacal frenzy.

One loudest and fiercest gripe of the storm fiend, that seemed to shake each individual stone of the structure, roused her at last, and she motioned to

Gwennie beside her to call Tom. When, softly stepping and with anxious face, he came near she turned her eyes upon him and spoke.

"Tom! you swore to me that night that the black son of Jen Lwyd of the curse should never turn you out from the house where you were born. Do you remember?"

Tom's face grew stern and he took her two hands in his as he knelt by the bedside.

"I do remember, mother; be you sure of that. I'll not forget."

After that she was so quiet for a little while that they thought her sleeping till all at once she rose and, stretching forth her withered hands, cried aloud in the voice of her youth,—

"Remember your oath; remember!"

Then she fell back with the dim eyes fixed in a wild stare; dead.

Presently the storm slackened and ere evening it had died away completely, leaving a world whose sharpnesses were smoothed and softly contoured beneath the all obliterating snow. That night, as they stood by the corpse, Gwennie questioned her husband about those last words of old Hawys.

"What was it she meant, Tom, when she bade you remember your oath?"

"Surely you know, wife; surely you have not forgotten coming up from Glwysva that morning and telling me, with the light in your eyes and the love in your voice, that 'I must not go, for your sake I must not,' and I answered you that I would not, for I had sworn it?"

"But I meant that you would not go to hunt up the Uchelwr and kill him, as the tale ran."

Tom stepped back, passing his hand down his face ere he answered her, with a grim mirth in his voice that jarred horribly,— "Well, and I did swear that, too; but I swore it another way. Instead of going to find and fight Mynachty, I swore that I would not go from this house, my home, when the quit notice was up, and I doubly swore that when he came to evict me I would—I would—make things even. That is what I swore, and what I meant when I promised you that I would not go, and it is what my mother meant when she bade me remember. Moreover it is what I thought you meant when you spoke that morning."

"Oh Tom and why? are there not other farms where the landlord would be glad of you for tenant? Why should we come to such misery because of this Will Addis and his black mind? Have you not gotten the better of him already in one thing?"

"The winning of you! aye, that is what ails him; but I will not be beaten by him in anything,

much less this, for there is more to this than you think. Listen!" and leading his wife to a seat he told her the story he had heard from his mother the night when he returned from seeking the Freeholder.

Sad already at old Hawys' going, she broke down utterly as the gloomy possibilities of the future settled upon her mind, and between her sobs she moaned over the sore day to come. "Worse," she wailed, "because, from the hour of her wedding till now, he had never mentioned their enemy, and she had come to believe that there could fall no trouble now from Mynachty."

But Tom had grown hard to her appealing; even the clasping arms had no softening power. He spoke no sharp word; nothing rough; yet she felt she might as easily move the mountain as her husband, when he, crossing over and laying his hand upon the dead hand beneath the sheet, said quietly,— "I swore it, wife, and I'll keep it!"

"Och!" she wailed with her face between her hands as she rocked herself to and fro in grief; "Och! for this black night of sorrow!"

And her husband, instead of instantly trying to comfort her as in other days and troubles, stood before her with a hard face as he answered,—

"Will your cry move the long stones of Llyn Du that heard my oath? Remember what came to Owen Bach that swore the oath and then failed of his vow."

At that she shuddered afresh but capped the allusion instantly with another. "And what came to Piers Morgan that kept them to his witness?"

Tom did not flinch; his voice came steadily as before. "They hanged him in the English town."

Flinging her arms above her head, she sprang to her feet with a shrill cry,— "Oh Tom! husband! can nothing save us; can nothing turn you?"

"Nothing!"

They buried old Hawys in the same grave with her dead Ion, carving her name below his with all the years between. As they stayed the corpse on the threshold till the white-haired pastor should have voiced the prayer of the kneeling mourners, gathered from hill-side and valley, Gwennie wondered if Tom could say Amen to some of the passages that breathed of mercy and forgiveness, and it filled her with new sorrow when the voice that should have led the response kept silent. The thought of that made her own voice mute when it should have led the singing, as, the prayer ended, following the beautiful custom of a reverent people the first notes of the wailing funeral hymn rose from the circle. Her tears were coming too fast.

When the coffin was placed upon the sledge and the slow procession formed, she could not help

contrasting the stern manner of the husband beside her with that of the lover who was so chary of her when he guided her feet upon that same trail, on the morning so short a time back. But would he have yielded then? No! for he was even so tender because he was newly in the belief that she endorsed his oath. She prayed silently.

All the way back from the churchyard Tom said nothing, though the bright sun shone upon the wasting snow and spring came in with the breath of the breeze from the south that sprang up as they climbed the trail from Glwysva. That was a weary home going.

And when the young wife looked round the silent room while Tom was unharnessing and attending to the pony, she said to herself beneath her breath,—“Well may the spring come at last; there is room for it now, for the winter has crossed the threshold and come all in to sit in my heart. Sorrow to me! sorrow is that for me!”

CHAPTER XVI.

WOMAN WINS.

DAY by day the weight at Gwennie's heart increased. She never sang about her work now or laid that work aside at night to sit with her husband as in the days before the “black day;” how could she when she counted the hours as they sped, so swift they seemed to bring the end on. Tom saw it all and knew her fears, but he never attempted to argue with her or comfort her till spring had lapsed into summer and summer was grown lusty and full. Then the knowledge came upon him that he might hope to greet his firstborn about the time when the notice would expire, and the thought of it took him out to the gate of the lower croft where he could best think.

Once there and leaning in the old familiar attitude over the rail, the memory of the hours spent thus, in the time before he carried Gwennie's basket to market, came over him with a rush that almost routed the stubborn stand of his oath. How fair she was in those days; how light of heart and merry of laugh, with the eyes that could say more in an instant than the tongue could struggle through in long hours of mere speech. Her look then was like the dawning of a June morning, all light and love and music; different indeed to the pale face and sad carriage of the wife in the house behind. At this thought the deeps of his soul swelled up in fierce anger against Will Addis, ending in a dark resolve to wreak the full sum of his misery upon the one he deemed the author of it. For it was

a misery and a wretchedness to him, to have to see his wife growing sadder as the days passed, and he counted that at double in the score against his enemy when the moment of reckoning for it should come.

But for all the surging wrath on top, Tom could not shake away the thought of Gwennie's suffering which clutched at his heart beneath with an ever tightening grip. Try as he would he could not free himself from it. His wife; so gentle and true; so patient and warm-hearted, and yet she was between the upper and the nether millstones of the mutual hatred of himself and his enemy. Worst of all, there was only one hope of help for her; one of the two foes must give way if she was ever to be happy again.

Would Will Addis give way? Tom laughed with a bitter grind in his voice as the point rose in his mind. He knew well that Mynachty's hate would only cease with life itself, and that the thought of Gwennie's suffering was the sweetest morsel in all his revenge. Aye, if there was to be any help for Gwennie, in must come from the man she loved; her husband himself must give way. “*Crist!* no!” swore Tom into the quiet night, striking the gate with a mighty sweep of his hand as he pushed away from it, turning instinctively to look at the lighted window of his home behind. He knew what was within that house. He knew that if he were to go now and open the door he should see his wife; her knitting idle in her lap, sitting staring into the red peats on the hearth; supping sorrow, supping sorrow, while in her mind she contrasted the brightness of the past and the darkness of the future.

Love and hate; they dragged at him like the pincers of the inquisition. “What is this love?” savagely demanded his hatred. “A year ago you had never known it, while mine is a feud from before you were born. A feud bequeathed, and all the advantages till now have been to your enemy. Your sister was the first victim and through her your father was the second. And now it is yourself and your wife and home; is Mynachty to win always and forever!”

“But,” urged love in answer; “Mynachty knows that you are his master in fair fight, and what else matters as between two men. Thrash him when the time is up but go no farther, and then Gwennie need suffer no longer. Remember you swore to love and cherish!”

“Aye,” grinned hate again; “and remember the oath you swore before that; remember what it was you swore by,—the long stones of Llyn Du. My oath was before the other; keep it before the other too.

He stood stock still as the struggle surged on

his mind. Remorse came to the aid of love, but hate tugged stubbornly yet, and presently came deceit suggesting a crafty compromise. "Pretend to give in," whispered hate. "Aye," went on Tom to himself; "I'll pretend to give way and that will comfort and help her, poor little wife, over the time of her maternity. And after that,—after that times will look after themselves."

Going back to the house, and opening the door, he checked upon the threshold, latch in hand, as if a blow had stopped him; for the sight before him was even more poignant than he had pictured outside. Not only were the needles idle, but Gwennie sat with her face bowed in her hands, weeping hopelessly as if her heart was broken.

Another moment and he was beside her, speaking with a tenderness which the sight of her wrung involuntarily from his new mood,—at that moment he could almost have made his feigned plan a real one. With his arms close about her he told her what he had set to say, in a cadence of tender words spoken low in her ear, but holding her face to his breast that she might not see his eyes. He would go, he said, and get Huw Auctioneer to arrange for a sale of all the stock and crops about the place, so as to have everything ready against the termination of his tenancy.

If the sight of her woe-begone expression had almost made him yield upon his entering, the depth of her rejoicing at his words completely shook his stubborn determination. From weeping for sorrow she wept now for sheer happiness, and he cast a critic eye upon the balance of his own feelings. If this were the pleasure of a surface yielding, what would be the taste of a complete surrender? He was slipping, he knew it, dallying thus with the dangerous delight of comforting his wife. From asking himself if it were worth while to keep his oath in spite of his wife, he went deeper still to ask if it were right or just to her to do so. The temptation was as sweet as it was new. As to his oath,—what of his oath? At any rate there was time to think the matter out before the day when his notice expired and meanwhile he would be all gentleness and comfort to his wife, so that she should be happy for awhile at least.

With the shadow of these thoughts deepening the depths of his eyes he set himself to enlarge upon his proposed new plans, while Gwennie looked up into his face and stroked his sleeve in a happiness that lacked nothing.

And when he had finished speaking she only crooned over her new joy "Oh Tom! Tom! my husband!" reiterating it after the manner of a woman whose heart is full.

So strong was this new influence that in the

night, lying awake with the deep breathing of his sleeping wife beside him, he resolved to be sincere in the projected sale of his goods and chattels, and not to sell them to a deceitful end as he had first planned. He found it sweet and pleasant to fall asleep after that!

Next morning, when he came in to breakfast after the milking, he felt a sudden catch in his breath, for his wife, silent so long, was actually singing over the setting of the board. She saw him stop and knew what he was thinking, but, as there are no limits to a woman's tenderness for the man who enlives her, so she came forward and caught him in a loving embrace, stopping with a kiss the shamefaced stumbling of his speech when, in his contrition, he would have called himself hard names.

The breakfast was like old times. Assuredly Gwennie had never, in the most wretched day of her troubling, slacked a single hair's breath in the neatness and tidiness of everything about her; never abated a jot of her housepride, yet nevertheless the linen had surely never looked so snowy white, or the food tasted so sweet and wholesome as upon this new morning. And sweeter and wholesomer and bonnier certainly his wife had never seemed to Tom, penitent and subdued as he sat opposite to her and allowed her to resume the little ministries with which a wife worships her lord and master if he be strong enough to keep the worship.

When the meal was ended he sat awhile, watching her as she moved about the house. He noted the spring again that had been so long absent from her movements; he noted the lightness of her foot and the deftness of her hand and called himself names as he did so. And when in her singing, something brought back the memory of the shadow past and her voice choked from the lump that came into her throat, he would have given something to have found some man at the door with whom to have fought. But, lacking the man, he went over to her, she turning and meeting him half way, and for the space of some minutes she kept her hand over his mouth, resolute that he should not hurt her by saying hard things of her husband,—the world was a beautiful new world again, and the roses looked so fair through the open window.

She called the dog to share in it all, for you do not suppose he had been untouched by the winter of the spring and summer. Of course he had moped, as an honest dog would do, and he must have a petting and a kind speech by way of exchanging compliments upon the return of the happy sun. Why, even the cows had noticed it and old Star had gone about in a shrinking, un-

obtruding sort of way that was mournful to see, while Longhorn had worn her nerves to fiddle strings in fidgeting.

When she patted the dog Tom felt the rest and said immediately,—“I don't think the cows are gone far from the upper gate,—let us go and speak to them; shall we?”

And they went, with a handful of grain in Gwennie's apron to give to the pony by the way, for all things around her must share in the new rejoicing.

Of course the cows understood at once; anybody knowing the least thing about them would see that it wasn't the saltpan alone in the wife's hands that brought the restless Longhorn so quickly to the gate or kept her so long quiet there. And old Star knew it before she came near enough to note the look of the two faces; Gelert went straight out and told her as soon as she put her nose down to his. What desirable folk the fourfooted ones are to be friends with.

Later on, when Tom was leaving for Cildeg and had kissed his wife at the door as she handed him the beaver, brushed so neatly, he could not forbear turning back and kissing her again, so comely she looked and sweet, standing there beneath the ash tree, with the ribbon he had bought her so long ago now rebrought from some exile and snooded in her hair and round her throat; what a rare wife she was!

Well, he started at last, with a loth heel and a light heart that did not sag till he came in sight of Mynachty. Even then he only shut his teeth hard, pulled the hat lower on his brow, and swung forward with a steadier stride. Reaching the town he found Huw Auctioneer at home and lost no time in explaining the object of his visit.

He gave no very full reasons for the course he was taking, and the other, noticing how little free he was, drew his own conclusions and kept them to himself as a wise man would. But he made his pen busy and in a very short time they both entered the office of the “Udgorn” with a draft of the posters they wanted.

“Couldn't be done this evening, eh? We'll soon see about that,”—and within ten minutes; what with bullying and cajoling, threatening and whiling, the hapless printer had consented to everything the auctioneer demanded, including the delivery of a specimen poster in time for Tom to take home.

“Then for Heaven's sake clear out now, with your tongue that would mider a bench of bishops, and give us some sort of a chance to get started,” cried the badgered printer.

In the interval the two went straight to Owen

Bevan, and the genial lawyer was so glad of the news that he expressed his intention of forthwith sounding Llysowen as to any vacancy which might presently occur upon his estate, or any he might hear of amongst his friends,—the land agent was not yet any very important personage on that estate.

Moreover, to duly honour the good news the cupboard was opened again and another bottle of the best was brought to light, and while they enjoy a brief crack in waiting for the specimen poster, we will turn our attention to another factor in this story,—the Uchelwr.

CHAPTER XVII.

ENDS WITH WOMAN WINNING AS USUAL,—BUT
ANOTHER WAY.

WHEN, after his return from South Wales,—and before the wedding,—the Freeholder found from Evan Bowen that there was no hope of clapping his rival in jail, and no prospect of preventing the so fast approaching marriage, his fury got the better of him and he said many things to his lawyer. He gave him the lay opinion of law and lawyers in general and himself in particular, piling up thereby a long account to be settled whenever Evan Attorney should have finished laying his lines. When he had finished and had so far cooled down as to wonder to just what extent he had made a particular ass of himself, the solitor cut in coolly, remarking that the brandy he had been indulging in must have been raw, rough stuff, and that his best course now would be to get home at once, calling at the chemist's on the way for something to assist in sobering him; adding that he might sleep soundly and securely now without hiding, since Tom Hawys was bound over not to chase him about any more.

This made the Freeholder sick, and while he cast about for something to say the other made him still more sick by his concluding words. “You can settle the bill for the forgery business some other day.”

“It wasn't a forgery; Shop wrote his own name,”—the words bolted out before he was aware and it was the dog's grin on the other's face, showing the teeth, that woke him up.

“Diawl!” he broke out again, as he recognized what he had done.

“Yes!” Evan Bowen nodded quietly.

They faced each other thus for a minute or two, and then the man on the mat began to flounder in a flood of attempted explanations; the man at the table nodded his grinning front by way of a

running commentary, thereby making the other's confusion worse confounded. Presently he broke in upon the lies that came out so clumsily.

"Of course there could be no question of forgery. Tom Hawys' name was not signed at all; I was merely thinking of what the courts would call the business in case the point were thrashed out. But I prevented that by binding the other man over. It was lucky for you my clerk heard his threats that day, or you would be in a queer state now. Be thankful,—and come honestly to me when you come again,—and now, good day;" opening the door and waving him out with an air that left no room for protest or argument.

Back again at Mynachty and reflecting, under the influence of hot drinks, over what had just occurred in the attorney's office, the Freeholder told himself defiantly that it was a good job, each man concerned having his feet now upon firm standing. "We both knew all along what was in each other's minds and now we've said it plump and plain. He's a born rogue and a mean one, for he will do any man's dirty work for money; while I only do what I do for love."

The reasoner here lit his pipe, to blow off in smoke the reflection that he who does a thing for love generally has to pay the piper as he goes.

"After what he said just now," he resumed to himself, watching the smoke ascend, "he can't refuse to lend a hand in the next move, whatever that may be, though of course he won't suggest the opening. Never mind! Besides; I should like to do that myself when it is done. And I must make some play at once if I am to stop this wedding."

But though he flogged his brains ceaselessly during his sober moments for the next few days, he could find no opening for his malevolence, and as the conviction of his present impotence settled deeper and deeper, so his sober moments grew fewer and fewer, calminating in three or four days of a steady bout that only slackened upon the morning of the wedding. From being blindly intoxicated he became dully so, with a loathing for the brandy; a loathing which turned his mind to a gnawing revolving of his misery.

The contemplation of that was assisted by the contemplation of a double barrelled gun hanging loaded over the fire place. His blinking eyes became glued to that; it fascinated him. The devils in his ear began to whisper; the devils in his breast to use their pincers. The devils dancing before his eyes in smoky colours began to point and beckon; to run and land with a spring upon the butt of the weapon; to hang by their tails from it; to play with the lock and screw the flints

firmer. Some seemed to be sucked like jelly down the muzzle, visible still through the metal to his chained gaze, and to reach the charges and tap the wadding, counting the slugs and winking with eyes like the shutting and opening of some bull's eye chink in the walls of the Pit.

Some lifted his elbow with claws like hot knives; some nudged at his ribs. He looked round, wiping his dry, gaping mouth with the back of his hand. Was the door shut? was anyone in the passage? No. He came back and stood before the gun, looking at it because he could not look elsewhere. The devils were clustering on it now like swarming bees. He took the weapon down; what next?

The clock was behind him, but his eyes, reverting and looking through the back of his head, read the time by it, and one of the devils was busy jabbering in his brain that just about this time Tom Hawys would be riding with his bride to church! The next thing he did himself, independently of any devil; he shook out the old priming from the pans and filled them afresh. No! he wouldn't go through the door where folk might be waiting; folk with quiet spirits and blood instead of Tophet's fire in their veins; with peace for souls instead of Gehenna,—through the window was best. Would that infernal Ploughman never drive away from that gap in the lane hedge, keeping him crouching here behind this shrub till Tom Hawys would be gone past the gate and he would be too late? But he would go and speak softly to that Ploughman, keeping his eyes aside till the man had no suspicion; then he would beat the brains out of his numb-skull with the butt end of this thing, and fling his body in the ditch out of the way till he had been to the gate and got the other two with the two barrels,—a barrel full of devils to be shot into the body of each. Ho! ho! Gwennie Cradoc would look a different beauty with the devils dabbling in the blood running out over the bosom of her, and dancing over the face and prying into the eyes as they stared, with the light extinguished for ever in the flash of powder. Blast that ploughman; he was gone before he could come at him. Never mind, he would go now, having no time to lose; but later; after finishing the other business, he would come back and call the Ploughman softly to him and beat him to jelly, and then play with the jelly and let it bubble through his fingers before it got cold or ceased steaming. That would be fine! vastly fine!

How the devils did laugh at that.

Ha! there came the sound of hoofs, galloping too! What a pace! Some infernal good angel or another must have told Tom Hawys of the gun

that was coming, making him put spurs to get past with his bride before he could reach the gate. Haste! haste! what was this tangling his feet? Hang it! this was the deep ditch and himself at the bottom of it, with the gun lying across the top, from the brambles that had tripped him to the twisted roots of the lightning blasted oak. Never mind! he would soon be out; pulling himself up by seizing the gun so—

Bang!

Tom Hawys, riding past the gate to hunt his breeches, never even lifted his head as he heard it, thinking that probably his rival was hunting too,—something for the inside though, instead of the outside, of his stomach.

It was evening when Reuben Ploughman, going along the lane with the dogs, discovered his master lying at the bottom of the ditch. Hastily rushing to the quarters for help he speedily returned with the entire farm's company, and while they bore their master carefully to the house and laid him on the couch in his own room, one of the men rode into the town, extending the brown nag every stride of the road, to fetch the doctor.

That stubbly muzzled old practitioner swore very savagely as the result of his examination of the patient. The wound itself was not necessarily dangerous, but the loss of blood, coupled with the consequences of the prolonged drinking bout, made up a case of almost touch and go.

A narrow squeak indeed it proved for the Freeholder, who was so much impressed by the doctor's words upon the subject that he did not swear even once as, day after day, that gentleman on his repeated visits repeated the dictum that the sick man had need be devoutly thankful that his father and mother had started him with a constitution dug up from the solidest rock beds of Drumhir.

Nevertheless it was desperately slow work lying there day after day, with only Jacob Shop to vent his ill humour upon. And one day he went too far even for him, so that the wretched draper, taking counsel with his despair,—and a bottle of the other's most fiery stuff,—marched off down the road and breastfed defiantly into his own Shop; the first time he had passed its threshold since the rent day. His wife, hearing the shout of the son who most resembled his father, ran out at once from the back room and met the returning desperado at the wicket of the counter.

It was a real fight that followed; a fair, square, up and down, scratch and tear, rough and tumble; the first they ever had. And it surprised them both considerably as they went about it. It surprised the wife and alarmed her no little to find that this husband of her's, whom she used to hector and bully about so recklessly, should turn to and fight in such a fashion,—a fashion evidently destined to end in his victory.

But most of all did it surprise that bold warrior himself to find himself come out on top, with a right firm and merry grip of the wisp of black hair, which allowed him to set forth the terms of peace. That, he found however, and to his cost,

was an utter mistake; hitherto his wife had been out of her own proper woman's sphere, so to speak, in fighting like a male brute; now she simply reverted to the natural feminine weapons and won hand over fist. Raising her voice in a scream that made him jump till he nearly lost his treasured hold, she brought the street tumbling in such an uproar as damped his courage completely. Letting go his grip he slunk ignominiously into the back room, with his wife vigorously banging him about the head at every step with a bundle of long stockings and accompanying each stroke with a new moral axiom or pious prognostication of his future. Espying the stairs he rushed that way for refuge and at the chamber door turned to bay. Here his wife, with the new discretion born of the encounter below, left him to stand, unharmed save for the din of her denunciations, remembering wisely that the folk from the square could not very well follow a man into his own chamber.

Jacob remembered this too, and going inside returned immediately with a bundle of remnants, unsaleable in the shop, which bundle he promptly heaved at the virago on the stairs, knocking her off her feet and rolling her forthwith to the bottom. Then he banged the door behind him as he passed in again and proceeded at once to barricade it with the bed.

That night Jen Jacob Shop slept on the couch downstairs, while Jacob Shop occupied the barricade above, and if the one went without bed the other went without supper and was kept wondering about his breakfast to boot. Nevertheless, next morning, having first listened till he heard his wife outside taking down the shutters, he strode blusteringly downstairs amongst the frightened children, who promptly scuttled up to bed again out of the way, leaving him with a knife in his hand cutting nervously at the eatables on the table. When his wife came in he handled the knife in a vicious manner, suggestive of having a murdered wife to breakfast every morning, while she pretended to be afraid of it; which bit of humbug on the part of both gave each an opportunity of standing upon their own terms.

"Where is the money to pay for your eating and keeping your house and family going; you drunken, murdering flyaway?" began she.

"Where is the fifty pounds, earnest money for Havod y Garreg, that you stole from my pockets?" answered he fiercely.

And so on and so forth.

The net result of it all was that the draper returned to his yardstick and his wife to woman's weapon, the tongue, using it with such effect as speedily to efface any respect which she might otherwise have felt for her husband's prowess as the result of their drawn battle; and to bring him back to his former position of rating block.

Nor did he ever attempt to go near Mynachty again or to see the Freeholder until, with the coming of spring, that person began to get about a bit and finally to drive into the town behind a superannuated old pony.

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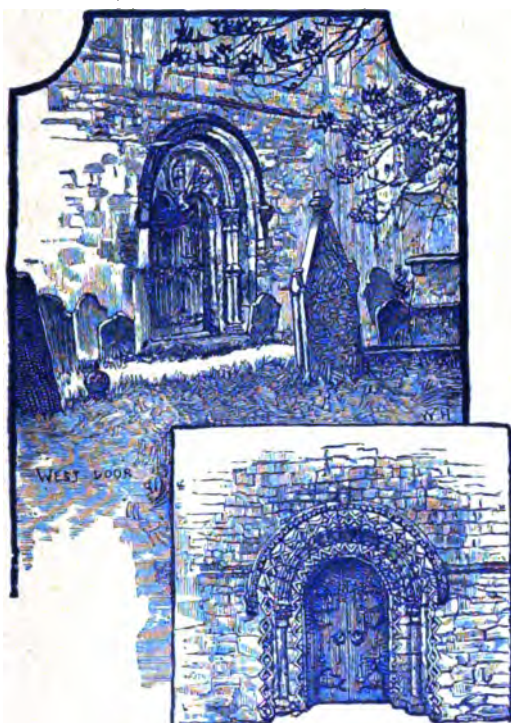
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ABERYDWELL COTTAGE, NEWCASTLE EMLYN.

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EDITED BY G. M. EDWARDS, M.A.

LLYFR I'R HOLIDAYS.

BYDDWCH YN SICR O DDARLLEN

GWILYM A BENNI BACH:

FFUG-CHWEDL,

Gan W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS.

DYMA BETH DDYWED Y PAPURAU:—

Mr. Llewelyn Williams, B.A., has rendered another pleasing service to his country by giving it the book "Gwilym a Benni Bach." It is a most readable novel, full and bright in Welsh incidents, humour, and varieties. Gwilym and Benni were two brothers, and the recital of their strange and youthful philosophical questions to elders who were more frequently than otherwise bowled over by them, suggest a very fine study of child training. The story is full of domestic episodes and questions of importance to Wales and the Welsh. It is a shilling work, and should be read by all, and certainly would be a refreshing treat to many of our monoglot country folk.—*Glamorgan Free Press*.

"Gwilym a Benni Bach," by Mr. Llewelyn Williams, is a charming story about two inquisitive, rather naughty, and altogether delightful children, with a "grown-up" love episode, which is wisely kept in the background. Mr. Williams is at his strongest when, in his character of narrator and uncle to the heroes, he forgets himself and his love affairs and loses himself in his little nephews. How Gwilym reproved his uncle for his extravagance with the cream, "baptised" Benni in the duckpond, tearfully and fearfully assisted in the lock-out of the master on the very first day the children went to school, and played Red Indian with . . . and Christian (from the *Pilgrim's Progress*) with highly satisfactory results, our readers must find out for themselves.—*The Manchester Guardian*.

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WALES.

VOL. IV.]

AUGUST, 1897.

[No. 40.]

HOLIDAY JOTTINGS.



ARMOUTH once again,—and rest! The mountains are as glorious as ever; and strength and health come to those who are fortunate enough to spend a brief holiday among them.

The charm of Barmouth is that it remains so refreshingly Welsh. Englishmen love it because it is so strange,—a touch of the old Celtic world is felt at every

turn. Its Welsh characteristics have been jealously guarded,—it is a spot beloved of the antiquarian and folklorist as well as of those who seek pure mountain and sea air.

I was sincerely sorry to hear of a departure from this practice. On the other side of the Maw,—so it is said,—a new Barmouth will rise; the little village of Vriog is to become quite a town, if all prophecies are to come true. But it is not to have the old melodious name; it is to be called, unless my memory is deceiving me, "Fairbourne." The Cambrian Railway Company has posters in every station announcing the opening of a station at "Fairbourne." I had never heard of the place before; and the following is a dialogue I often heard,—

"Where is this 'Fairbourne'?"

"Oh, it's Vriog."

"But why don't they call it Vriog?"

I was told that the Llangelynin Parish Council had remonstrated in vain. It is to be hoped that the District and County Councils also will make representations to

the Company, not, it is to be hoped, without result. It is exceedingly difficult to see what is to be gained by introducing an absolutely new name instead of a well-known and equally pronounceable one.

To me, there is something detestable in the wanton extermination of old historic names. I hope it is not true that an English owner has already tried to change Ynys Faig into "Fairbourne Hotel." What could offer itself to his mind as a reason for doing, it is impossible to say,—certainly not sentiment or utility.

There is only one thing about Barmouth that I dislike,—its English name. The Welsh name Abermaw,—“the estuary of the Maw,”—has a meaning, and is very melodious. “Barmouth” is sheer nonsense; but it is well to retain it in memory of the taste of the early days of going to watering places.

Barmouth always recalls to my mind the sad life of the most gifted of its sons,—the Robert Owen who died young in Australia after writing a few imperishable pieces. I was shown a letter sent by him to a young friend at Barmouth, and am very glad of the opportunity of placing an extract here. It was written when all his hopes had been shattered, and when he had ceased to hope for life.

“VICTORIA, *March 19th, 1882.*

“This morning I bade farewell to a young man, who on the 30th of this month is to start for England, in order to enter himself for the English bar. As you might imagine, he seemed greatly delighted with the thought of seeing the old country, to him so new and so full of interest. In this I can sympathize wholly with him.

Perhaps, too, he is not sorry to leave home and enter into the world his own master. With plenty of money supplied by a good-natured father, with no care or anxiety of any sort, with youth, with splendid health, with a decidedly handsome appearance, and with a perfect consciousness of all these advantages, it was unavoidable that I should contrast my destiny with his,—now that he is about to enjoy what I too desire more than anything else in this world. We have not many things in common except youth. For his hopes I have only fears, for his strength only my weakness, and a great deal of sadness where his joy is overflowing. It is perhaps not very clear why he should be as he is, while my portion is so different.

"Yet, strange to say, I would not change that portion for his,—no, not for the world. It is likely that he has already got more pleasure out of existence than I could get were I to live a thousand years,—and if he lives, he is sure to enjoy a very great deal more. But for mere pleasure I have no reverence,—suffering only is sacred, and life would not be worth living but for its sorrows. There is not one affliction fallen to my lot which I should wish to have been spared me. And though I would thank God for all eternity, if he did but restore my strength, after my penance, and let me spend many years in the service of my fellow men, yet of the two I am more content to die in my youth, than to live a long life which knew no suffering.

"I could easily tell you all why I think this way,—but you dislike to be preached to no doubt, and so I shall hold my tongue."

If I were asked who was the greatest Welshman during the reign of Victoria, I would answer without hesitation,—*"Robert Owen."* I do not mean, however, the young Barmouth poet, or the other Robert Owen known to Welshmen by his bardic name of *Eryron Gwyllt Walia*. I mean, of course, the Robert Owen of Newtown and of New Harmony, "the apostle of labour." Capital and labour were well served by Wales during Queen Victoria's reign, the one by Lord Overston, the other by Robert Owen. What British

capitalists think of the debt they owe to Samuel Lloyd Jones, Lord Overston, author of the Bank Charter Act of 1844, I do not know. John Burns speaks for British labour, in the *Daily Chronicle* for June 22nd, when he refers to "the magnificent work and education of the greatest Englishman of this century, and most powerful of formative influences of all time,—Robert Owen."

In a recent number the Hon. Mrs. Bulkeley-Owen's bardic name was misprinted. It should have been "Gwenrhian Gwynedd," and not "Gwenllian Gwynedd."

The Carnarvon School Board seems to be at present the laughing stock of Wales. They passed a resolution to condemn the appointment of Mr. Legard as Chief Inspector, and then they appointed an attendance officer who, the newspapers say, cannot speak a word of Welsh. The Carnarvon Board of Guardians very nearly passed a vote of censure on the School Board; the Guardians, Conservatives and Liberals alike, poured out their indignation; but the majority believed they had no right to interfere with the action of another Board.

Mr. John Hogg, of 13, Paternoster Row, London, has just published a neat shilling book on "The Spas of Wales." It is by Mr. T. R. Roberts. The illustrations are quite good. It treats chiefly of Builth, Carnarvon, Llandrindod, Llangamarch, Llanwrtyd, and Trefriw; but adds an exhaustive list of less known springs. It is well-written, and will prove exceedingly serviceable to those who are weighing rival attractions and are in doubt where to go.

S. J. sends me an article on the shortcomings of the Welsh newspapers. It is true that amateur journalists write bad Welsh; but, in inflation of language and foreign idiom, they are not so bad as English journalists. Even the *Times* describes a means of "rendering cattle immune" from rinderpest.

"Word of Honour" writes to complain

that, in some places, the contents of the testimonials of candidates for scholastic posts are made public. I am afraid that the "some places" ought to be written "many places." I was once,—a very unique occurrence in my little life history,—a candidate for a post in Wales myself; and, when the great honour of a place among the selected candidates was conferred upon me, I found that some of my fellow competitors were well versed in my letter of application and testimonials. Much ought to be forgiven men who, when educational home rule is suddenly granted a country, make mistakes from inexperience and lack of caution. But I was not aware until recently that any governing body in Wales needed to be told that the testimonials of candidates are not sent them for the amusement of their friends, but that they are private documents of a highly confidential nature entrusted to them to help them in the performance of an important public duty. If complaints are sent to me again on this head, I shall print the names of the places where such abuses are perpetrated.

Drain Gwynion,—"White Thorns,"—is the title of a very neatly printed volume of poetry by the Rev. Gwylfa Roberts. The writer is in touch with the spirit of the older Welsh literature; but has made himself familiar, evidently, with the *awen* of other lands. The love lyric predominates considerably, and is almost always very charming.

Two books have recently appeared in Mr. L. D. Jones' series of *Tadau Anibynnol* ("Independent Fathers"). The first, a very racy account of Rees of Llanelly, is the last literary production of the late Dr. E. Herber Evans. The other is an account of Lewis Powell of Cardiff,—famous for his ready witticisms and for his keen insight into truth and character. This is one of the most interesting little volumes I have seen for a long time. The author is the Rev. J. Bowen-Jones, B.A., of Brecon.

A few critical notices of the volume of Islwyn's poetical works, which I had the privilege of issuing, have appeared in the

Welsh press. I have not asked this favour; the volume was printed chiefly for subscribers.

I thought I had made it clear, even to a reviewer, that the volume is not a volume of selections, but a volume containing the whole of Islwyn's works as far as I could find them. The volume is not intended for the easy chair perusal of young poets and young ladies; it is for the patient perusal of those,—and they can be counted by thousands in Wales,—who are real students of literature. I am censured because I did not bring out a volume of selections,—or possibly a birth-day book would have sufficed,—instead of a volume of complete works. I believe there are writers in Wales to-day who would have taken it upon themselves to judge for all time what parts of Islwyn's poetry is to be kept as literary treasure and what is to be condemned as literary dross. These gentlemen must kindly forgive me for my utter inability to perform a task of that kind. Islwyn might have condemned some of his own writings to oblivion; so might Shakespeare or Wordsworth have done. But I did not feel called upon to sit in judgment on the works of a man whose ideas are, to me, all inspiring, all with a refining, sanctifying influence.

For American Welshmen who can not read Welsh, the *Cambrian* must be a great boon. It looks very attractive, and paper, type, and illustrations are a credit to the publisher,—T. J. Griffith, 131, Genesee St., Utica. But its contents are too scrappy. Would it not be well to translate for it some of the leading articles of the *Drych*, the property, I believe, of the same publisher? Those articles are very often,—indeed generally,—very powerfully written and full of sturdy common sense. Another hint,—when articles are copied from other periodicals, would it not be graceful to acknowledge whence they are taken? I notice that, in almost every number, articles are appropriated from WALES,—articles for which I have paid,—without my consent and without a word of acknowledgement. Or, if this can not be conceded, the *Cambrian* should haul the red dragon down and run up the skull and cross bones.

The third number of the *Public Library Journal*, the very valuable quarterly magazine of the Cardiff and Penarth free public libraries, contains an article on "The Poetry of Matthew Arnold" by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, M.A.; and an article on "The Study of Social Science" by Professor J. S. Mackenzie, M.A. The "Notes and News" and the list of new books are invaluable to Cardiffians.

The title of the *Welsh Educationist*, a monthly magazine issued in connection with the Pupil Teachers' Central Association, Porth, is to be changed into the more appropriate title of *The Welsh Pupil Teacher*. Among other interesting things there is the substance of an address contributed by the Chief Inspector, Mr. A. G. Legard. In one place Mr. Legard seems to hint that the education of a pupil teacher is much too narrow; and we know it is, too often, a process of cramming the mind with useless dates and facts, and not an attempt at developing power of observation and thought. "Have a wholesome distrust," Mr. Legard told the Newport pupil teachers, "of mere text-books, mere compilations of facts to be committed to memory one day and forgotten the next. Try rather to make your own note books serve as text books."

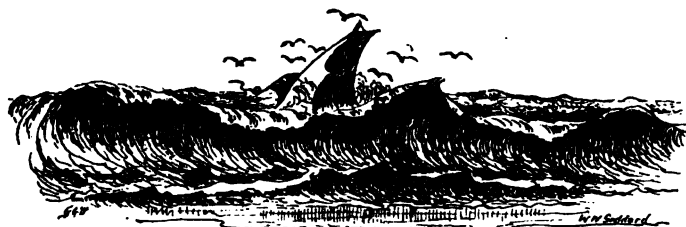
The Rev. John Davies, of Bont Ddu, will, I believe, soon make public a discovery he has made regarding the authorship of some of the pamphlets written against Welsh Methodism at the end of last century and at the beginning of this. Mr. Davies is an authority on early and late Puritan literature. His articles on John Penry in the *Traethodydd* make many wonder why he does not write more.

The current number of *Heddyw* is practically an outline of the history of Wales during the present reign.

The last issue of the transactions of the Cymmrodorion is quite interesting. Students will welcome Mr. Seeböhm's address on the Cymric tribal system and Professor Kuno Meyer's on "Early Relations between Gael Brython" on account of their very suggestive character. Mr. R. Arthur Roberts supplies a few very valuable "contemporary statements" about Cymru Fu; and the economic history of Wales, so sadly neglected on all sides, finds a beginning in this number in Mr. Tom Parry's paper on "The Development of the Agricultural Resources of Wales."

The Calvinistic Methodists are now a publishing company as well as a religious body. It is to be hoped that the money gained will not be given to any cause that ought to be supported by voluntary effort,—this would be to take away one means of grace. Let the surplus be applied to the publication of scarce religious books,—there are dozens that ought to be published,—this would be a real boon to the Methodist community and to the outside world. Men like the Rev. Owen Jones, B.A., Mr. Edward Griffiths of Dolgellau, or the Rev. Evan Jones of Carnarvon, would, I am sure prepare a list of books to be so published.

The last number of the *University College of Wales Magazine* is exceedingly interesting from cover to cover. It contains a portrait of and short article on Lord Rendel. To Lord Rendel's energy, foresight, and generosity Welsh education owes a very great part of the success with which it has now been crowned.



A WELSH STUDENT'S LETTER.

By O. W. GRIFFITH, University College, Bangor.

SEVEN years ago,—to be exact, on the twentieth of June, 1890,—I and one of my schoolfellows were taking a ramble over the lovely pebble shore of Criccieth Bay. Whilst strolling aimlessly along, I suddenly stopped by a heap of waste paper which had attracted my attention. From the midst of the bits of paper, I picked up a letter, dated March 14th, 1843. The date was in itself sufficient to excite one's curiosity, and so the letter was read and kept. All attempts to find its owner having proved fruitless, it was put by, and for a time forgotten. Some weeks ago, in searching for some other papers, this letter turned up, and on reading it, its contents seemed to me to be full of interest,—more so than when I first found it. Here is a copy of this strange find,—

EDINBURGH, *March 14th, 1843.*

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIES,

I have again very long delayed writing to you. When I wrote the last scribble I verily thought that I should be enabled within two or three days to take up my pen and communicate to you some important news of which my head was at the time very full. But on a sudden we were called to more than ordinary work in connection with the classes, and my hands have been very fully occupied ever since; indeed it is almost by stealth that I now write to you. However I can delay no longer, else it will be incumbent upon me to seek some other face before I can meet you.

I suppose you deem the church question the most important that I can in connection with Scotland touch upon. You have no doubt seen in the public papers an account of their doings in Parliament regarding it. It is all over now with the non-intrusionists. Indeed they expected nothing else. I am quite sure that they are rather astonished that seventy six voted for them. Their application to the legislature was nothing but what they considered as a part of their duty before leaving the establishment, and they did it,

as I heard it several times from the mouths of Drs. Candlish, Cunningham, etc., without any hopes of being successful. I presume that you, like myself, are glad of the result. I would not for anything that it had been otherwise. Had the Government yielded to their cry it would have been disheartening indeed. As it is, there can be no doubt that it will do more towards the downfall of establishments than anything that has occurred since the secession of the 2000 from the Church of England on the black day, as they called it, of St. Bartholomew. It will tell more in twenty years on this question than all the speeches and pamphlets and books of dissenters would have done in a hundred. There is no doubt, as Mr. Edwards expressed himself in a letter to me some time ago, that "the present movement in Scotland is one of the most important things going on on the face of the whole earth." Some years to come it will form one of the most important and interesting chapters in the whole of ecclesiastical history. It is no common thing to see five hundred ministers making such sacrifices for the truth as is about to be exhibited in Scotland. They have begun in earnest to prepare for the disruption which is now inevitable. Chiefly by the instrumentality of Dr. Chalmers, and upon a plan recommended by him, associations are forming in every parish for the purpose of collecting a general fund for the building of new churches, the maintenance of the ministry, and the support of a Theological Institution. The money is collected in the form of donations and weekly, monthly, or annual subscriptions. The donations are chiefly for the purpose of building new churches, and the subscriptions for the permanent support of the ministers. From this general fund all the ministers will be equally paid, making due allowance for the greater expenses necessarily incurred by those who live in towns. This does not supersede some extra congregational contributions,

perfectly voluntary, from the wealthier classes for their own ministers. At the same time the great force will go to the general fund. They are beginning nobly. I insert a few of the contributions. Anonymous per Rev. Dr. Gordon, £1000; a lady per Dr. Candlish, £500; a dissenter per Dr. Candlish, £500; Miss Elizabeth Macdougall, Makerston, annually £200; C. M. Christie, Esq., donation £300, annually £200; Mr. Dunlop, advocate, donation £50, annually one fifth of his income; F. Brown Douglas, Esq., advocate, donation £500, annually £500; Rev. Dr. Chalmers, £200; Rev. Mr. Buchanan, £100; Rev. Dr. Makerlar, 100; Sir David Brewster, donation £20, annually £10. There are several others giving their hundreds in donations and annual subscriptions, but I will try to get the subscription list and send it you. The congregation of Dr. Gordon had itself contributed upwards of £4000 some weeks ago, and I suppose it is nearly double by this time.

Dr. Chalmers enters into the subject like himself. By writing and speaking and contributing and travelling he makes manifest to all that his whole soul is in the work, and his influence is incalculable. I never knew a man possessing half his influence, and he gives it all on the side of truth. I think for my own part that Chalmers would have been rather disappointed had the result of their application to the legislature been otherwise than it is. I heard him twice addressing congregations on the duty of the people of Scotland in the present crisis,—one was the Tradesmen's Association, the other a congregation of ladies,—admission each time by tickets. We got in each time without tickets on our Welsh score. He spoke each time upwards of two hours. But he was not quite so warm either of these times as he was in the commission of the General Assembly. The question was one more of details and calculations. Still he has succeeded in stirring them up to efforts that will if carried to the same extent throughout the country more than compensate for the loss of the temporalities of the church.

I do not know whether you have heard

Chalmers speak or not. If not it is not very easy for you to form any correct idea of him as a speaker. I think he has more fire in him than any speaker I have ever heard; more even than Elias. He has not that force of delivery and self possession which so peculiarly characterized Elias; but Elias never burnt so intensely. Mr. Roberts of Amlwch in some of his moods comes nearest to Chalmers of all the Welsh. Conceive Mr. Roberts continuing for an hour or more in the same strain as you have often heard him for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and you will have a picture before your mind not very unlike Chalmers addressing the assembly or its commission or any popular meeting of his countrymen on the church question.

It is very evident that the non-intrusion principle is the triumphant one throughout Scotland, and nothing can be more ludicrous than the blunders into which some of the speakers in Parliament fell into regarding the Scotch feeling on the question. It triumphs throughout all the universities. The election of Mr. Fox Maule Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, was a decisive proof of the triumph of non-intrusion principles there,—and, wonders never cease,—Dr. Chalmers was last week, by a large majority of the students, elected Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews. Though all the professors, and Dr. Cook in their number, were against him, the students would have no other,—and Dr. Cook himself was obliged to move that the Rev. Dr. Chalmers be declared Lord Rector, the validity of his election to be afterwards contested. Such a disposition among the young men augurs well for the future evangelism of Scotland.

I am so taken up with this church question that I can hardly turn to anything else. I should however give you some account of what we are doing in the classes. However, as it is rather late and my time so short, I will confine myself to Dr. Chalmers. He has been chiefly occupied this session,—after a lengthened recapitulation of the lectures of the last session on natural theology and the evidences of Christianity,—with the subject of human depravity,—man's guilt and

corruption,—original and actual. He is now lecturing on the remedy,—the doctrine of the atonement,—its nature, reality, and extent,—imputed righteousness, and sanctification. This will finish the lectures of this session. I need not say that his lectures are all excellent. Some of them are extraordinary. While lecturing on original sin hardly a day passes without his passing some eulogy on Jonathan Edwards. He praises him more than some would praise Christ. Calvin's, Pictet's, and Turretine's are the three bodies of divinity he recommends. He would not advise the student to meddle with any other, or at least until he has made himself a good master of these three, especially Turretine. He speaks respectfully of Dwight, and very highly of Dr. Williams. He ranks Dr. Williams with Leibnitz, though their manner was essentially different,—the one a pious and profound divine, the other a high-toned academic. Andrew Fuller is very often mentioned by him with great respect, and his writings always highly recommended. But of all authors it is quite evident that Jonathan Edwards stands highest in his estimation. On one point alone he differs from Edwards as well as from Calvin.

Unfortunately the rest of the letter is

missing, and hence the name of its author is unknown. It appears to have been written by a Calvinistic Methodist preacher, who was a theological student at the University of Edinburgh, in 1843. It cannot be the late Dr. Lewis Edwards, for he had left some time previously, and the late Principal D. Charles Davies only entered Edinburgh in 1847, according to his recently published biography, by the Rev. E. Wynn Parry. Perhaps some of the readers of WALES may be able to throw some light on its authorship. Great interest attaches to it, because it was written at such a critical time in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland; and also because of the vivid way in which the "church question" is treated in it. The description of the style of Dr. Chalmers as a preacher may be compared with that given by Dr. Edwards in his essay on "Chalmers ac Irving" (*Traethodau Llenyddol*), which reads thus,—“Gradually he asserted his power over the congregation, his soul looked through his eyes, when his head rose, at the end of a sentence, now and again; and before he concluded, the whole of his audience was, like a machine, completely under his control, to do as he wished with it. As far as we can judge, in his voice and in his attitude and style, he resembled Rowlands of Llangeitho.”

GWENDOLINE.

I PLUCKED a flower for my sweet maid,
And decked her bonny brow;
A tender blossom, soon 'twould fade,
I plucked it in my garden glade
Where blossoms the moss rose now,—
“A sweeter flower I've never seen,”
Said little modest Gwendoline.

I brought her dewy violets rare,
I knew she loved them well,
I wove them with her sunny hair,
But why I chose to place them there
I really cannot tell;
And yet I think it must have been
Because it pleased my Gwendoline.

She was herself a rose-bud fair,
The sweetest in the glen;
A tender bloom that did declare
Its form too frail life's storms to bear,—
They called her “Fairy Gwen.”

Merthyr.

But oh! to me she e'er has been,
My fond, my winsome Gwendoline.

The bees their humming songs restrained,
The earth was clad with snow;
And mournfully the birds complained
To sighing winds, that nought remained
But winter's gloom and snow;
And angels came one night unseen,
And bade me mourn for Gwendoline.

And every warbler in the dell,
And every flow'et seen,
Recalls some tale I've heard her tell,
Some word,—and oh! that last “farewell”
From gentle Gwendoline.
And as I watch the stars above
In all their gloried sheen;
I wonder which is my sweet love,
My waiting Gwendoline;
The brightest star that shines serene,
Methinks, is my sweet Gwendoline.

JESSE TAYLOR.

THE MYSTERIES OF PEMBROKESHIRE ETYMOLOGY.

BY SILAS DAVIES.



RECENT number of WALES contained a short, but an interesting and suggestive, article on the "People of North Pembrokeshire," in which the writer, Mr. Arthur Wade Evans, endeavoured to show, with some ingenuity, that they

contained a strong element of a Teutonic extraction, notwithstanding the sharp racial distinction which separates them from their southern neighbours. He draws this conclusion chiefly from the "prevalence of English names in the heart of a Welsh district," which indicates that at one time these foreign settlements must have been far more extensive than at present, and of which the surviving Teutonic names are only relics that, by some peculiar circumstances, escaped being wiped out under the pressure of Welsh influence. I should not like to assert there is nothing in this view of the matter, but still, the extremely mixed nature of Pembrokeshire place-names, especially in the south, is so peculiar, and admittedly difficult, that deductive speculations are often more fanciful than true.

A true solution of the history of this interesting subject, I feel fully convinced, can only be developed on inductive lines, and in order to form a trustworthy basis there must be extensive and accurate local investigation. The intricacy and peculiarity of the history of this county find a curious reflex, not only in its existing varieties of race-characteristics, but also in its general nomenclature, which is equally intricate and apparently unaccountable.

The existence of foreign names in the heart of a Welsh district may, with a little investigation, be fairly accounted for, and I shall endeavour to show, in another article, if you will allow me, that they are confined to certain well defined limits.

But a more difficult problem, and perhaps a more interesting one, is the existence of Welsh place-names in such large numbers in certain districts on the southern extremity of "Little England."

Let us take for instance the South Peninsula, or the Hundred of Castlemartin, which included the old English Palatinate of Pembroke. The coast line of this district from Tenby to Milford Haven is almost one continuous promontory broken only by a few small bays. And on the north side it is bounded, for a distance of about eighteen miles, or about three fourths of its length, by the Milford Haven.

Now considering that the latter was not only the *rendezvous*, but also the chief base of operations, during the early invasions of the Norsemen, who succeeded in establishing and extending their settlements in the vicinity of its shores, and also when later it became the central position successively of the Norman and English power and anglicising influence, one would naturally expect to find every trace of the native population wiped out in the one sided struggle for supremacy. In the Hundred of Roose, or more properly Rhos, on the north, or Haverfordwest, side of the Haven, this is actually the case, or nearly so. I shall refer later to a few exceptions, but on the whole the ascendancy of the foreigner is almost as complete as in an ordinary district in England; that is, as far as its topographical character is concerned, especially. I make this qualification, not because its older population is less distinctively English than its place-names warrant, but because of recent years there has been a large and increasing migration of Welshmen to the south from north Pembrokeshire, or in the words of the report of the Land Commission,—“the Welsh people are gradually and peacefully reconquering south Pembrokeshire.”

But to return to Pembroke, the very centre of foreign influence and the capital of the Castlemartin Hundred, we find that out of eighteen country parishes into which it is divided,—leaving out the

Pembroke parishes, namely, St. Mary's, St. Michael's, and Monkton,—we find nine, or fifty per cent still preserve the names given by the older race, and considering the circumstances, very little corrupted, in fact, not more so than is often the case in a purely Welsh district. The English parish names are,—Angle, or Nangle, Castlemartin, Cheriton, Bosheston, Cosheston, Hodgeston, Nash, with Upton, St. Florence,—whose old name was "Tregyor,"—and Warren. The Welsh parish names are,—Pwllcrochan, Rhoscrowther, St. Petron, Lamphy, Penally, Manorbier, St. Twynalls, Carew, and Redberth.

This per centage of parish names represents very approximately the per centage of all the other old place-names of the district; and perhaps the most remarkable fact is that many of these names are still preserved in a pure, or almost pure state,—such for instance as, Pen y Wen, Coed y Melyn, Trellyn,—though the latter is now corrupted to Trefloynne.

But perhaps one of the most curious and striking examples of native tenacity in this respect is represented in the parishes of Rhoscrowther and Pwllcrochan. The two parishes are adjacent to each other, and form an area as peculiar and unique in its romantic history as place-names present. They are situated on, and form a secondary peninsula, the north side of which is projected, as a high promontory, into the Milford Haven, and lies between Pembroke and the Harbour's Mouth. It is bounded on the east by Pennar Mouth, and on the west by Angle Bay. From the summit of the promontory, or as it is locally called the "Ridgeway,"—not the Pembroke and Tenby "Ridgeway,"—may be obtained a most commanding and beautiful view of the Harbour and its surroundings. Towards the south it descends into a broad and fertile valley, which connects the two bays above mentioned, and then rises again to another high parallel ridge which separates the peninsular pair of parishes from those of Monkton, Castlemartin, and Angle adjoining.

Notwithstanding its situation, it is one of the most isolated and sequestered corners of the county. It has not only a most

ancient appearance, but its very atmosphere seems instinct with the spirits of departed greatness and activity. Now, little remains but the ruins of former prosperity, with its place-names and traditions which suggest an almost exclusively Celtic population. There exist still the remains of four manor houses, formerly the homes of Welsh nobles of influence. These are Pennar Manor House (west), Henllan, Iestyn-ton, or "Iseston" as it is locally pronounced, and Kilpaiston. Pennar is now a farm house, and so is Kilpaiston. Iestyn-ton was the home of Iestyn, grandson of Howel Dda, and was named after him. According to Fenton it afterwards fell into the hands of the Norman Sir Stephen Perrot, who married a female descendant of this family. The existing remains, which overlook Angle Bay, show it to have been a strongly fortified mansion of the castellated order, and a place of importance. Henllan, near Pwllcrochan church, now almost in total ruins, was also a mansion of considerable importance. This house, on the same authority, was occupied for many successive generations by a genuine Welsh family from the princely line of Gwynfardd Dyved until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it fell to one of the Whites of Tenby, who married a daughter of Jenkin ap Einion, to whom this property belonged.

Pwllcrochan church, adjoining Henllan, is an object of considerable interest, owing to the many discussions which the peculiarity of its name has often occasioned, and of its being the scene of a sharp encounter between the Royalists and Parliamentarians during the Civil War.

Among the other names of Welsh extraction, more or less corrupted, are Neath, Cwm, Hoplass, Sawdern, Maenorcae, or Manorka, Lambeth, Morston, Pwllwell, etc. There are also in this small district, whose area does not exceed about four or five square miles, as many as seven of those old earth fortifications, situated along its outskirts, so placed as to defend its weakest points from the harbour. They are all with one exception of a circular form, and are known indifferently as "raths" or "rings." The one referred to, near the old manor house of Pennar, is composed of high earth

works or ramparts, three in number, and parallel to each other in straight lines, the only form of ancient earthworks I have yet seen in Pembrokeshire, except where such a form may be sometimes seen thrown up across a coast headland, known as Cliff Castles, and these are usually in the form of arcs of circles. I may mention, by the way, that in one of these circular raths near Lambeth, on the east extremity of Pwllerochan parish, according to an old local tradition, a prince was once buried in a golden bedstead. Such legends may cause a smile of incredulity, but still there may be more truth underlying these local traditions than modern scepticism teaches us to believe. Allowing for exaggeration and embellishments, which necessarily gather around them in course of time, still, popular beliefs could hardly have obtained currency without some substantial origin. Indeed, if I remember rightly, Professor Rhys, in his *Celtic Britain*, gives an account of a very similar tradition being verified some few years ago.

But come to the main question, which is suggested by the existence of many of these old landmarks of former times, which, in the absence of more trustworthy data, feebly assist us to elicit some of the main events of those dark periods, we naturally ask what kind of history belongs to this intensely interesting and fertile peninsula, cut off by nature for the most part from the rest of Wales. Enough data remains to prove it to have gone through many historical struggles, in which the native inhabitants must have contested every inch against their powerful invaders and with considerable success, at all events until the later invasion of the Normans, and even this more powerful foe, which the fact of inter-marriage alone proves, found an opposition which they found more politic to conciliate than despise. The present existence of such a large percentage of Celtic place-names, the large number and disposition of ancient entrenchments, the peninsular position and natural fortification of the district, and the apparent strong sense of race sentiment, or *esprit de corps*, of the people,—for we find this sentiment so strong that long after the establishment

of Norman power, many of the leading Welsh families refused to conform to the prevailing fashion in anglicising their names and residences,—among whom were those of Henllan and Trellwyn previously referred to,—all this points to the probability that while the natives of most of the other portions of south Pembrokeshire were gradually driven northwards, those south of the Haven obstinately held their ground.

But there is another important corroboration of this view. That is, that where the prevailing place-names are of a distinctly foreign or English element, the prevailing family names likewise almost invariably correspond among the old families in quiet localities, where there has been little migration. Now we find in this district, not only the inevitable "Jones," etc., but the more distinctive Welsh patronymics of "Llewellyns," "Gwyns," "Cadogans," and even the historical "Cadwalladr." A family of the latter name lived at Neath in Rhoscrowther parish for several centuries, the last of whom died out about twenty years ago. Not only did their family name prove them to be true Welshmen, but it was further supported by the fact that they were well known throughout the district to be of that extremely bold and fearless nature on the male side that characterised their historical namesake. Another branch of this family, living at Tenby, were for many generations the terror of the revenue officers, as they were the leaders of the most noted bands of smugglers of the Pembrokeshire coast, which is saying a good deal. But this was at a time when smuggling was respectable, and their leaders honourable, if fearless men, that is, providing that to differ from the protectionist policy of the government be an allowable excuse.

The survival then, of such a large percentage of Celtic place-names, together with the other corroborative evidences to which I have referred, seem to prove pretty conclusively that, notwithstanding the great political changes that have taken place in Pembrokeshire since the commencement of that great struggle between the Celtic and Teutonic races, which

resulted in the "Little England" of to-day, the native population, although having now and again to give way, in some of the most assailable districts, to the constant reinforcements to a more powerful and barbarous enemy, still they must have

concentrated their forces in certain more favoured districts and successively held their ground, generation after generation, and have thus handed down those very distinctive traces which indicate the pertinacity of the race.

FROM THE WELSH OF MOELWYN.

WERE I a bee, from rose to rose
I would not stray or wander;
But on thy honey laden lips
I'd ever stay, aye, ever.

And were I, too, a silver star
On heavenly azure trembling,
Into thine eyes I'd gaze, to find
The secret of thy smiling.

Were I a rose,—upon thy breast
I would repose, contented
To lose my fragrance in thy breath,—
So sweetly, heavenly scented.

Castellnedd,

TALNANT LLEWELYN.



ABERBYDWELL COTTAGE, NEWCASTLE EMLYN,

From a photograph by J. Thomas, Cambrian Gallery.

THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

AN IDYLL; A FARCE; AND A TRAGEDY.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL,

Author of *The Jewel of Inys Galon, Battlement and Tower, For The White Rose of Arno, etc*

BOOK II: A FARCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF THE FREEHOLDER AND JACOB SHOP AGAIN.
ALSO OF JEN JACOB SHOP,—BUT NOTHING OF THE
DARK PLOT AT LAST CONCOCTED.

ON the day after Tom's visit to Huw Auctioneer, there issued from the office of the "Udgorn" a flight of flaming posters, which immediately proceeded to settle upon every likely wall and cross road post in the country side. From these various points of vantage they proclaimed to all and sundry, in flaring tones of printer's ink, that, upon a date named, there would be held, in the yard of the Red Dragon, a sale of all the stock and growing crops of Havod y Garreg, as given in the list below.

Hereupon followed a detailed description of the different lots; the barley in Cae Mawr, the oats in Cae Bach, the hay from Cae Ucha, and the roots in Cae Isa. Next came the pony by name, and the cows likewise, and to the tail of these the fowls and pigs, followed by a flock of sheep, number not stated for a reason every hill farmer understands,—“Never count mountain sheep till you mark them in the fold for sale.”

Evan Bowen early despatched one of these to his client at Mynachty and that person lost no time in riding into the town. He did not turn to the left up Stryt Glyndwrddy, however, when he reached the square, but to the right, lighting down in front of Jacob Shop's place. Throwing the rein to the eldest of the draper's olive (?) branches, he strode inside.

“What did this mean?” he demanded of Jacob at the counter, pulling forth and displaying the poster as he spoke,—“Had that unspeakable fellow got some other farm or was he going to emigrate to England or America? And what had come over his blustering and threatening that he gave in so quietly?”

His ally did not know and could tell him nothing in fact, except that Tom Hawys hardly ever came into the town now, being so fond of his wife,—(here the listener scowled,)—and so nobody could say what was in his mind.

“You must come back with me to Mynachty,

I want to talk with you about this,” said the Freeholder, striking the poster as he spoke.

“Must I? Then you had better come into the back room with me till I get my hat.”

“I'll come,” assented the Freeholder grimly.

Inside they found the wife and she sprang to the attack at once. “Here again, are you? you limb of Satan! Why don't you get married and stay at home with a wife decently, instead of coming here to entice away an honest woman's husband and leave her to toil and moil and slave all day and night alone?”

“All night?” queried the Freeholder with lifted eyebrows.

“Get out! you slanderer! or I'll scratch your two eyes out for your dirty hints!”

“I'm likely to get married, — coming here and seeing how comfortable Jacob is at home with you; it quite makes one feel lonely to look at you,” he went on.

At this she made no further flourish, but, seizing the long broom from the corner, made a rush at the visitor, shouting at the same time to her retreating spouse, — “Come back, you monster! and look after your poor wife and children——”

The banging of the door cut short the rest, for Jacob, having seized his hat under cover of his ally's fencing, had immediately hastened to get himself out into the street; whereupon the other, his purpose accomplished and the broom moving rapidly upon him, made short shift in putting the closed door betwixt himself and the threatened damage.

Making the door fast so as to delay pursuit till it should be useless, he speedily joined Jacob outside, taking the bridle rein from the urchin and preparing to walk with his companion.

The first stride was arrested by the sudden throwing open of the windows above,—“I'll teach you!” screamed the irate dame, “I'll teach you both to illtreat a poor defenceless woman, the pair of you; take that!”

But the missile fell woefully short, for, warned by his previous experience of that window's opening, the Freeholder had sprung hastily beyond range, dragging the other with him.

"Come back; you! you wretch! deserting your family and business so shamefully; come back! I'll tear your eyes out if you don't!"

Thus encouraged, the draper put on a most undignified burst of speed, which he did not slack until he was well out of hearing of his wife's shrill vituperation.

"Jacob, that's a rare wife you've got; I've something in the hall at home that would make a fine present for you to carry back and give to her," quoth the Freeholder sarcastically.

"What is that?"

"A whip of green hide; every stroke will fetch blood."

"Is that the one you intended to use on Gwen Caradoc?" responded the draper slyly.

"It is," rejoined the other grimly, "and I'm going to have use for it shortly now,—the use I meant it for!"

When they reached Mynachty the owner led the way at once into the smoking room and, unlocking a cupboard, produced the brandy bottle. From the day when he had been found in the ditch till the new year began Will Addis had lain on the broad of his back and from that till the last snow vanished he had passed the time between the arm-chair and the couch in the smoking room. With the spring he had come out and potted round and about the quarters, painfully and by the aid of a stick, until with the coming of sunshine he had waxed strong and lusty once more; able to climb up to the top of Drumbir again and count the sheep that hustled away through its gorse and heather. Yet, through it all, mindful of the doctor's injunctions; sunk deeply in when his body had no strength to rampart and keep things out of his mind, he had eschewed the fiery spirit, keeping the cupboard locked and taking honest October ale from the cellar below, as a simple yeoman should; therefore it was a portent of some moment when to-day he drew forth the half spent bottle and set out the glasses.

It must not be supposed for an instant that through all his illness and slow recovery he had ever ceased to cast about for means of bringing evil upon Havod y Garreg. But no opening presented itself. When the weakness had begun to leave his back, and his muscles to grow starker and his stride firmer, he had, half in despair, taken to going about with the loaded gun under his arm and close to his heels a savage-looking bulldog, "almost as ugly as himself," said Megan Wills, describing it. Not one of those pleasant-eyed, tail-wagging bulldogs, with a genial smile, loving to poke along the ditches with children, and thinking the world great fun; but a misanthropic

villain, the cock of whose ear plainly indicated somebody's sin in bringing him up.

This armament he had ostentatiously carried about with him in his infrequent visits to Cildeg, causing Megan Wills to call out in the passing to ask if he had not yet caught that rabbit. This was in allusion to the cause of his accident on the day of his rival's wedding, he having been moving about with cocked gun trying to get a shot at bunny when the brambles tripped him into the ditch, where the charge exploded to his damage. Everybody knows, of course, how dangerous an occupation is rabbit shooting, when the church bells are making such an irritating row over some other fellow's wedding; upsetting one's nerves and driving one to distraction. Therefore all the town laughed over saucy Megan's further congratulations upon the solid and dependable hunting and retrieving qualities of his new style of gun dog. Moreover, said she, speed counted for very little in hunting what must be a very peculiar breed of rabbits, since the gun and dog could not be doffed on entering the house, or even upon going upstairs, seeing that Will Addis, so this voracious person affirmed, climbed every night into bed all standing, boots, hat, dog and gun included.

But to all of this the Freeholder had only answered with a hearty curse, passing on surlily to explain to a select few, in the commercial room of the Red Dragon, that he had taken to this manner of moving about because he went in fear of his life,—no less!—from the threats of Tom Hawys, who had sworn to take advantage of his present weakness to attack him. Having carefully started which hypothesis upon its circle he returned to hang about behind the hedge close to the spot where he had stricken his rival down with the stone on the day of the struggle. He would like to provoke him to anger here again, from this vantage point, and then, when the fellow reached up to join fight, put the two muzzles to his two eyes and blow the top of his head off. This poor vengeance, in default of any better, would have to content him it appeared, after all, unless,—and here he would break off again, like a questing hound, over the old, well worn ground.

When, however, his strength was fully come to him again, he ceased these weak maunderings, keeping himself busy about the house and farm, resolved to be ready, like a hound in the slips, to spring off upon any line which might first show a path to the thing he so stubbornly meant. And this poster seemed now to have given him the signal. Therefore with the prospect of a near fulfilment of his dark desires he returned again to

the drink that most suited his feelings; honest ale having a repugnance for an evil stomach.

But Jacob Shop balked at the tasting. Before he drank he must have the hand shake to a bargain. If his head should get queer, as it sometimes did, he should be put to bed with a bad attack of spasms and on no account allowed to leave the house until he was driven home to-morrow, calling at Doctor Williams' on the road to secure the unimpeachability of his word and company, by way of defence upon reaching home.

To this bargain the other gave his hand, laughing grimly as he said "Of course."

As the level of the spirits in the bottle sank, however, so did the spirits in the draper's bosom rise, till with the draining of the one, the other bubbled over into a fine scorn of subterfuge. Seizing the new bottle he drew the cork himself, explaining how he meant to have some fun, when, later on, he walked home and waked up his wife about,—well! say sometime before daybreak. To which the other, nodding and smiling to the glass that was being filled, replied that he had no doubt there would be some fun.

But long before midnight even, indeed it lacked three good hours of that yet, a gig stopped on the bridge at Cildeg, and, there being nobody about just then, the driver deposited against the wall what looked like a long sack of potatoes, but which was, on the contrary, an exceedingly merry individual. This person was afflicted with an imperfectly formed tongue, to judge by the mangled utterance of a particularly scandalous song he was singing; a song which he certainly had not learnt at chapel.

This was just about the time when Jen Jacob Shop was putting up the shutters, muttering to herself the while something about going up to Mynachty and assisting those two with their business. Acting upon this idea, she went into the back room, and, having smartly spanked and shaken the one who most resembled his father, and duly threatened the remainder with dire punishment should they stir from their present uncomfortable positions of fear during her absence, she locked the front door, put the key in her pocket, and started on her errand.

By the time she arrived at the bridge the gig was no longer to the fore, but the scandalous song with shocking variations and interpolations was most aggressively so. She knew that voice at once and its burden confirmed some tales, now and again whispered in her ear by spiteful gossips, aient the doings of her husband in the days of his youth, before he became a corner stone of the chapel, and when he was still in the habit of leering at highly indignant maidens on a market

day. She recognized also, that, though his song was attended by extraneous matter, his potations had been in different case; he must have taken his brandy straight to have reached such a pitch.

She became sarcastic at once,—“Aoh, Jacob dear! you didn't mix the drink with water, but that's a fault soon mended.”

The parapet of the bridge was low and that proved a bad thing for the merry one. For, at the sound of another voice, which he seemed dimly to recognize, his song ceased, while he struggled to attain a standing posture. In the end he might have managed this much had time and his wife allowed, but, before he could come nearer than a disgraceful sprawl along the top of the wall, that good lady, seizing him by the slack of the unmentionables, heaved him into the river below.

The water just there was not over deep maybe, but it was swift as a mill race and full of boulders of various sizes,—all hard. Which was probably the reason why Jacob Shop lay with his length along it, face downward, and never a cry or struggle, while the flood gurgled over him as though he were a new boulder,—a sight which made his gentle wife break into a cold sweat of gallows fear. Not stopping to nurse this, she ran at once round the wing of the bridge wall and into the water,—which promptly swept the feet from under her and brought her down with a wallop. She caught a black eye in the feat from one of the stones, and that served immediately to dispel her fears and swell her anger. Getting furiously upon her feet she pounced upon her prostrate property and by main strength and viciousness dragged him to shore.

There she plumped him on his stomach with his head hanging low over the water, to let the new blend leak out. She thumped him in the small of the back; she bumped him between the shoulders; several times she sat suddenly down on various points of his anatomy and, finally, she increased the dose when at last a low moan from the recipient announced that he was not dead yet.

Then she gave him some for getting tipsey and some more for frightening his timid little wifey; ending all by taking a firm clutch of his red hair and thereby hauling him home, while loudly decanting to the town at large upon the perfidy of a man who first gave his wife a black eye and then tried to drown her.

All this time the Freeholder was chuckling to himself as he drove home, in imagination enjoying the greeting of his confederate by that confederate's wife. As for the plot concocted during the evening, he did not trouble himself at all upon that point, well knowing that Jacob Shop drunk was a closer villain far than Jacob Shop sober.

CHAPTER XIX.

TOM HAWYS FAST AT LAST.

AND now let us return to Tom Hawys.

When he reached home from Cildeg with the poster in his pocket he had half begun to repent of his determination to sell the stock off, but the welcome of his wife as she met him beneath the ash tree put that into the back ground at least. Like a wise wife she did not worry a hungry man with questions, but led him immediately to the neatly spread supper table and there made herself unobtrusively pleasant to his perceptions as she waited upon him, till by the time he had finished he was satisfied once more about the coming sale.

Pulling the poster from his pocket then, he gave it to her to read while he drew his chair close up to hers and watched her face. The reading of it was begun with a half caught sigh and continued in silence till she came to the names of the pony and the cattle, and then the tears came so fast she could see no further, for she loved the cows she milked and the pony she fed, as well as the place itself and everything about it. It was so hard, so bitterly hard, that herself should be the cause of all this trouble.

Here Tom, tenderly waiting, put his arm about her and drew her head down upon his breast, gently stroking her hair in vain attempt to soothe her. Catching a broken word that showed the current of her thoughts, however, he broke in upon her grief, taking her in his arms and hushing her like a child.

"Nay, wife! Nay, Gwennie; that is not it; it is no fault of yours, nor is it mine. No; it is Will Mynachty; he! and his mother that cursed me before ever I was born. They are the cause, not you. But——" Here he broke off suddenly for she lifted her head to mark his next word, looking him through with eyes full of apprehension and sorrow. She understood, and stayed her moan at once that she might try to change the current of his thoughts. They were very dear to each other that night.

Next morning, though subdued, Gwennie's happiness was not the less that Tom, taking his staff and followed by Gelert,—who knew more about sheep than two folk,—started cheerily for the uplands to note again more especially the range of each little bunch of the sheep, in order to minimise delay upon the gathering day. Then there was another day when he went down to Glwysva to settle with her brother, young Sion, about coming up to help them with the work of preparation, for everything must be so arranged as to leave as little trouble or waste of time as

possible in bringing all under the hammer. Thus it came about that on a fine morning, two days before the one appointed for the auction, the two men set out with the dogs to scour the upper ridges and drive the sheep into the great folds that lie by the bubbling bowl of Ffynnon Las. Hard work it was, and long wind it needed, but that was nothing to the work which followed when they came to separate the haul; their own from the fleeces of their neighbours. When this at last was finished and other folks' sheep scampering back to their previous ranges, the two sat down to rest awhile and give the four legged folk in the fold a chance to quiet down.

All of which left them barely time to reach home and pen their flock before night fell; another happy night for Gwennie that was.

The next day was a busy one, for the sheep in the pen were first to be marked afresh with ruddle over the old pitch marks, and then to be driven down and left overnight in a field about midway between Mynachty and the town, so that they could be taken on to the Red Dragon yard next morning at short notice.

The eye of dawn opened bright and clear, and that, taken in conjunction with the quarter in which the wind lay, warned all who might pretend to prognosticate that it would not fail to rain sometime before the day was out. Tom Hawys started early for Cildeg. The cows had been left overnight down at Glwysva, that they might come fresher to the criticism of bidders, and Sion was to take the road with them as soon as it was light enough to travel. Only the old pony remained to carry Tom; but, when it came to the pinch, he escaped that.

For Gwennie cried so sorely over him, both for himself and the cows gone yesterday, that Tom had to look the other way for a while till he could set his own face sufficiently to comfort his wife, and when at last he took his departure he could not find in his heart to mount, but led old Caro instead with one hand lying on his mane. And when he came in sight of Mynachty he showed his teeth in a grin.

By the time he reached the town the fair was crowded, and as he edged his way through he found that he had never known a tithe of his friends till to-day. Men with whom his previous acquaintance had been bounded by a nod now pressed to shake his hand and speak a cheery word. And though he said but little to each of them, yet he was something the better for their greetings, though under that again was a new stirring of his grievance against his enemy. For when men did as they were doing this morning, it showed that he was right in his feelings towards

Mynachty,—not that other men's opinions would have mattered much had they been against him.

When he reached the yard he found that that was also filled to overflowing, and from odd words and exclamations caught here and there in passing he knew that they were discussing, not alone the merits of his stock, but those of his case to boot. And that made him savage,—he wanted no man's pity.

Presently Huw Auctioneer came out and climbed into a cart. Then the sale began. The smaller lots were put up first, and the cattle and sheep last of all. But small or large, the calls were as brisk for the one as the other, and any man could see that bidding and not bargaining was the order of the day. And Tom was less pleased than ever.

It came on to rain, but the crowd, instead of lessening, seemed rather to increase as Sion drove the sheep from where they had fed overnight. In fact, for outsiders, that was one of the poorest fairs on record, the streets being totally deserted save for the few freckled boys in charge of the disconsolate cattle at which nobody remained to look.

Then the bidding for the sheep commenced, mounting with a recklessness not matched even in the forepart of the sale.

Tom went red with shame as he heard the price go up away beyond any decent value; reddening more and more with each new call till at last his distress broke forth,—

"No! no! that is too much; they are not worth it. Let them go now, Huw."

But that person, pausing with poised hammer, became laboriously polite over the interruption. He looked very earnestly over Tom's head and explained to space that somebody had made a hole in the proceedings. Now he, the speaker, was engineering this business and he should be very much obliged; extremely so, indeed; did no one interfere with him.

Upon which, Tom, unable any longer to stand it, pulled down his hat and strode into the inn.

Then fast and furious rose the price, until, five minutes later, amid laughter, shouts, and friendly jibes, the hammer fell upon the prettiest sum which that number of sheep had ever fetched in Cildeg.

"Who's got them? Name! name?" was the cry.

"Jacob Shop!"

"Jacob Shop? Jacob Shop????!!!" Phew! the silence which followed felt as wet and cold as a winter mist.

Everybody was glad that Tom was inside, and nobody was in any hurry to give him the news. Moreover, a heavier downpour just then was welcomed as an excuse for a general dispersal,

leaving only the auctioneer in the yard with Sion and the buyer.

"Terms,—cash on the fall of the hammer."

Oh yes, Jacob Shop knew all about that, and here were the notes and the sovereigns, all ready in a buckskin bag. He could buy up a great many people who thought so much of themselves; he could. All the same, his hand trembled a good deal as he untied the thong, and his face was very white as he counted out and handed over the amount.

Most of the men had stowed themselves under the roofs of the different inns by this time, there to discuss the turn of affairs along with snacks of dinner and mugs of strong ale. But before long an ominous whisper flew round,—nobody knew just the right of it, but it brought everyone into the street and down to the Dragon yard at once.

One part of the tale was only too true. By the gate, with four constables round him, stood Tom Hawys, his clenched hands and dark face showing the working of an overmastering passion.

"It is a lie!" he shouted again. "There is Sion Cradoc who helped me with them,—he knows I stole no sheep. Four score and nine we marked them at Havod y Garreg, and four score and nine Huw Auctioneer sold them. Whoever says I stole Mynachty's sheep,—lies!"

"And Jacob Shop! Jacob Shop sold me behind my back to Mynachty for money I would have given him myself,—he does well to say this now. But the Uchelwr is at the bottom of this, though he dare not show himself to back it up. I carry his mark now, but I'll put one on him when I see him that shall serve the Devil to know him by."

Yet in spite of his fierce protestations there was a very ugly case against him in the yard behind.

When Jacob Shop had paid the price, he went amongst the sheep, hustling them about in the heavy rain till the wet got deep into their fleeces and the colour of the fresh marking became blurred and washy. Soon he came across one that appeared to have been badly marked; anyhow there was very little of the new colour left on by this time, though that was not the thing which was wrong. It was the old mark showing underneath that constituted the offence, and Jacob lost no time in calling over the auctioneer to see this wonderful find.

While that person's back was bent to scan the great discovery, the finder beckoned the constables over also from the gate, and these came up and joined the scrutiny.

Then he rubbed the fleece vigorously so as to show, plain enough to swear to, the old pitch brand of Mynachty. Chiefest of all, however, he pointed to the damning evidence of the ear mark,

sufficiently like that of Havod y Garreg to pass in the flock till specially examined.

But instead of being abashed before the accuser the auctioneer was merely scornful. "Of course this was some animal strayed into the flock overnight. Eighty nine was the number announced at the beginning of the sale; therefore if they were counted now it would be seen at once that the total was complete without this one."

"Then how about the new brand on top? did that stray on overnight too?"

"Oh! that was merely a blur of colour from running amongst the others."

"Funny that the blur should light exactly over the old brand; queer, eh?"

"Not at all queer,—just luck!"

"But I know there are more than this," rapped out Jacob Shop sharply.

"Oh, you do! eh? How do you know? Put 'em there yourself? Perhaps he would kindly explain to the company the way it was done?"

"Well he had seen them——" Though why that should make his face so grey and patchy did not appear. Perhaps that was blurred from the sheep also.

But Sion Cradoc, standing beside him waiting to hand over the stock, had already arrived at an explanation of his own,—and he went for Jacob Shop out of hand.

The constables stopped that, but they were quite ready to comply with the young man's passionate demand for a recount of the flock.

Then the seven of them took it in hand.

Through a gate leading into the inner yard the sheep were driven; dogs beind and men counting as they passed. When the last had leaped through, the seven looked at each other, but it was the draper who spoke,—

"I told you so."

The auctioneer simply scoffed, and said,—

"Of course you did, Jacob. If it's a lie that's in question we can always be sure you told us. Count them again."

At the end of the second count the draper did not speak, for he saw Sion Cradoc edging round ready. A motion of the hand sent the dogs round a third time.

After that there was no longer any help for it; seven men counting three times and getting eighty nine as a result each time,—the matter required further investigation. A search,—very perfunctory on the part of all but one,—was therefore begun.

And every few minutes, with a malignant grin upon his ugly features, Jacob Shop would seize a fresh sheep; crying in a tone of triumphant malice,—“Here's another.”

Seven in all they found, each succeeding one like the first in the matter of colouring and ear-marking. There was no help for it; the duty of the constables was plain; a couple of them walked inside and arrested Tom on a charge of sheep stealing.

At first he was inclined to be offended at what he took for a bad joke, but gradually he figured it out in the faces of Sion and the auctioneer. Then he got up and walked straight into the yard. There he saw Jacob Shop, standing ready to bolt into the stable and, without a word or a glance in any other direction, he made a right line for him. That person knew better than wait,—in a twinkling he was inside and had safely fastened the door.

Thereafter the constables took their prisoner in hand, but he did not attempt to resist them. Why should he? he was innocent. Of course he would go before the justices; they need not fear his running away. He merely wanted to get hold of Jacob Shop first of all and make him tell the truth, and also to kill the Freeholder,—then he could easily prove his innocence.

And not a constable of them all so much as smiled, for they saw he was in deadly earnest.

Then, as the full signification of the accusation bit its way in, he lost calmness and began to protest his innocence. And, while he shouted in his rage, up came the Freeholder loudly proclaiming that seven sheep had been stolen from the roadside pasture of Mynachty the night before. At the sound of the new comer's voice Tom broke off abruptly, and before anyone realized his intention had flung himself upon him.

No wrestling now, but an awful clutch of the throat which bore him backward to earth as if he had been shot, and a horrible growling and hissing from between set teeth and foaming lips that betrayed the absolute fury of reckless hate.

Constables and friends at once joined in their efforts to prevent murder, but the face of the Freeholder was purple and his throat all raw and bloody half way round before the separation was effected.

When finally this was accomplished, young Cradoc, standing by, was aware of Jacob Shop beside him, he having come forth of his refuge upon hearing the voice of his confederate. Simultaneously the draper became aware of the young man's intentions and, turning, fled like a flash across the square for dear life. The door of his shop being open he just managed to make that and gain the barricade of his wife's petticoats in time to avoid disaster, for before the pursuer could shake off the virago the fugitive had double locked the inner door and, bolting out at the back,

made a line for the shelter of the bushes by the river.

And meanwhile the rain had ceased and the sun was breaking out once more.

CHAPTER XX.

"HE SHALL NEVER COME HOME AGAIN; NEVER AGAIN; NEVER!"

ALTHOUGH that Christain law which punished sheep stealing with the gallows had been repealed for some short while, still the news of the repeal had not yet percolated to the market place of Cildeg, and probably in the whole countryside not more than two men knew at all of the change in the law; those two being the rival solicitors of the place. Certainly the Freeholder did not know, or his confederate, the draper, either; else the exultation of the one and the bottomless trembling of the other would have materially abated. The former, sitting alone in the sanctum of the Red Dragon,—alone, since not even mine host would sit with him, much less outside folk,—and sipping raw brandy to assist him in recovering from the shock of his victim's rude handling, felt that he could well afford to ignore the furtive looks which had been bestowed upon him as he passed through the crowd in the passage to come at his present seat.

The other, crouching in the willows by the lapping waters of the stream, shivering with dread and turning sick with fear whenever a rustling leaf made him think someone was upon him, would gladly now have undone the work of the last twenty four hours if he could only have had it so. The price of Havod y Garreg seemed to have dwindled to a smallness that became a ghastly mockery when placed in the scale with the feelings of such a moment. Vaguely he wondered if Judas had so thought of the thirty pieces of silver; Judas of the rope later on and the bursten bowels,—should he come to that? Of one thing he was sure, should he ever, in spite of these grisly shapes of fear pointing a hundred dangers to his staring eyes, win safely to the end of this business; then he would take the price of his soul,—no! the price of Havod y Garreg he meant,—and with it in his pocket would, in the dead of night, steal away and go, ever go, till he reached America or some other land far off, where he might live his life and die and be buried so distant from the dishonoured grave of Tom Hawys that his ghost, with stern accusing front, might never find him to denounce him to the Dread Judge in the day of recompense. He was full sure of that.

Neither did Huw Auctioneer know anything of the change of law as, with keen spur and foam

flecked bridle, he rode for dear life along the eastward road to Aberalyn. He was riding to fetch Owen Bevan to the rescue of the accused man, keeping time to the slog of the hoof beats with open hearted curses upon the Freeholder; but at every stride coming unconsciously nearer to the easing of his worst fears, which the lawyer's first words were to demolish.

Nor yet did Sion Cradoc know, striding homeward at last with angry and baffled heart, but full of a shrinking from the task of breaking the news to his people, and above all, to his sister.

While, most assuredly, the man who had, accompanied by a wondering and sorrowful crowd of folk, been carried along the Stryt Glyndwrdd to the foul deformity of the jail, knew not the slightest of the change of law.

The lock of the jail groaned in rusty protest as the huge key turned upon Tom Hawys. Left alone to himself the prisoner's passion did not abate but rather burnt the fiercer. The strait proportions of the place left room for three scanty paces only, on the loophole side, through which, at regular, short intervals, a person outside might almost have felt the gleam of his eyes as he passed the narrow slit. One, two, turn, with a monotonous tramp like the pacing of a wild beast in a cage or the ruthless throb of machinery. One, two, turn, and ever and anon he would pause before the loophole and send forth with a savage cry the overflow of his wrath,—“Uchelwr! come here to me, Uchelwr!”

Then one, two, turn, would follow again till a listener must have broken away into a run, to shake off the chaining influence of that horrible tramp. Sometimes he threw himself against the massive door with a force that made even its ponderous strength rattle. Anon he would put his two hands into the loophole, back to back, and tug at the huge blocks of granite as though he would rive them apart and make a way to his enemy thus. That jail had need be strong. Hour after hour he kept up his furious movements and futile struggles, till at length sheer exhaustion supervened and he threw himself upon the bench in one corner.

He did not trouble to wonder how the seven sheep came to be in his flock, or where his own seven were gone; the Freeholder had managed that somehow, he knew well. The curse of Jen Lwyd! the shadow of the ravens of Aran! So be it! but, just as soon as he should have been tried and released, he would end Jen Lwyd's triumph for ever in the death of her son.

Yea; Jen Lwyd,—for this could not be the revenge of that other, the spirit of the long stones by Llyn Du. He had not really turned

back in the matter of his oath. He had but arranged the sale to please and comfort his wife and give himself a freer hand upon the expiration of his notice. No, this was Jen Lwyd working through the hatred of her son. Will Addis could not have done all this merely on account of Gwennie, for he must know that even if had been the last man in the world she would never have married him. It was certain that had she married any other man than Tom Hawys the Freeholder would never have troubled his mind about her. This feud between them was a bequeathed one on both sides, and the possession of Gwennie by the one had only given the other a better chance of wounding him.

And so the terrible hunger in the prisoner's mind gnawed on. For as the natural gloom of the interior of the cage deepened with the fall of evening outside, so deepened the black clouds about his soul, leaving him a willing companion to the shapes of vengeance which filled his mental vision. His whole being was concentrated upon the one idea of vengeance by the strong hand.

All through the night he sat, still as the wall beside him, and only the gleam of his eye, waxing and waning like a furnace, would have betrayed him to be alive at all had anyone been enabled to see him. The fire of his anger was eating him up.

And now, leaving him thus for awhile, let us return to the author of his present misery. The Freeholder, upon recovering from the first shock of his overthrow, at once made haste to assure himself of his victim's condition by mounting and riding towards the cell that held him. He would have come close and taunted him through the loophole but that the terrible voice from within broke forth just then, and, like the roar of a newly caged lion acting upon an unaccustomed gazer, made him shrink away in spite of his will. Moreover Humphry Constable's wife warned him off, threatening to set every woman in the street upon him if he stopped to ponder his going. He was far too astute to ignore such a threat; he went.

He had not bargained, though, for overtaking Sion Cradoc swinging homeward in so savage a humour, but since it was too late to turn back he did the next best thing and charged straight at him when that young man showed fight. As the charge was unexpected it succeeded indifferently well, seeing that the rider got past and away with nothing worse than a wealing stroke upon the thigh from a tough ashen staff, and a blow that spoilt the beauty of his right ear from a stone flung after him in derision. He was too shaky yet to light down and meet the lusty sinews of two and twenty, or to match his guilty consciousness against an honest sense of injury.

When he reached home he dismounted at once and, flinging his bridle rein over a hook by the door, strode straight for the brandy. He wasted no time with horn or tumbler but, applying the bottle to his lips, gulped down sufficient to have made another man drunk. He had need of it, he told himself, for the essay before him. Then, taking down the gun and calling to the dog to follow, he remounted and started away for Havad y Garreg.

The sun was getting down to the west by the time he reached the gate of the lower croft, where Tom had turned for a last look at his wife that morning. Something this man saw from there made him draw rein suddenly, and then, with a frown and malediction, spur his panting steed forward again. Straight on he pressed till he came before the object of his sight, Gwennie herself, seated on the bench at the foot of the ash tree. She had been there most of the day, looking always towards the thin smoke which showed the position of the town, away below yonder. Upon first seeing the new-comer she started, but after one hasty glance round resumed her composure and quietly awaited his advance.

When he drew in before her she rose, looking him squarely in the eyes as if challenging his presence, and he was none the handsomer for the changing colours that chased each other in his face, or the shiftiness of his eyes beneath that steadfast scrutiny. He cleared his throat and tried to laugh as he cast about for some new speech; all those concocted during the laborious ascent having unaccountably vanished. Desperate at length,—“Good morning, Gwennie,” he began.

She cut that short, dispensing with the remainder. “This is afternoon; not morning.”

He smiled feebly. “You always were so quick, Gwennie.”

She was impatient. “What is it? ’Twas for no good you risked your neck on Cefn Du. And speak it fair, now you are up here, or I will frighten your mare again, and this time she might fall off into the valley and send them looking for a sin-eater to eat the bread off your breast,—a dear bargain that sin-eater will have; the dearest he ever met, no matter who he be.”

The allusion to his former discomfiture rendered him savage and he opened out,—“Yes, that was a costly joke for you, Gwen Cradoc. But for that you might have been mistress at Mynachty, that you sneer so about because you missed it. Down in the rich valley and not up here on the starveling mountain would you be to-day; with a fine house instead of a pigstye place, and silk to your back and the best to your table, while, to the boot of all, you would have had a man who

can ride where he will in road or market with the best in the land, and not a man that the constables drag off to jail till the gallows be gotten ready."

She tossed it back scornfully. "'Tis a rare tale; didn't I say it would be. And now you've told it get gone while you are safe, or my husband, that will soon be here, may make you both sick and sorry."

"Ho! ho!" cried the man ferociously. "He will soon be here! he is coming home is he? I tell you, my scornful one, that harvest shall come and seed time shall pass and the leaves of the tree above you shall burst and fall, but Tom Hawys shall not come home to see it. The roof of Havod y Garreg shall be broken and this tree shall lie low; low as your own head, and then Tom Hawys shall not have come. He shall never come home again; never again! never!"

She did not attempt to answer; perhaps she could not, for he was terribly in earnest. Thinking she doubted, he quartered his horse till his own face looked to the west and once again the sinking sun showed it red and repulsive with passion. Baring his head and lifting his arms as of old he cried out,—“It is true; it shall be true; I swear it by the ravens of Aran!”

“The ravens of Aran! The ravens of Aran!” repeated Gwennie under her breath. A sudden dread seized her as the memory of the curse of Jen Lwyd,—this man’s mother,—rose up at the words. Instinctively she looked aloft and a shuddering came over her while she cried in swift fear,—“The ravens of Aran! see!”

Instant at the cry he looked up and saw the thing too, cowering in the saddle as he watched it come.

Along the ridge from the east,—exactly as Tom had noticed it evening after evening since the night of his oath,—flapped a heavy winged raven and, while the man shrank all huddled into his seat, unable to take his fascinated gaze from it, the thing began slowly to circle above his head,—once—twice—thrice. At the third time it poised itself as though about to swoop upon those below, and the sight of it filled the man with mortal fear. Was his oath to be registered again by this grim shape, and was it this time about to gash out his eye in token, as the legends of his mother had said? The last thought lashed him to defiant terror.

Rising in his stirrups he shook his clenched fist at the hovering bird and yelled aloud the challenge,—“Strike!”

Swift at the word the raven lifted and then, as the challenge came again, this time in jeering derision, flew straight into the eye of the sinking sun to reach the rocks of Aran.

Flushed with his fancied triumph he turned

again to the woman. “Do you believe it now?”

“Believe what?”—her superstitious fear giving way again before her antagonism to this man.

“That Tom Hawys will never come home.”

“If you mean my husband I tell you I do not believe it.”

“But it is true. When I left the town he was just clapt into prison for sheep stealing,—caught selling the sheep, he was. They hang men for that, Gwen Cradoc.”

“Whose sheep? your sheep?” queried the woman scornfully.

“Aha! My sheep! So you know all about it. Belike you put him up to it. If so the cage will hold the wife as well as the husband and the same gallows hang both.”

She turned away in superb disdain. “If it be only your sheep, all the valley will know you did the thing, whatever it is, yourself. My husband will soon be here if that be all.”

“You think he will, oh! But he is in for more than that. Look here!” He tore the bandages from his throat and showed the raw witness of the struggle. “Do you see those marks? that is where he tried to murder me when he was found out, and that will prove his guilt and hang him surely.”

“And that is true?” cried Gwennie, sternly.

“It is.”

“Then get you away or I will finish what my husband began.”

She sprang away as she spoke and, seizing the bill hook that leaned against the door cheek, advanced with it in so threatening a manner that the villain raised his gun.

“Stop or I’ll shoot you,” he shouted. “Put that down,” he went on as he saw her hesitate.

“I will not,” she answered, pale but resolute.

“Put that down till you hear what I have to say to you.”

She lowered the weapon. “What is that?”

“Let me come inside with you and then I can talk; not perched up here in the saddle.”

He made to dismount but she, evidently watching for an opportunity, lifted the bill hook again to advance. He saw the move and sitting back into the saddle raised the gun. “You vixen!” he shouted.

She smiled in defiance. “If you have anything to say; say it where you are; I can hear better out than indoors.”

“But a man makes love better indoors than in the saddle,” replied the man reddening.

“Love!” she cried. “Love!” The intensity of her scorn could find no words to measure it. Fear, too, for the villain’s intentions towards her—

self roused her to action. Stooping, she seized a dry turf from the pile at her feet and flung it with all her force at the Uchelwr, intending to keep him from using the gun till she could get near him. But the horse threw up his head at the motion of her arm, receiving the missile full in the eyes. Blinded by the dust he reared and plunged madly, causing his rider to catch the butt of the gun against the saddle and jar loose the hammer, sending the charge harmlessly into the air.

But before Gwennie could reach him he had called upon the dog and instantly she found her onset barred by a grinning muzzle that might well have given pause to the stoutest heart, armed only as she was.

Before she could decide upon any new line of action the man had got his horse in hand again, and now he brought it immediately in rear of the dog. The tussle had made him savage and he had lost all sense of the fitness of things,—as his next words proved.

"Now, Mistress Gwen Cradoc, you deserve a horsewhipping for the vixen you are, but instead of that I'll give you your choice. Will you have your husband hung and go to prison yourself maybe, or will you have him safe home again,—one word from me will do it either way; do you want me to save him?"

By this time Gwennie had come fully to believe that her husband was in jail, for she knew that this man would never have dared to venture up here unless he was sure of Tom's absence. And as the belief grew stronger so the trouble at her heart grew greater until now she stood in agony at the thought of her husband's jeopardy. Driven to temporizing, since thus she might learn something of benefit, she answered, as evenly as she could.

"What is your price? I know you will not do it without one."

In his eagerness he pressed closer and, leaning down, put out his hand till he touched her shoulder, at the same time hinting in a thick whisper his foul desire.

A flood of hot tears; tears of fierce shame, gushed from her eyes as she heard the words. She felt herself polluted by the slime of his desire, and a bitter rush of self loathing stung her to fury. Blazing with indignant heat she caught up her weapon again; mad to avenge the infamy of that touch by lopping off the hand that made it. Like a flash she brought the curved blade round with a sweep that made it whistle again. Well was it then for the Freeholder that his horse remembered the turf and swerved violently aside just in time to save him.

But the blow came near to being her own des-

truction for her high temper had utterly forgotten the dog, who now opened his cavernous jaws to seize her. She sprang backward in time to avoid his first snap and then, as she swung her weapon once more, resolved to fight desperately, the voice of the man came in a hurried yell to stay the ferocious beast.

For in the midst of his struggles to control his horse the villain had yet retained sufficient presence of mind to remember that, if the dog once seized the reckless woman attacking him, there would be an end to all half measures, and the thought caused him to shout the command in the nick of time.

The pause that followed became difficult, but, just when Gwennie had half resolved in despair to end it by attacking the dog, a great cry from the gate of the lower croft startled them both and they turned to find her brother coming at the top of his speed.

The horseman forgot to curse, so fast he spurred away, for he knew that a horse has little advantage over a fleet footed mountaineer in such a place. Such haste he made that he even missed remembering the dog, but pushed off, leaving the beast standing stubbornly before the insulted wife, while he bent all his own energies to keeping the devious sheep paths leading eastward to the Ffridd. He had too good a start for the young man, already blown from the stiff climb up out of the valley, to hope to catch him, but there was still a chance of his being cut off should Sion return by the way he had come and, taking horse at Glwysva, intercept him at the lower end of the trail from the Ffridd.

But as the young man hesitated, the sight of the deserted bull-dog brought him to his sister's aid. The animal, recognizing the altered situation, looked round for fresh orders and found his master's form just vanishing across the waste. This puzzled him and he frankly owned it by holding his tail at an undecided angle till, with another severe look at the two before him, he started slowly to rejoin his retreating master.

CHAPTER XXI.

ONE ASPECT OF LAW AND JUSTICE.

NOTICING now, for the first time, his sister's tears, Sion's wrath flared up afresh. "What is it, Gwennie? What did he do? What did he say? Tell me."

"He did nothing, but he said Tom was in jail for sheep stealing and that he is to be hung. Is it true,—I mean is he in the jail?"

"And did that fellow come all the way up here to taunt you with it? Did he ride up here for

that only, Gwennie?" cried her brother evading the question.

In turn she evaded his. "He said I had a hand in the sheep stealing too. But tell me, is my husband prisoned?"

"Prisoned! Oh, that's nothing; he'll be out of that in no time when the justices hear about it. Of course they'll be sorry, and when they loose him they'll put Mynachty in his place, I'll wager."

Sion's task was easy all of a sudden, nay, he almost believed his own words, they sounded so cheerful and made so light of what, a moment ago, had seemed so serious.

"But tell me how it came about; tell me all and not in such words as that,—like the swallow wings that never settle. Tell me everything; of the feet that walked and the hands that opened and shut; of the eyes that looked and the tongue that spoke, I want to know it all, every instant of it."

Thus adjured the young man made his sister sit down and then, with many an imprecation, told her the whole story, glozing over the serious parts of it till she, with clear questions, brought out what he would gladly have hidden. The tears in her eyes when she began to listen dried away at their fountain as the tale proceeded, leaving her to grow paler and paler with apprehension as each new question put to her brother elicited some more serious aspect of the case, so much moving her that, when it was ended, her lips and throat as well as her eyes were dry. Drawing her breath bravely, however, she strove to catch comfort from the sound of her own voice boldly attempting to argue away the convictions of her heart. But the voice could not continue; something in her throat stifled it and pressed it back, leaving the field clear to her heart's forebodings. In vain she attempted repeatedly to speak; she was forced to yield the endeavour and, with both hands grasping her throat, to turn away into the house, there to be alone till she could master her emotion. And her brother recognised as he stared very straight before him that this was a woman, and not any longer just his sister.

The darkness fell, finding the young man still standing by the ash tree, clumsily feeling within himself that he was not much good at comforting Tom Hawys' wife, and immensely relieved when, shortly afterwards, a light shone out from the window behind. He took that for a sign and immediately went inside. There he found his sister with her mind settled to go down to Cildeg at once and talk to her husband, and here his years of brotherly domineering came in useful and enabled him to bluntly veto the project. In her present state of health a stumble would have been dangerous, but all he said was,—

"You're not going till the moon comes up and that will be an hour or two before daybreak; therefore we'll start at dawning instead, for the odd hour won't count."

"Not go! with my husband in the prison! I

will go, and go now too. Who should cheer my husband but his wife?"

"Who should make a man miserable but his wife, you mean,—coming and crying through the loophole, with him stamping about inside because she is out in the street all night instead of under cover. What could you do for him in any case till after folk were astir in the morning? Can you tell?"

"I could wait, or rather I could find the lawyer or the justice and rouse them to loose him."

"Rouse them to hear them swear, you mean," replied Sion resolutely. "No, Gwen, you cannot go down from here to Glwysva in this darkness,—I wouldn't meet your husband for something and him to know that I let you attempt such a thing,—but I promise you I'll take you into Cildeg as soon as ever it is safe for you; and you may still your mind about the lawyer, for Huw Auctioneer rode away to fetch Owen Bevan immediately Tom was taken."

There was more of this argument, and to the like effect; there was even, on the one side, a standing with the back to the door and, on the other, an outburst of tears, but the kindly meant, if untenderly spoken, reasoning of the brother prevailed at length, and Gwennie sadly and tearfully resigned herself to waiting, with what patience she might compass, for the time when she could start to see her husband.

After supper, which both needed and the woman did not touch, they sat down by the fire to try and map out some plan of aiding Tom. All the young man's ideas centred round a wringing of the truth from their enemy by main force,—all the woman's were dominated by a beautiful faith in the justice of the law, and a trusting belief that the judges had but to see her Tom to acquit him instantly; especially when she herself should have told them how utterly preposterous such a charge was. Yes, who knew! they might even put Will Addis in prison instead.

So impatient was she to test her theory, that eventually, since she had not even attempted to sleep and he had not dared to do so, Sion yielded so far, upon finding that the moon rose unclouded, as to allow the start to be made at an hour which would bring them into the town by cock-crow, provided they took horse from Glwysva.

Everything was quiet when they crossed the bridge into Cildeg save when, now and again, some rousing chanticleer greeted the opening of the eye of day. Right on they kept till they reached the place where the prison stood, that Gwennie might go in at once and speak with her husband to the settling of her plans before the town was astir. Here her ideal of the law and things legal received its first blow, for Humphry Constable was walking up and down outside to stop all persons approaching. Apparently the object of the law was to prevent people proving their innocence.

It would appear that the night before, long after dark, Will Mynachty had ridden in to apprise his lawyer of an intended rescue of the prisoner, which some wild fellows from beyond the Carnedd,

headed by Sion Cradoc, were to accomplish before morning. He was not what might be called very drunk, because he was the Freeholder of Mynachty and not a common labourer, but he was extremely argumentative. Therefore to please him and gratify an old grudge of his own against the constable, Evan Bowen had gone down to scare that functionary into keeping guard all night; at the same time prohibiting all intercourse of any kind between the prisoner and anyone soever. Hence his presence and speech.

"No! no! you must not speak to him now; he is but newly gone to sleep from being awake all night, too. Plans! why sure, is not Owen Bevan to see to him after breakfast, and then he'll soon be out; oh yes, for certain."

Gwennie wrung her hands and implored in vain, but her brother was nothing loth to see her project fail, since that might bring her to believe in his own.

Therefore he joined at once in gently forcing her across the road to the house where old Humphry's kind hearted wife would be only too glad to take care of her.

Meanwhile the sound of her pleading had reached the prisoner, penetrating the stupor into which he had fallen. At first the tones brought no meaning, only a vague remembrance of something having to do with the long ago. Then gradually his benumbed faculties returned and he awoke to a recognition of his wife's voice. Just as he did so he heard also the closing bang of a clumsily shut door, and springing to the loophole he called aloud upon her,—

"Gwennie! Gwennie!"

Too late, only the silence of the street mocked him. Turning to the door he flung himself in futile energy upon that, the answering dull rattle making him grind his teeth in impotent wrath.

Then back again to the loophole, thrusting his open hand through it till the thicker muscles of the forearm stuck fast in the narrow slit, leaving his outspread fingers to clutch the empty air.

"Gwennie!" Gwennie!" he called again and again, until at last his voice reached the ears that were deaf to the well meant arguments of the three beside her, and she cried,—“Let me go! don't you hear? that is my husband calling my name. He wants me. Let me go to him.”

The agonized wail of entreaty touched the warm heart of the constable's wife, making her turn traitor at once. Throwing open the door behind to let her pass out,—“Yes, indeed! and she shall go, Humphry Constable, and you, young graceless, out of the way there,—don't come near me or I'll set my ten nails in your face. Out!”

Almost before her new ally had ceased speaking Gwennie was clasping that hand stretched forth into the dim dawn, kissing it and caressing it with a thousand endearing terms. There was no one but Tom to hear her, for Sarah had simply locked the door upon the two men inside and, leaning with her back against it, defied them both.

“Och! you needn't tell me, Humphry Constable. The law won't be any the worse off because a wife speaks to her husband through a hole in a wall. Soft words won't turn rusty locks or maybe I'd

keep you here till the moorcock in that cage was whistling to the rocks of Cefn Du.”

And while that stalwart champion kept such bold front, Gwennie was weeping over the hand in hers; all thought of plans forgotten for the nonce, while she blamed herself from every side and point of view as the cause of all this misery. Tom, hearing all this and trying vainly to combat each new self accusation of his wife's, kept strenuously on with his refutations, always half a justification of her behind, and always compelled to break off before he could reach the crux of his contention in order to front the new self blame from her lips. Of what use? he got into a fantastic despair and began to use blunt assertions,—“It is not so.” “Wrong.” “Wrong again entirely.” “I tell you,”—here he could stand it no longer and fell back once more upon the old authority.

“Stop wife! stop Gwennie! If you go on like that I'll go away.”

The threat took effect,—how was she to remember just then that three strides was the farthest he could “go away.” Of course it meant anywhere, at least somewhere where she couldn't hold his hand. She became submissive, dropping her tears between inarticulate sobs upon those fingers, so torn and lacerated from contact with the prison walls in the paroxysms of yester evening. Then he spoke again, kindly and tender of her as in the old days, or these last few.

“You are weary, wife, with journeying in from home, and for lack of sleep. You must not tarry there as you are now. What will be the good of my coming out of this prison if I am to find you dead. You must go and get something to eat and lie down afterwards to sleep—”

“But I want to talk about plans with you, Tom. I want to do it now—”

“Plans! plans! plans be—no, not that, but your health is of more account than plans, and I'm not going to talk about plans till you are rested. Then you can go to Owen Bevan and tell him I want him to loose me,—you must go and get breakfast now.”

Here the rattling of the house door broke in upon them, for the constable, after a most undignified scuffle, had won his way out in time to catch the last injunction.

“Aye sure, Tom Hawys; and my wife has just made breakfast ready and sent me to bring Mrs. Hawys in to eat something at once.”

In truth his wife was at his elbow with a heart quick to put a face upon his fib by throwing her arms round Gwennie and fairly carrying her into the house, there to moan over her and shed a busy tear or two with her as if she had been her own child, whilst she hurried to prepare food as dainty as her humble larder might afford wherewith to tempt the sad wife's appetite.

Outside, the constable, seeing that Evan Bowen's strict injunctions had been already broken,—“as of course every rule is so soon as ever a pack of women get round it,” muttered he in his own mind,—stood inarticulate; a what-does-it-matter sort of feeling gagging his sense of obedience to law, while Tom, through the loophole, instructed Sion to go and see Huw Auctioneer and ask if any

money had been received on account of yesterday's sale. By this time it was broad day, but still it was a surprisingly short time which elapsed before the auctioneer, his heart being so much softer than his head, was trying to pass the whole amount through the slit, in utter defiance of all law and order, while old Humphry was afflicted with a new spasm of sun worship, standing with his gaze very steadfastly set upon the outline of Moel y Gaer, purple yonder to the east against the rising sun.

But Tom thrust it back, explaining,—

"No! no! give it to my wife; it is for her I wanted it. She is in the constable's house. Give it to her."

And by way of receipt the auctioneer got Gwennie's exclamations,—“How much is it? What a lot of money! Is it all for the lawyers?”

What puzzled him most, now he came to think of it, was the fact that Jacob Shop had never asked for any of his money back, which was queer, considering that he was reputed to be keen after money and was seven sheep short of the tally paid for.

So queer did it strike him as being, that, while Gwennie got permission first of all to cook a little speciality and carry it to her husband for breakfast before sitting down herself, he took Sion with him to rout out Owen Bevan and repeat what had entirely slipped his memory yesterday at Aberalyn.

That day was a woful day for Gwennie. In the first place, when, folk being now astir, she went across to the house of the solicitor, she could only grasp from the expression of his face what he meant by saying that he was sorry to find that Llysowen, whom he had hoped would have sat as the most important magistrate at Tom's examination, was laid up with a new and more ferocious attack of the gout. This meant that Mr. Clifford Brown-Rice, the bran new gentleman retired from business in Birmingham, would be very much to the fore, and ready to take revenge for sundry snubs at the hands, or lips rather, of Llysowen, by coming down heavily upon any one whom Llysowen thought kindly of,—and all the country had heard of the pair of greys and the carriage at the wedding. All the country knew, too, that the gout never took Clifford Brown-Rice; he couldn't raise a decent silment if he tried. Shop-asthma from narrow chested stooping over dusty merchandise, and stiffness of the knees from sitting on high stools, were more in his line, said folk.

Sure enough, when Tom came before him later in the day, that benignant magistrate chose his words carefully in rebuking Gwennie's pathetically eager interruption in the court room, stringing out the ugliest he could think of and bringing a flush of hot indignation to her face, and a proud rejoinder from her tongue that procured her instant expulsion. Which, as he intended, caused Tom to make matters worse, for that the prisoner most assuredly did. His words had pointed reference to the magistrate's family and descent, with unpleasant comparisons between Brown-Rice Hall and a certain dingy shop in a back street of Aberalyn, whence the Rices had originally

emigrated, to come back with a prefix which folk said, was meant to indicate the condition of anyone who had ever had dealings with them, by the time they escaped from their clutches.

Moreover Gwennie's ideal and plans together went down like ninepins when she found that she was not in any case to be allowed to testify concerning her husband, and that, too, forsooth, because he was her husband! As if that was not the more reason why she should be allowed to give evidence, since who should know more and better about a man than that man's wife? Nor did the explanation that the law wanted independent evidence at all pacify her; who should be more independent than she who had such good reason to know what manner of man the Freeholder really was?

Yet, first and last, she never mentioned the real purpose of the Freeholder's visit. Not to her brother certainly; while to the lawyer she could not; but she would tell her husband when he was free, not adding to his troubles now. Besides, she had had no chance as yet to speak to him alone. Therefore Mynachty's specially prepared explanation of that visit was not needed during his preliminary examination as he had feared, partly because Sion could only tell the very little he had seen, and partly because Gwennie, having been expelled, had no chance to put Owen Bevan on the right track.

But the rudest shock came to her when, at the conclusion of the brow-beating, she was told that her husband had been committed to take his trial at the assizes in a town away in the English marches; naturally she could not be brought to look upon this as another chance of freedom.

Tom took hardly a more hopeful view of the case; arguing it with his lawyer in this way. If the people who know a man and know all about his enemy to boot, and what sort that enemy is, cannot acquit a man, then what chance has that man coming before a foreign judge and far away from his own valley, especially since that judge, after the manner of his kind, would set weight by the word of a Freeholder,—and one, moreover, who could speak English,—such as he would utterly deny to the protestations of a rough hill-sider speaking no language but his own.

And to all Owen Bevan's explanations and attempts at recapitulations of learned arguments in favour of the present state of things, he would reply,—“Ah yes, but 'twas law folk said that, to profit by it. Now I am an honest man, eager to be tried by the folk who know me and all about the whole case; leaving out the cuckoo-bred like this thing upon the bench to-day. And why should I be forced to go before a stranger in a strange place, where nothing will be known about me but what is spoken in the witness box, with men like Evan Bowen to twist the words to a contrary meaning?”

And Owen Bevan could only go over the old arguments again, while lamenting that this unlucky attack of the gout had kept Llysowen away.

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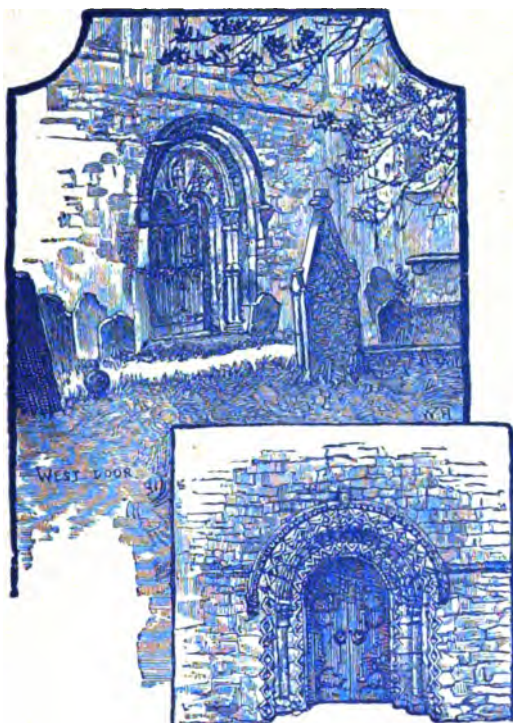
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mewn RHANAU.*

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I'WNI i anton eu hoesw i law EIN DOSBARTHWR, NEU LYFRWERTHYDD
LE— mor fuan ac i.*

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WALES.

VOL. IV.]

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

[No. 41.]

A PLEA FOR OUR CELTIC PLACE-NAMES.

By Y DDAU WYNNE, authors of "*One of the Royal Celts*," "*What the Celts are doing*," &c.



MONG the many questions relating to Cymru, discussed in these days, there is one which appears to have escaped attention, and yet it should be a subject of interest to all true lovers of their country. I refer to the Anglicization of our place-names, carried on in many cases to the entire adoption of English appellations in lieu of the dear old native ones. There are some who may consider the question of slight importance, but I would remind such that there is no more enduring monuments to a race than the names their mountains, streams, and valleys, bear through the ages. To illustrate this by one example,—the Red Indians are dying out before the white man's advance, throughout the continent of North America, but as long as the Alleghanies rear their crested peaks, as long as the Mississippi winds its stately way to the ocean, so long will the memory of a passing race remain, and the red man not be entirely forgotten in the lands that once owned his sway.

Our ancestors lived their allotted span of life, and then passed away from earth, leaving to us the sacred heritage of our mountain land, committing to our hands the perpetuation of their language, manners, and customs. How do we Cymry of the

present day requite that trust? In this nineteenth century, it is left to the antiquary alone to lament the wholesale sweeping of national place-names into the great gulf of oblivion.

During the last twenty years, three great factors have been at work undermining our language. I allude to the general introduction of railways, bringing in a flood of English settlers; to emigration, draining the land of its old race; and to Forster's Education Act, making English compulsory in the schools.

Our family names are hopelessly Normanized. Could a Cymro of the eleventh century revisit our part of the world, he would imagine by the frequent repetition of such names as Roberts, Edwards, Williams, and so on, that his beloved country had become a mere Norman province.

But our place-names! At least let us, before it is too late, unite in one general effort to retain them, and so hand down, in unbroken purity, to the generations of the future, what no less an authority than Matthew Arnold calls Celtic place-names,—*"Poems in themselves."*

Yes, history, romance, legend, is often hidden under the names that the mystical, poetic, ardent Celt has scattered like gems over the land. And these memorials to our dead forefathers should be most jealously guarded by us, if we can lay claim to George Meredith's description of the modern Cymry, when he writes,—*"Now to the Cymry and the pure Celt, the past is at their elbow continually. The past has lost neither face nor voice behind the shroud,—nor is the animate soul wanting to it. Other races forfeit*

infancy, forfeit youth and manhood, with their progression to the wisdom age may bestow. *These* have each stage always *alive*,—quick at a word, a scent, a sound, to conjure up scenes in spirit and in form."

No one dare call himself a loyal son of Cymru, as long as he is content to let the old Celtic names of the past fall into desuetude. Why should we yield up such virile, descriptive, historical names as Brycheiniog, Caergybi, Aber-pennar, Ynys Mon, etc., etc., for their tame common-place rivals,—Breconshire, Holyhead, Mountain Ash, etc., etc.

There are thousands of modern Cymry who,—to their shame be it said,—live in absolute ignorance of their mother tongue. But surely they should take enough interest in their country to join in preserving their national place-names.

And lastly, what is the proposed remedy? For in this utilitarian age, one is nothing unless one is practical. In Mrs. Alec

Tweedie's recent book,—"Through Finland in Carts,"—she says that at Helsingfors they found three languages in use,—Swedish, Finnish, and Russian being spoken on every side,—the names of the streets, and all necessary information, being displayed in three different forms of speech. When the Russian authorities prove themselves so accommodating, why should our authorities decline to gratify even what they may consider a sentimental whim?

I would suggest that our educational and patriotic societies take up the matter, and approach the postal authorities on the subject. Doubtless the Postmaster General would arrange that in future, Celtic appellations should appear beside the present Anglicised ones in the Post Office Books, when the general public would no longer be deterred from using the old native names, in correspondence, by the very present fear of incurring annoying delay in transmission, and often absolute loss.



AUNT GWEN.

By ELLEN HUGHES (*Llanengan*), Bedford.

IT was a sultry morning in August, when I awoke unrefreshed and with a heavy heart. To-day, Aunt Gwen was to be taken to the union at Porth Tawel, and the thought of this had kept me awake half the night, tormenting me like a horrible nightmare. Aunt Gwen was one of my first and best friends, and it seems to me that I had got accustomed to think of her chiefly in that capacity. Apart from this, I had known her as an obliging, neat, and respectable woman, maintaining herself by her own industry, but receiving of late years some assistance from the parish. The relief began at 1s. 6d. a week, as she grew older was advanced to 3s., and during the last months, when she had been too ill to attend upon herself, it had been raised to 4s. That her relatives were few and poor, I well knew, and yet that she should come to the union had been a

thing as remote from my anticipations as if she were the Queen of England. I hope this was not due to any carelessness on my part, and I am sure it was not due to indifference. I was young and inexperienced, and neither Aunt Gwen nor any of her acquaintances had ever hinted to me the possibility of her ending her days in the great house.

A lovable woman was Aunt Gwen, with one of the most cheerful faces that it has ever been my lot to behold. She was by no means a noisy person, nor particularly merry, but her quiet smile and the mildness of her large violet eyes seemed to me always to reflect the loveliness of a beautiful day more than all the sprightliness and wit of all the "lively" people in the world. Then she had such profound good sense and such excellent capacity of endurance, that made her of all people a

safe person to let out a little steam in her presence. And do we not strangely cling to those people who do not take us too literally, but can make allowances for our exaggerations and extremes, whose very patience even make us more ashamed of ourselves than all the rebukes and lectures of other people? Although I am not clever at reading faces, it occurs to me that the cast of her features bespoke of this quiet strength of hers. A broad brow, a somewhat prominent nose, and a firm and tender mouth,—all these in her case were not destitute of meaning. She could undoubtedly keep a secret.

I had been used to call her Aunt Gwen from childhood, first of all in imitation of Mary Thomas, who was a distant niece of hers, and retaining the practice in after life as a demonstration of fondness. She was much loved by her friends, many of whom had extended to her valuable help during her period of illness, and who could have thought, when witnessing their attentions, that Aunt Gwen should be left to go to the union after all? But there comes a time to many of us when human aid seems to fail us, and without having cause to complain of the neglect of any person in particular, the truth is forced upon us that we are alone, and must inevitably bear our own burden. There may be a silver lining to this darkest of clouds,—a very rich compensation, maybe,—but I saw nothing of the kind this day, nothing but blank despair.

This crisis in the life of Aunt Gwen had caused me to feel a profound dissatisfaction with everybody and everything, and with myself most of all. I was helpless to avert this stroke of misfortune, and my helplessness I keenly felt and resented, but the greater my resistance, the less appeared my power. Heaven forgive me, I had gone so far as to draw a miserable consolation which was worse than pain itself, from the thought that nothing was of any moment, nor worth fretting about. I suppose people are seldom very pious when they say in the face of misfortune that "it will be all the same a hundred years hence." This is generally the reckless language of despair. So also was it in my case, and the tears I had shed a fortnight

since when I thought Aunt Gwen was going to die, were veritably sweet compared to this stubborn calmness of despondency that had now taken possession of me. I told myself that we mortals have but a mere show of existence, that the show will soon be over, and then what will it matter whether the illusion has been a palace or a workhouse? Nothing mattered, as there was no reality anywhere.

And yet all the while there was such a sting in the thought that I could not visit Aunt Gwen when she had been removed to Porth Tawel, and as I had been able to do so three times a week for many months,—how sorely she would miss me. I felt as if my absence would be something wrong, even cruel, and yet it could not be helped.

It was now seven in the morning, and I was bent on going to see Aunt Gwen before once commencing the work of the day. All day long I should have to be in business, and Aunt would be at Porth Tawel ere I could be free in the evening. It would be Bank Holiday the following Monday, and it was some relief to think that I could promise to call on Aunt Gwen on that day. After all, the prospect might help to bring her through the intervening days, for are not invalids, like children, often blessed with the sustaining power of hope? Therefore, I would ignore in her presence the sad facts of her case, and try to bring her mind to a hopeful strain.

I crossed over a field, went over a stile to another field, at the other end of which was a gate that led to the road where stood the cottage of my afflicted old friend. Should I go in, or should I call at the cottage of Jane Morgan, that stood close by? Jane Morgan was one of Aunt's best friends, and she would gladly have taken her in to her own house, were it not that that little domicile was already overcrowded. There were her two lodgers and her three grand-children, the orphans of her daughter Margery, who had died of consumption at twenty seven, her husband,—who was a sailor,—being drowned a few months afterwards. Jane Morgan came to the door of her cottage as I passed, and asked me to come in. I knew that her state of mind very much resembled my

own, but there was in her face to-day a new expression, tender and pathetic, but not wholly unhappy. I divined the truth, but said not a word. After a few minutes she burst out weeping, and said huskily,—

"Well, the little creature does not need the union now."

I felt choking, and asked,—“When was it, Jane Morgan?”

To which I received the answer that Jane Morgan had sat up with her that night, and after taking her a cup of tea at five in the morning, left her an hour alone to rest and have a little sleep. At six, she went to the bedroom, and found her dead. “I felt thankful to God,” said Jane Morgan, “but it must be rather hard, must it not, when you are thankful for the death of your best friend?”

It was time for me to walk to the shop at which I was milliner, and as I walked, there came to me those sweet words with their calming influence,—“So He giveth his beloved sleep.” So,—when work is done, when the frame is exhausted, when the world is cold. So,—peacefully, gently, surrounded by tender memories and a glorious prospect.

The funeral of Aunt Gwen took place on the Bank Holiday. She was buried in a parish coffin, which all her friends and acquaintances sadly deplored, but which none was ready to prevent. Some were really unable, and others felt it would be altogether too romantic to go to the expense of buying a coffin for one that was no blood-relation of their own. As Aunt Gwen had such few connections, and had left no family behind that people were anxious to please, her funeral was anything but large, and yet a fair number accompanied her to her grave in the parish churchyard, a good proportion of that number being sincere friends that had come there from the truest motives. I am afraid that the sight of that coffin revived within me the cynical despondency of previous days. Had the deceased been a comparative stranger, I might have felt but tender commiseration, but that Aunt Gwen should be in the shabby coffin was something to make one's heart icily cold as if robbed of feeling by excess of grief. Surely this was to be “sown in weakness,”

and “sown in dishonour.” However, there was something in the last words of that prayer over the grave that seemed to have a meaning after all. “Na ad ni yn yr awr ddiweddaf, er neb rhyw boenau anghu, i syrthio oddiwrthyt.” They came like an echo of the words of St. Paul,—“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?” And somebody had had the boldness to answer, “not death.”

Jane Morgan had asked me to go from the churchyard to her cottage for a cup of tea, for she said that nothing relieved her like having somebody to talk to about Aunt Gwen, somebody that felt towards the departed as she did. After tea, she told me that she knew more of the history of Aunt Gwen than I did, and would I like to know something of her young days? Certainly I should, I replied. So Jane Morgan began,—

“I suppose you have been in the shop of Griffith Griffiths at Porth Tawel?”

She was naming a flourishing grocer in the little town. I answered that I had been in his shop many times.

“Well, I dare say you did not know that he was Aunt Gwen's sweetheart long ago?”

“No,” I had never dreamed of the possibility of such a thing, and I realised at the moment that I had not thought any man good enough for Aunt Gwen, and Griffith Griffiths began to appear very common-place to me just then.

“Well,” said Jane Morgan, “he was engaged to Aunt Gwen once. I say ‘engaged’ to be like you, young people, for when I was young nobody talked of anyone being engaged, only that they were sweethearting. We knew so very little then, you see, and had no schooling or anything to learn to speak properly. Aunt Gwen had lost her mother at fifteen, and her little brother Wil, who was at the time but five years old, was entrusted to her care by the dying mother. The boy became to Gwen the apple of her eye, and her affection was still strengthened through the death of their father, which took place five years after the mother had left them.

“When he was thirteen years of age, Wil was bound apprentice to his married brother Dick, who was a saddler at Porth Tawel. Dick's house was not much of a

home for Wil, and the poor boy begged so hard that Gwen should not give up her little cottage, that she could not find it in her heart to refuse his request. Her ambition had always been to serve as cook in a gentleman's house in one of the big towns of England,—Liverpool being first in her fancy,—but hitherto she had been hindered by home duties. Mind you, she never complained at that, nor do I think that she ever felt anything like complaining, but still young people long to get on, and so did Aunt Gwen. However, her love for Wil was far stronger than her ambition, and it was not until she was obliged that she gave up being his housekeeper. For two years she kept her little cottage, Wil coming to spend the Sunday with her as often as he could, and she working through the week at the Plas, where she did instead of third servant. However, Dick moved to Bangor, of course taking Wil with him, and now there seemed to be no object in Gwen's renting the cottage any longer. Also, at this time she was ill for a month, during which time they had found another servant at the Plas. Griffith Griffiths, who was at this time in Liverpool, and had come home for his holidays, paid special attentions to Aunt Gwen, and persuaded her to apply for a place as kitchen-maid at a house in Liverpool where his cousin was housemaid. There was not need of much persuasion, for there seemed no other course practicable. Gwen got on very well in her new situation, considering that she was a girl fresh from the country. In a few months she was promoted to the position of cook, and continued to give satisfaction to her mistress.

"Mrs. Winslow,—a very good lady she was, the widow of a colonel,—allowed the girls to receive visits from their sweethearts one evening in the week, and of all the young men Griffith Griffiths was the most constant in making his appearance. This went on for three years, and Gwen was now twenty eight. She was to be married shortly, and Griffith was going to open a little shop at Porth Tawel. In the meantime, Wil had been a year out of his apprenticeship, had made acquaintanceship with a giddy set of young men, and con-

tracted extravagant habits. Worse than all, he had begun to be fond of drink. Once he had written in great distress to his sister, and she had sent him five pounds, begging him to turn a new leaf and be a good boy, or he would break her heart. Gwen was a very poor writer, and it cost her great effort to put together a very brief letter, which was not much to look at after all. She often deplored this, for she thought that a 'sensible' letter regularly sent might be the means of keeping Wil straight.

"Gwen had given her mistress a month's notice, and was preparing what she could for her marriage, when a letter came from Dick saying that Wil had been apprehended on a charge of stealing. He had taken five pounds from his master's till to defray some debts he had incurred. He was in drink when he did it, and had been frightened by his creditors. He had a vague notion that the master would not immediately miss the five pounds, and as he would be receiving his six pound wages in another week, he could replace the five pounds in the till without any difficulty. As his creditors had been put off once or twice before, they would not promise to wait another week without his master's security, and in his dread lest his master should be made acquainted with his follies, Wil chose to run the risk of being considered a thief.

"You know that the devil will not long keep his servant's secret, and out it came about poor Wil. Gwen would gladly give her last penny to save him from prison, but it could not be done. The matter had been put in the hands of the police, and the trial must be gone through, so that there was nothing but imprisonment in store for Wil. When Gwen's month was up, she accompanied her young brother to his final trial at Carnarvon, and this occasioned a quarrel between her and Griffith Griffiths, who would not have her acknowledge her relationship with the prisoner. The wedding was postponed on this account. Gwen had now returned to this old neighbourhood of Dwyrdd, and we pressed her to stay at our house,—I was newly married then,—until the quarrel should blow over. After a while, the

intended husband began to think that a woman with such pluck was not to be lightly given up, for as he remarked to a friend, she *was* worth something. So, he came over to see her, and got her to promise to marry him on the following Christmas day.

"A fortnight before Christmas, there came a word that Wil was dying of consumption, and the authorities were going to release him on condition that some of his relatives would take care of him. Gwen never hesitated, but rented this little cottage from which she was taken to-day, and nursed Wil tenderly for the three months that he lived, for he died the following March. The anger of Griffith Griffiths now returned, and he vowed that no woman should trifle with him in that way. To tell the truth, he gave her the sack. Before Wil died, Griffith had been married to Martha Jones, Llidiart Gwyn,—the other side of Porth Tawel,—who had become sole mistress of the farm on her father's death, and was a regular woman of the world. Many people at first thought Gwen rather obstinate. For instance, I remember my own mother trying to convince her that there was no need of her taking Wil to be nursed, for that Dick's wife could do it. Gwen answered quickly, 'I shall never give Wil up, Sian Gruffydd; the Almighty has made him my brother, and mother has given him to my care. That is enough for me.'

"I never saw anybody so contrite as Wil was," Jane Morgan pursued, "all he complained about was his own wickedness, and the pain he had given to others, especially to Gwen. Of his own sufferings he said nothing. Between you and me, I felt rather vexed with some of the men at the *wylnos* for saying so much in their prayers about the 'greatest sinners.' I knew that it went to Gwen's heart to hear them, though she said nothing. But poor Wil, had he heard them, would have said that they were quite right. He was in his nineteenth year when he died," said Jane Morgan, wiping her eyes, "the old little creature."

When my hostess had finished speaking, I began to understand the strange pathos that had always taken possession of me

whenever Aunt Gwen alluded to her brother Wil. There was a depth of feeling in her heart regarding this brother, which was communicated to the hearer in a subtle way, when she only mentioned his name.

But I felt some curiosity about the way Aunt Gwen had taken her love disappointment. I had often heard and read about such disappointments blighting the lives of women, and I wanted to know if it was inevitable that they should have such an effect. So I asked Jane Morgan if she thought that Aunt Gwen in the bottom of her heart lamented over the disappointment all the rest of her life. She smiled and promptly answered,—

"Oh, dear no! I remember when Griffith Griffiths married,—it was the last day that Wil lived,—Gwen remarked to me that 'one pain killed another,' and I knew what she meant. About a year ago, I asked her if she remembered how she had said long ago that 'one pain killed another,' and told her how often I had had occasion to remember the saying in after life. 'Yes,' she said, 'God is the best doctor, and knows what is the best cure.' I knew it would not hurt her feelings then to talk about the past, so I asked her,—though I knew very well before I asked,—if she ever thought that her life would have been happier as the wife of Griffith Griffiths. 'No, indeed,' she replied, 'it was a great wrench at the time, but I never after regretted it, and much less did I regret what I had done.' After a few minutes, she said again in that humorous (*yemala*) way that she had at times,—'We must remember that Griffith Griffiths is a *gŵr mawr* now, and he would not like to be reminded that he had ever thought anything of a poor creature like me.' '*Gŵr mawr* or not,' I said, 'he never saw the day he was good enough for you, little Gwen.' And I am sure I was right for once, at anyrate."

The parish coffin did not haunt me that night. I only saw God's rainbow promising that human life should not be submerged with the deluge of vanity and failure, but that over and above apparent defeats, there is the voice of God heard by all spiritual ears, pronouncing "victory!"

THE YOUNG WELSHMAN ABROAD.

IV.—ON THE RAILROAD—THE NEW HOME.

By J. DENLEY SPENCER.



HE decorations of the railroad car are of an "elegant" order, and present a forcible contrast to the more sombre looking compartment of the railway carriages of England. The seats are located on either side of the car with a gangway running between. They are constructed so as to seat two

persons, and like the old fashioned school desk, the backs are reversible. Upholstered in crimson plush and luxuriously padded with springs, one must be excused if at the time he regards the American railroad car as the perfection of ease and comfort, and alone well worth the sorrows of crossing the Atlantic to see.

At intervals iced water is brought round by an attendant; and the news-boy who is in charge of the bookstall at the rear of the train, likewise brings before your notice books, newspapers, etc. There is no delay in waiting at roadside stations for an examination of the tickets such as the custom that obtains in England; but instead the conductor of the train comes along and examines your ticket *en route*. These tickets are curiosities in their way, and may be anything between two or three inches and a foot in length.

There is much to be said in favour of the American cars; but it is questionable whether the seclusion to be found on the trains in the old country does not, after all, appeal more strongly to the Briton.

The appearance of the country, although lying so near to the eastern sea-board, does not present so complete a picture of cultivation as you would expect to find.

Huge forests line the railroad, seemingly interminable in length, disappearing over the distant ridges, and running alongside for miles upon miles. If this is the condition of the eastern states, what must be the state of the far west, is left to conjecture.

The villages you pass on the way in the distance resemble so many show vans, a likeness suggested by the various colours with which the wooden houses have been painted. The smallest dwelling has its verandah, and here the Yankee will sit in the cool of the day, perilously perched on a rocking chair, incessantly rocking to and fro, backwards and forwards, and next to the dollar one is forced to the conclusion that the rocking chair is of greatest national importance.

The longest of railway journeys must come to an end, and perhaps none too soon you find yourself at your destination. Faces of old friends peep into the car, and before you have time to look around, you are greeted upon all sides with friendly nods and hearty shakes of the hand.

There are many present whom you remember in the heyday of school life, now grown into manhood, and bearing the marks of life's struggle on their faces. They, like others before them, left their native mountains to seek for the Eldorado which fancy pictured to exist across the Atlantic. The appearance of fresh faces from the old home must raise to their memory recollections of the past, and they are to be pardoned if for the moment they give way to feelings of unbounded pleasure.

The new home is different in many ways from the one you have left. Naturally you expected to see a change in a country lying so far away from Wales; but whatever change you find in the actual every day life of the States, you are comforted by the thought that the Welshmen abroad have retained their love for those customs which made their homes

in Wales the one place on earth the dearest to them. That love of peace which lends a halo to the old home is not absent from the new home, and one must feel that as a people the Welsh are destined to set the example to other nations in the matter of good behaviour.

A forcible contrast is presented in the young men one meets. Unfortunately we are compelled to feel that old associations, however fragrant to the memory when abroad, are obstacles to progress at home. The old country does not admit within its narrow limits an escape from the sometime questionable advantages of old associations, and as a consequence a young man of promise is often discouraged in his efforts to advance by a knowledge of what has gone before. The young Welshman abroad leaves these behind him and, guided by the examples of those around him, he flings old associations to the four winds and soars above the petty calumny of waspish tongues. Too often it happens that the son has to suffer for the sins of the father, a grandfather for that matter, and until he gets outside the radius of this social evil the brightest character is nigh discouraged and perplexed at the struggle which confronts him. But here, in America, far enough away from the evil that follows the gossip of a neighbour he finds a new life, teeming with examples of individual success, and he rises to positions in the social life of the country which at home would be denied him. This may be regarded as an uncharitable view to take of the old country; but to a very great extent it is borne out by actual experience.

On all sides you find a prosperity awaiting the young Welshman never to be looked for at home. You find him taking that part in the life of the place for which his talents are best adapted and assuming responsibilities which elsewhere would be refused him.

It is also a very gratifying feature of the Welsh home abroad to find that the love of music and the general betterment are closely associated with the daily life of the family. True, hard work awaits the

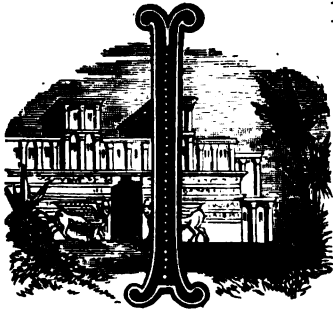
young emigrant and he must be prepared to face life's struggle unflinchingly. But amidst all the hurry and scurry of existence, the young Welshman finds time for indulging in those pastimes which are such pleasing characteristics of his countrymen. The village mill has its glee club, its reading room, the outcome of voluntary effort, its cricket and football clubs, concert rooms, and all those necessities so essential to living a life of usefulness and happiness. The eisteddfod is celebrated by annual gatherings, and it is with no small amount of wonder and regard that the Americans view the accomplishments of the young Welshmen in the matter of music. St. David's Day, too, is annually commemorated by a banquet at which all classes of Welshmen meet, and then the patriotic feelings of the assembled throng is allowed full swing. Whilst jealously careful of the proper celebration of their national institutions, they are ever ready to sympathise with the Americans on the occasion of their national holidays; and this feeling is happily reciprocated by the Americans, who take a lively interest in the gatherings of the Welshmen.

Much can be written of the doings of Welshmen in America, and great credit can be taken for what has been accomplished by them in the past. It is however always a danger to ride upon the reputation of others, and the best course the young Welshman can strike out is one that will lead him to the attainment of a position of respect and honour amongst his fellow beings, a position it can be truly said often held by the humblest on the lowermost rung of the ladder.

So long as he keeps this in view, so long as he regards life as something demanding from him the best that he has to give, towards the advancement of social purity and the bringing about of a better state of things, not valued from the monetary point, nor calculated by the passing value of an applauding crowd, he can be safely trusted with the care of his own reputation, and with the custody of the characters of those with whom he associates.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

By E. A. KILNER, author of *Four Welsh Counties, &c.*



IN the whirl of the London season, with picture galleries, concerts, balls, evening parties, and all the varied amusements that country cousins delight in, how can

superstition find a place? Yet, last night, at Mr. Roseleaf's crush, a gentleman was getting me some supper,—he was gathering it together in driblets, a piece of salmon from one place, and the mayonnaise sauce from another, and half a bun from a third. He thought at last that he had brought me *un plat complet*, but I said I must have some salt,—“Will you help me to a little please?”

“No, no; help you to salt, help you to sorrow,” replied he; and I had to help myself. Now was that not rank superstition? And he a barrister never without his spectacles, and in the long vacation the boldest of yachtmen, handling the “Storm Child” as if she were an obedient daughter,—running close under lofty headlands, or alongside treacherous sandbanks, with the boldness that comes of skill and coolheadedness.

To attempt to define superstition, to get at the *raison d'être* of what is more or less ingrained in every human being, would fill a volume; or even to trace to its source one superstitious practice, the helping to salt we will say, would fill another. So I shall content myself with narrating a few of the popular superstitions of Wales.

A land of mountains and secluded valleys, and of an excitable, emotionable, and very religious people, it is a rich field to the investigator. The hill sides are strewn with relics of remote ages,—the lonely farms in the sheltered cwms are haunted by the spirits of many generations, and nature herself in her many aspects,—

her storms, and mists, and howling winds, her charms of solitude, and moonlit nights and mysterious dawns,—is a powerful agent in keeping up in men's minds the customs of their forefathers.

Sin-eating is a very old superstition, so old that positive proof of its prevalence cannot be obtained, and some Welsh antiquarians doubt the practice. Giraldus Cambrensis, Aubrey, and several others, however, mention it circumstantially. It was this. When a person died, the sin-eater,—often a hermit or holy man,—was sent for immediately. On entering the death chamber he would, without speaking to anyone, walk straight to the side of the dead, upon whose breast a plate of bread and salt had been placed, and there repeat the Lord's prayer; and slowly, very slowly eat the bread and salt, then making the sign of the cross he would, as silently as he had entered, glide out of the room, carrying away with him the sins of the deceased. This custom seems in some way to convey the idea of the scapegoat of the Mosaic law.*

The superstition of the origin of fairies is very curious, and very poetic. In our Lord's time there lived a woman who had a great many children, and once when He was coming towards her house, she by some unaccountable impulse hid half of them behind her so that our Saviour could not see them. With a sorrowful and reproachful look He blessed the others, and passed on; and the woman, turning round, could not find those she had hidden. They had been transformed into fairies, and she never saw them again.

To this day one may sometimes see large flat stones set up at cross roads, in Wales. They were used as resting places for coffins on the way to interment, and the attendants would kneel round bareheaded, repeating aloud the Lord's prayer, and it was believed that when the coffin was lifted up a sin of the deceased was left on the stones. And of course the oftener

* Leviticus xv. 21, 22.

repeated, the better for the deceased. If the coffin had been brought in a hearse it was taken out, and I have heard of a case where the mourners, overcome either by too much grief or too much whisky, forgot to put the coffin back, and followed the empty hearse to the churchyard many miles away, and there, to the scandal of the parson, and their own astonishment, found themselves without the dead they had come to bury.

It is said that a light is seen by every true Protestant in the diocese of St. David's before his death,—and the superstition originated in a tradition that Bishop Ferrars, who was burnt at the stake at Caermarthen in Queen Mary's reign, declared, that if his doctrine was true, every believer in it should have this death warning.

To this day, in many a fisher village on the wild sea coast of Cardigan, the watchers round a death-bed will anxiously inquire of any fresh comer if the tide is at the turn. If it is, they fall a-weeping again, for they believe that as it ebbs, so will the frail hold on life in the dying person fail, and fade, and disappear with the retreating waves.

The pin wells of Pembrokeshire are very uncanny places; evil spirits dance around them, but if on Easter eve you go boldly with down cast eyes, and remembering the sins of Lent drop a pin into the still waters,—one pin for each sin,—and carefully repeat the Lord's prayer and the second verse of the fifty-first Psalm, you will be forgiven.

If it should happen to rain while a funeral is taking place, it is considered a happy omen for the deceased if the bier is wet with the dews of heaven. But this superstition is not confined to Wales, for,—

"Happy the bride that the sun shines on; and blessed the dead that the rain rains on," are common sayings in England.

The butter charm,—when churning it, and it does not work up readily,—is very curious, and translated is,—

"Come butter, come,
Come butter, come,
Peter stands at the gate,
Waiting for a buttered cake;
Come butter, come!"

I know of a farmhouse on the slopes of the Brecknock Beacons where this charm was practised not many years ago.

In Brecknockshire there was a custom of making what were called "Soul Cakes" and eating them on All Souls' Day. They were distributed with great solemnity amongst the poor, who in return would pray God to bless the next crop of wheat.

Dreams of course play an important part in the superstitions of the Welsh; but at this moment I remember but one, and that is common enough even now,—

If a girl wants to dream of the man she is designed to marry, she puts her Bible under her pillow with sixpence between the leaves of the Book of Ruth. She must never do it more than once, for if she does, and yet dreams of her lover, she will never marry him,—she will be jilted. If doing it once, she does not dream of anyone, she will be an old maid.

The study of superstitions is an extremely interesting subject; but, to quote a well known author,—“We must despair of ever reaching the fountain head of streams which have been running and increasing from the beginning of time. All we can do is to trace their course backward as far as possible on those charts that now remain of the distant countries whence they were first perceived to flow.”

URDD Y DELYN.

THE medal of the Children's Guild is now ready. Until the officers of the Guild are appointed it is to be obtained from O. M. Edwards, Llanuwchllyn, Bala. Its price is one shilling. It was designed by W. Goscombe John; its chief features are the harp and the motto of the little Guild,—“*Duw a Chymru*” (*God and Wales*). The Guild is continually gathering strength. Its organ is *Cymru'r Plant*.

THE LLYWELYN MEMORIAL.

I AM asked by the secretary,—the Rev. J. Gwynoro Davies, J.P., Barmouth,—to state that, definitely, the last day of the year is the last date for receiving subscriptions towards the Llywelyn memorial.

It is very much to be desired that a strong effort should be made within the next few months to raise enough money to enable the committee to propose a worthy form of memorial.

THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

AN IDYLL; A FARCE; AND A TRAGEDY.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL,

Author of *The Jewel of Ynys Galen, Battlement and Tower, For The White Rose of Arno, etc*

BOOK II: A FARCE.

CHAPTER XXII.

"A OES HEDDWCH?"

IN the interval betwixt the commitment and trial of Tom Hawys there fell a notable day in Cildeg, the day of the local eisteddfod. That ancient institution was just coming into favour once more about this date, and while the Sir Somethings Somebodies of Some-sorts-of-Castles; followed by Broadacres Rentroll, Esquire, and his kin were pooh-phooing everything connected with it, the hillsiders and other simple folk were dreaming strange dreams as to its possibilities. The Freeholder followed the one fashion and laughed the idea to scorn, while Gwennie, with woman-like faith, waited in pathetic eagerness to put into execution a project secretly nursed since the evening of her husband's committal at the dictum of Clifford Brown-Rice.

She would call upon the bards for justice.

From early dawn the roads up and down the vale, and along each narrow valley running into it on either hand, were thronged with folk coming into the town and heading for the market square, where the Gorsedd of the bards was to be held. Here a dense throng had gathered round the mystic circle till by the time the procession of the bards reached it the square was packed. In that crowd stood Gwennie, close to the circle, with a wild hope in her heart. To her friends she had mentioned nothing of her intentions, nor said a single word until the ceremony reached the point where the white haired archdruid, half drawing the sword from the scabbard held aloft by the bards, cried in a piercing voice,—

"A oes Heddwch?" (Is it peace).

And from the crowd a great shout answered,—

"Heddwch! Heddwch!" (Peace! Peace!)

But in one heart was no peace and before the blade could be thrust home and redrawn for a repetition of the challenge, Gwennie had broken forward into the circle to cast back the answer of the people.

"It is not peace! Draw the blade and cast the scabbard. It is not peace but oppression. Give me justice and loose my husband from the prison!"

Swift silence fell upon the astonished multitude, for not often is a Gorsedd so broken in upon. Then through the pause she let loose a flood of wild, incoherent pleading, calling upon all alike to aid in the release of her husband.

When the first shock of surprise was over, kindly hands and tender hearts bore her away, half fainting as she was, to care for and soothe her; while from the silver clarion pierced again the three peals, and from the high stone rang once more the question,—“A oes Heddwch?” to receive in answer, not the glad shout of a few minutes before, but a deep growl whose muttered tones belied the burden of “Heddwch.”

All that day the bitter drop was in the cup. First, after Gwennie was carried away, the impromptus of the bards most applauded were those that had a fang in them and sounded like the snap of a steel trap. Every once in a while a sustained effort had to be made to call silence, for men muttered so angrily to each other, and women spoke so sharply, that the hoarse hum was like to drown the harps and voices in the competitions. And when the prize was offered for the best “englyn,” in the afternoon, the subject of it was found to be the injustice of the law.

All day, too, Jacob Shop kept close in his back room, with the door between locked fast, and his wife to wait on the customers and tell them that he was gone away suddenly on business. He was only waiting for the night in order to slip away unperceived to Mynachty and the harbour of his confederate's companionship.

For he did not know that Will Addis had chosen this day above all days upon which to come in and consult his solicitor.

In the semidrunken privacy of the room, which for want of a better name we will call his study, the Uchelwr did not sufficiently appreciate the fact that this was the day of the eisteddfod. For one thing, being pretty well off for this world's gear, he did not feel any of the vague unrest, with its concomitant faith in the benefits of new dispensations, which fills the bosoms of folk who have a hard scratch for it to make a living.

Thus situated he could only be expected to

dismiss with a sneer that which he characterised as the frothing of fools,—the festival in Cildeg to wit. All the same he did not care to attract the comments of the crowd, and therefore he put off his going till the shades of evening dropped thick enough to hide him, as he thought. Naturally, with the feelings before described, he could not be expected to anticipate the extra lights which would cut up the darkness in the town this evening. And another factor he forgot to reckon with, namely, his own length.

Six foot may be common enough to pass in a crowd, but an inch or two beyond that makes a wonderful difference, especially if it acquires but little added breadth or burliness to tone it down. One cannot be the tallest man in the country-side without being easy to know; nor have a slight peculiarity of gait as the result of a gun accident without emphasizing that case. Therefore he was proportionately disconcerted to hear, just when he had passed the bridge, the voice of Megan Wills call out sarcastically across the street,—

"Good night! Uchelwr. Don't you think you'll be catching a bad cold, forgetting to put on your dog like that? And wearing no gun either! Dear! dear! Och! it's nothing less than pneumonia you'll catch."

He was just pausing to rap out something comprehensive in return when a volley of jeers warned him that folk were gathering and ready to take part against him. He started to move on again. Not too fast, but as fast as he could decently walk; and more and more disconcerted to find that, instead of passing beyond the jeerers, these seemed to have turned and to be following him. Not too fast; but with a curious pang of apprehension to find that the jeers had travelled faster than he and were gone beyond him, running along like the joy fire of infantry upon the king's birthday. Not too fast; but the clamour grew louder behind, while in front it seemed to be travelling into the bowels of the town like the train that fires a magazine. The sound behind was ominous; that reaching forward into the distance was terrible and soul shaking. He paused again, irresolute to go or return. By this, however, the street behind was full of a trampling crowd,—in front was more open than that, at any rate, and moreover the distance to his destination was very little farther than the one to be retraced. He cursed his folly for coming afoot and started forward again. But those behind him had marked his hesitation and now, emboldened by it, pressed closer to the object of their demonstration. His trepidation increased; a stone knocked his hat off,—he fairly broke and ran for it.

Then the street seemed suddenly alive with

people and the voices grew to a roar as he ran. Coming to the square, the place seemed one blaze of light, from which the sight of him brought forth a deafening yell of eager rage. A swift footed young farmer, with faith in his own sinews, rushed to intercept him as he turned into the street of his haven. But the sight of that steadied the nerves of the fugitive and, bringing his head down just at the right moment, he charged on, leaving a case for the doctor behind him.

And now stones began to hurl past him and out stretched hands to clutch at his clothing as he swept forward. He redoubled his efforts, with his eyes starting and his lungs like to burst, till, just when he felt at the last gasp and death appeared no longer to matter, he reached the house of his lawyer. Rushing through the open door and banging it behind him he heard it rattle again beneath the volley of stones intended for his head, and with a sob for breath he staggered into the hall chair while Evan Bowen shot the bolts and turned the key in its socket.

Outside, from every inn and house rushed angry men, pouring from the black throats of the narrow streets running down to the river, and converging with ever increasing roar and volume upon the common centre in front of Evan Attorney's house. As if by magic every shadow seemed to disgorge men, eager to spring loose upon the hunt.

Within three minutes every window shutter in the front of the house was splintered; only the iron bars preventing entrance, and the door itself was threatening to yield to the assaults upon it, while a band of young fellows was racing round to cut off retreat from the rear.

The man gasping upon the chair inside rose to steal away by the back door. Too late! the overlapping torrent was even now surging against the walls of the outbuildings behind.

"This way," said Evan Bowen, a dark grin upon his face as he led his client up the stairs, supporting him as he went. Reaching the landing of the second floor, a sort of a ladder way led still on to the attics above, and an ominous crash below warned the fugitive to make what speed he might in mounting.

"The attic opens on the roof; do what you can in escaping while I go down to pacify them," shouted the lawyer, his voice barely audible above the deafening din.

The other did not stop to answer; he climbed.

Before Evan Bowen could reach the foot of the stairs, the party from the rear, with axe and hammer seized from the fuel house in the yard, burst their way in, to meet, midway, the crowd thronging in from the streets in front and utterly wrecking whatever was demolishable.

"Pacify them," muttered the solicitor as he took in the scene. "I'd better move at once if I'm ever to move at all again," concluded he, as the crowd choked up the stairway in struggling to ascend. Then he caught his own name coupled with a threat, and he figured his course at once.

"In the cellar!" he cried shrilly, pointing below. "Locked himself in," he went on, imitating the turning of a key.

The stair rail went with a crash, precipitating some of the most eager upon the heads of those below, but this did not divert the attention of two or three, who, catching the solicitor's meaning from his pantomime, raised the cry at once,—*"In the cellar! he's down in the cellar; locked in!"*

The way to that was beneath the stairs, by stone steps leading from the back end of the hallway. "I'll fetch a key!" shouted Evan Bowen, retreating upward before a couple of the more determined ones, who evidently did not intend him to escape. He turned and went up, three steps at a bound, licking his lips upon each landing he gained, for the ugly look of things had dried his mouth like a hot blast. Reaching the ladder way before the foremost of those below had quite decided whether he was really gone for the keys or not, he glanced behind him in the blackness and felt his knees shake a little as he heard his own name come up the stairway after him, coupled in the same yell with that of Mynachty. No time to be lost! Already their heavy feet were groping up; he must take the attic for it with his client. Gaining it, in a snap he had barred the door and was wildly snatching together the miscellaneous lumber of the place to barricade it, while through dry mouth and shrunken lips he gasped forth a hoarse string of weak, childish curses; for a fever of sick fear had loosened all his joints and he shook from head to foot as if with palsy. His pursuers were even now pressing to burst it in, but, thanks to the lack of foothold on top of the rude steps, it would hold for some minutes yet. The skylight! but he started back from that at sight of the sea of heads below. Ha! a way of escape struck him now. The attic had originally extended the width and length of the roof, but he had had it divided by a stout oaken partition. In this had been left a door extending from roof to floor; but carrying neither latch or handle to distinguish it, and in its finished state resembling the rest of the partition exactly, saving that he had once driven a row of strong nails in its upper portion and hung thereon some odds and ends of clothing. Here was salvation.

Dashing hastily across he groped for the dusty clothes, opening the door upon the instant of touch and closing it softly behind him. Hardly

had he done so when the barricade at the entrance from the ladder was burst away and the hunters entered the room. One of them was carrying the candle that the lawyer had dropped and which the finder had lighted to show the way in the search.

"Nothing in this room," said they, turning to the open skylight after a hasty going round. The attorney on the other side of the partition wedged the point of his pocket knife into the crack of the door and, bending it sideways to keep that from moving, wondered how many men he might be able to kill with so small a blade, should they find him, and whether they would overpower him by numbers or smoke him out.

Then his heart stood still and his teeth were near to snapping off at the stumps with the compression, as he heard one at the window shout to the crowd below,—

"Did you see him go?"

Although he could not know that, till now, those in the yard had had their attention concentrated upon the lower windows, not looking up till thus challenged from aloft, yet he could hear their answer, as it rose,—

"No! is he gotten away?"

"I think not," said the one at the window loudly, disregarding those outside and speaking to his companions in the room. "He'll be somewhere in this room. Let us look closer."

Holding the candle aloft he began to examine the partition, beginning at one end and working with narrow scrutiny towards the point where the lawyer stood.

The latter, turning his eyes over his shoulders, could catch the gleam of the light flashing through the cracks of the partition as it slowly neared him on the other side. In the darkness he let out his breath in a long sigh and smiled horribly to himself,—at that rate of progression he should still have time for a couple more breaths. He drew them,—and then almost dropped his knife in alarm as his teeth, in meeting to hold the last, came together with a click that sounded in his brain pan like a musket shot. They were at the door. Very well! now should he attempt to cut the first man's throat or should he stab at his eyes, dashing out the candle at the same time? perhaps he would have more chance in the dark.

The searcher on the other side, coming to the clothes hanging, lifted them casually and allowed them to drop again, his ideas striking off at a tangent. "See what rubbish the skinflint stores up in his garrets!" he cried to the others; "we'll tear these at any rate; he shall not benefit by these." As he spoke thus he seized the garments and one by one began to jerk them from their nails and trample them underfoot.

"What was that? Ah! only the shadow! I thought the crazy old partition was coming down," said another, watching the tearing of the rags from their hold.

The man with the light looked narrowly at the speaker and then held the candle aloft as he reached up to seize one of the now unencumbered nails.

Just at that moment, however, when only an inch lay between them and murder, a splintering crash, followed by a long howl of savage delight, rose from the hall beneath,—*"They've got them!"* *"They've got them!"* came up hoarsely with the din, and one man on the head of the stairs cried out to those in the attic to hasten, for the folk had won into the cellar.

Never stopping to wonder how the attorney could have got into the cellar through that raging rabble below, the man with the candle hurried to light his companion down the ladder, following last himself; while Evan Bowen let the knife fall with a clatter from his slacked grip, as his breath escaped with a hiss through the teeth he could hardly unlock again. He leaned against the boards in the blackness of his hiding place and feebly wiped the huge drops of cold sweat from his brow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"IF THIS BE PEACE THEN—'HEDDWCH!'"

ALL this time what of the Freeholder?

When first he attained the attic, the darkness of it seemed stifling thick and he paused for an instant to wonder what next? He could not tarry here, the shouts of the mob nailed that; he must continue his moving, but whither? Remembering what his solicitor had said about the roof he groped his way forward, cursing every-time he found a rafter with his head or a box with his shins, till a grey square above him indicated the position of the skylight. Opening this by the simple process of lifting the sash bodily from its place and thrusting it aside on the slates, he leaned out and looked around. The crowd below was not yet so large as it was to become in a few moments, and its attention was still solely engaged upon the back entrance. Cautiously raising himself he passed his bulk through the opening and crouched upon his hands and knees outside. Fortunately for him a low coping ran along the edge of the roof, enabling him to steady his brain by a contemplation of its outline, showing dimly against the darkness, until he could decide upon his further movements. To stay where he was could only lead to his eventual capture, while to drop into the yard by means of any spout he might

find handy was simply out of the question. Small as that crowd was, it was yet large enough to make a dash hopeless. Moreover the stream coming round from the street in front was swiftly broadening,—that way was madness. Turning to examine the chances of escape by the roofs he found that the one upon which he was rose almost twice as high as the one immediately to the right, and the same upon the left, the only way he might have gone. He could not drop that fifteen or twenty feet without crashing through the slates and probably breaking his limbs into the bargain. But there might be a spout leading down to it from the corner of this; why not? at any rate he could as well do that as wait here to be captured.

With infinite care he slid slowly down the slates till his feet touched the coping and stayed him. Then, cautiously and scarcely daring to breathe, he wriggled his way along in the gutter, resting his body aslant upon the slates in his progress till he came to the corner. *Malediction!* the spout from there led only backwards to a huge rain cistern whose bulk loomed back a few feet below, propped as it was by great oaken baulks running up from the yard beneath. In the first breath of his disappointment he half resolved to retrace his advance and, taking his stand at the attic door, fight there for his life with whatsoever might come handiest as a weapon. They could not well come at him there with any advantage of numbers and he made no doubt whatever of holding his own against them, singly or by pairs even, in such a position. But—they might get ladders and take him in rear through the skylight with little ado; no, he must try some other plan for it.

Then he grinned with bare teeth in the gloom as he crouched, for a new idea struck him. What was to prevent him dropping down into the rain cistern and hiding in that till the crowd melted away in baffled blankness. Why not? the thing was easy of accomplishment; let him try at any rate. Remembering that his outline, even in the darkness, would be visible against the sky to the crowd beneath, he peered cautiously at the cistern under him to note its shape. Just as he thought. It appeared to be a substantial square structure of smooth slate slabs, ground and chiselled to fit, and covered over with a frame of boards having a trap door at one end for use in cleaning it out; exactly such a receptacle as may be seen any day almost anywhere in Wales. Flattening his body to the side of the house as he moved, he let himself down, with tense muscles and held breath, till his feet touched the near end of the cover. Slowly, and with strictest caution still, he found the lid of the trap and raised it. Another moment

and without the slightest splash or commotion he went down legs first into some five feet or more of chill rain water and pulled the door softly to over his head.

His insertion raised the level of the water and a danger which he never dreamed of hovered round him. For the overflow pipe sent forth a whispering trickle of water upon the heads of the throng attempting to press into the back doorway. But those adown whose backs it fell were too full of their present purpose to study the meaning of such a phenomenon,—with the rain that had not fallen for a week and the water that should have been far below the overflow level; rare detectives those,—they only swore and struggled to get from under.

Even in that hiding place the fugitive heard the wild shouts that followed upon the breaking of the cellar door. "They've got them! they've got them," swelled in one mighty roar inside and out, front and back, and while he listened he wondered.

"Who the devil have they got? Or is it a couple of ladders to reach me with; I could have sworn they were too busy to see me," he muttered to himself. The thought made him so comfortable that he lifted the lid a little and jested with the sky above. "It'll be a rare find for the man that first sticks his jib into this hole to spy me out. 'Tis the gates of the Pit will be the first thing he'll ever see, for I'll warrant I can drown them as fast as they come if the water holds out and the lid doesn't burst up."

Then the roar died down to a jeer of baffled rage and he wondered anew.

Inside the house, when the cellar was first entered, one man shouted for a light, and another behind,—the wish being father to the thought and his hopes too eager for his ears,—had taken it to mean that the fugitive was cornered and the light required to see to take him by. Therefore he took up the shout and put a tail to it.

"Bring a light! They've got him," he cried in high glee.

It was the tale of the three black crows, for another of like mind, next nearer the door, lifted the movement along.

"Bring lights! they've got them!" And at once on every hand the cry was taken up and repeated,—*"They've got them both! They've got them both!"* proving the salvation of Evan Bowen and the Freeholder alike. For it was the disappointment resulting upon the advent of lights that caused the growls and jeers which followed, and made the seekers more eager to seize upon the slightest clue or indication of the track of those disappeared, so that they led themselves astray.

The cellar extended forward and was lit, during the daytime, by a window which received light through an iron grating in the sidewalk of the street. In the turmoil outside, by stones or otherwise, this grating had been smashed, together with the window beneath, and upon sight of this somebody immediately suggested that the fugitive had gone that way. It was dark enough at times for him to have done so when the mob was at its thickest; posing as one who had fallen unaware into the hole from whence he emerged. Ask them, anyhow, if some such man had not done so?

This brought as many as could crowding to the point of inquiry in the street, and left room for those in the yard to surge into and through the house in their endeavour to learn what was going forward.

Struck by the comparative stillness, the man in the cistern peered over and looked down below. Seeing the ground beneath him temporarily deserted he took an instant resolve. Now or never was the time to make a dash for it while the way was clear. Swiftly raising himself, he dropped over the edge, clinging to it with his hands till he found with his foot the pipe communicating with the interior of the house. From this he made his way by a desperate clutch to the nearest of the upright supporting beams. It was a matter of a few seconds only to slide down this and reach the ground beneath. Once safely landed, the sense of difficulties overcome caused him to pause and look round at the house; a pause that cost him dear. For while he looked, a man from one of the windows spied him in the dimness and leaped out to seize him, shouting as he came,—*"There he is! There he is!"*

That was costly for him too, for the Freeholder, catching up a broken barrel stave, brought it down upon the fellow's pate with a force that stretched him senseless and made the nearest of his enemies draw back. Then dropping the stave he turned and sped into the darkness.

But the discovery had been made and the bruit went round like magic. Like wolves from a wood the crowd leaped out again upon the track of the fleeing one and before he had gone a hundred yards he knew by the yells behind that they were well slipped. He was running in a pasture, parallel with the road back to the bridge. Which way should he head; home? Nay, that would be the first place they would seek him. And yet he could not hope to go far afoot; he must get a horse somehow. By the short cut to Mynachty he might reach it in time, since his pursuers must go round by the road. Anyway he must try it; it was his only chance.

Here was a narrow entry to his left leading

between the houses. Quick as thought he turned along it and, emerging into the road, found that entirely deserted and had the joy of hearing the mob overshoot the mark and go howling on past where he had turned. Not for long though, for hardly had he taken one of the narrow ways leading to the river than he heard them casting about and harking back. Fear made him fleet of foot and in another instant he had gained the stream and plunged in. A moment more and he emerged dripping upon the farther shore, while his enemies, evidently at fault, dinned along over the bridge, bound for Mynachty by the road.

With the start he had and the advantage of the short cut he reached his house just in time. There upon the steps he found Jacob Shop, pale and gasping, his knees knocking together, praying and whining by turns in his terror as the hoarse roar of the oncoming rabble swelled nearer. Greeting the miserable wretch with an oath that made him jump and yell out with new fear, he called to him to follow as he dashed down to the stables where, luckily, someone had left a lighted lantern hanging between the stalls to greet him as he burst through the door. With feverish speed he saddled the black, bidding the other take the brown mare and, only stopping to seize a whip from the wall, led out and mounted. Hardly were they clear before the shouts of the pack betrayed it to have reached half way along the lane from the road to the house.

"This way! Keep close to me," cried the Freeholder sharply, passing as he spoke through an open gate and leading across the great field into the darkness. Warily pressing on, the leader's knowledge of his own lands standing him in stead this hour of need, they passed through a gap in the next hedge and through a gate in the one beyond that. Still another field and gate, and then they found themselves in a farm lane leading to the ford and the highroad south of the town, where they could laugh at all pursuit.

Behind them, the mob had reached the house and learnt from the terrified servants that their master had gone down to the stables. Instantly the human flood engulfed the farm quarters, only to find the saddle horses gone and to hear from the surly ploughman that their quarry had escaped.

Furious at being thus baffled they surged about tentatively for a minute or two and then someone made back for the house. This man had not said anything, but a couple of others stood irresolute till he had moved some yards and then they followed. Half a dozen did the same by these, and next, as if moved by one impulse, like a rolling tide upon the shore the whole mass moved after them.

In a trice the furniture and fittings of the house were wrecked as cleanly as if gunpowder had been used, and a huge bonfire was kindled in front to consume the splinters. The glare of the fire cast a lurid gleam upon the faces of the inner sea of folk while it threw fitful shadows upon those behind. Something in that glare working in the brains of one or two on the outer edge of the circle, suggested a greater thing, and they stole cautiously away again towards the farm buildings, unobserved by the many.

A minute later and the shadows behind were suddenly borne backwards and dispersed. What was that? the faces nearest turned to see. Oho! a long thin tongue of flame was shooting up the side of one of the ricks.

A sudden silence fell over all, broken only by the crackling of the old blaze and the hissing of the new, and men stood still while one might count a score. Slowly the flame broadened and increased, leaping higher and wider, catching from rick to rick and barn to building. Then at last, when it was seen that the fire was fairly caught, one mighty din of delight went up that told of ferocious satisfaction with the sight.

And southward, beyond the town, the sudden glare that lit the sky above and the grey road beneath made the fugitives turn half round in the saddle, and drew from one of them such a torrent of wild blasphemy as made the other put up his hands to stop his ears.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PREPARING FOR THE TRIAL.

IT was the day before the opening of the trial, and in the assize town were gathered most of the persons concerned in this history. At the largest inn of the place, that trio of gentry, Will Addis, Jacob Shop, and Evan Bowen, had taken up their quarters pending the conclusion of their business, and just now they were going over, for the last time, the plan of proceedings and the line of evidence for the morrow.

Since the day of his flight the Freeholder of Mynachty had gone about in a more ferocious mood than ever, and indeed the loss of substance resulting from that night's work might well have soured a temper sweeter than his had ever been reckoned. Fortunately for him, the harvest being a late one, the year's crops had not suffered beyond an odd stack or two of hay, but all the remnant of last year's was gone in company with the outbuildings and the great barns; as also most of the gear necessary for the working of the farm. In addition to all this the wrecking

of the house came into the account, and when the whole was totalled it worked out to something enough to stagger the sufferer. Especially when, to the boot of that total, Evan Bowen's little bill had to be looked at and the smooth voice listened to in which he deprecatingly commiserated with the other upon its formidable bottom line, remarking in conclusion, with eyes that first looked archly from under lifted brows and then glittered suggestively beneath half closed lids,—“And indeed, my dear Mynachty, you really deserve to have the pleasure of seeing your friend Hawys hung, after the sum you are like to pay in trying for it.”

Now this new bill was one the Uchelwr had not thought of at all heretofore and when it was presented first, an hour or two ago, his earliest thought was to tell its presenter that he would see *him* hung first before he paid it. A moment's reflection, however, aided by a few hints from the attorney, convinced him to the contrary. In the first place he could not get back the money spent so far in the hunting of Tom Hawys, and neither could he recover all that the mob had destroyed. The only possible set off to either must come in the form of revenge, and for the obtaining of that he was now in the power of this “rascally lawyer,” as he termed the solicitor to himself. Therefore he must perforce accept this new item, adding it to the heavy score against Tom Hawys, and being the more unsparing in his efforts at revenge.

For it must be understood that, since finding the punishment of hanging had been abolished so far as it applied to the crime of sheepstealing, he had regarded his second effort as a rather greater failure than the first. The judge might give sentence of fourteen or twenty years and then there was the possibility of the fellow's dying before its expiration; whereas he had reckoned of late, and since his own illness, upon first bringing him to the gallows, and afterwards his wife to something worse. Moreover, looking back at his visit to Havod y Garreg upon the day of Tom's arrest, he had been very uneasy. “He *must* have been drunk,” he said to himself bitterly, to have so jeopardised his case as to give Gwennie such a damning tale to relate against him, and he only wondered that it had not gone abroad yet. He could not understand the woman's feeling in such a matter.

Nevertheless he had prepared a very pretty explanation of that visit, even to the rehearsing of the virtuous indignation with which, in the witness box, he would burst forth to refute the wife's story when once its full significance should have been borne in upon his incredulous innocence. After

the first lesson anent the notice to quit he had taken as his motto,—“Thorough.”

But after paying the bill with as good a grace as might be,—and mentally deciding during the operation that Jacob Shop should bear the loss,—Evan Bowen almost reconciled him to the parting by detailing the beautiful lift which the story of the riot, properly put, would give to the evidence on their side. The times were pretty shaky in England itself, where the judge came from, and agriculture was suffering from a labour spasm induced by a demagogue attack. These were the days of Rebecca and Rebecca had done this. What could be plainer, or easier of proof, than that this wrecking and burning was the result of the influence of this tenant farmer Hawys, who had been so often heard inveighing against the powers of landlords? Why, it proved itself! First there came the matter of his having refused to quit when his original notice expired,—here the attorney looked very straight at his hearer, who, in turn, nodded vigorously,—and then, his natural bias to revolutionary doctrines having by that miscarriage of justice been enhanced and exaggerated, he immediately became more violent than ever against the landlords. Of course his own landlord would naturally be the most immediate object of his machinations and when, recognizing that the law would enforce this second notice, he had arranged to bring his own stock to the hammer, he had taken the opportunity and attempted to gratify his constitutional hatred by stealing some of that landlord's sheep and selling them as his own.

There again, by the way, he had doubtless only sold his own stock in order that with the gold safely in his pocket,—and thus easily portable,—he might in a more unfettered manner resist eviction when the time came, or, pushing that resistance to extremity, be less encumbered in flying from the consequences of it. Thereafter, upon his own arrest and incarceration, the result of his pernicious doctrines came at once to the front, when the believers in his theories met together in great numbers, using the folly of an eisteddfod as an excuse, and speedily brought their fermenting to bursting forth into all manner of excess; including an eagerness, providentially defeated, to commit murder.

For a full minute after this enchanting work of art had been unfolded the Freeholder sat in contemplative admiration of the other. Then his commentary came out in whole souled simplicity,—

“Well—I—will—be—d—d!”

The solicitor nodded.

“Shake hands,” went on the other, holding out his palm, “I thought Jacob Shop was the hand-

somest liar I ever heard, but he can't pick out the words for you to put together even. After that, shake!"

They shook. Evan Bowen felt a touch of professional pride in this tribute to his legal skill. Moreover, since that cycle of nightmare spent behind his attic partition he had a personal feeling in the matter of the man in jail.

Then Jacob Shop was brought in and no sooner was the thing explained to him than he at once volunteered many details of Tom Hawys' topsyturvy teachings, with several of the texts upon which he had expounded,—and they all laughed gleefully as the evidence accumulated. Next Reuben Ploughman was sent for. He had a soul that felt keenly when a fellow creature got into a fix, you could see it plainly from the twinkle of his eye, and he supplemented what Jacob Shop knew with various veracities which he didn't know,—and altogether they were getting on swimmingly.

Afterwards came Siencyn Bach, who had a limp in his off leg and a scar across the knee cap to assist his natural benevolence. He feathered out the tale beautifully, reading it in the eyes of the others, with a hint here and there to prompt him when his memory failed him. The fun was become fast and furious, for the two last seemed to take to it like ducks to water. In fact, quite as if they had been brothers to Shop or the Freeholder,—or even sons to Evan Bowen.

Megan Wills must have foreseen this moment when, long ago, she explained to the master of Mynachty that his roof covered the essence of all the villainy in four cantrevs.

It was the old proverb, "like master, like man."

So pleased was the Freeholder with it all, and especially with the happy thought of robbing Peter to pay Paul,—that is to say, cheating Jacob Shop, who would not dare to kick, in order to use the money which should have paid for Havod y Garreg in paying the lawyer,—that he ordered a dinner for the whole of them, with copious appetizers to prepare the way and copious digestives to follow. They made a merry party; and a merry evening they spent of it.

That same day, Owen Bevan, who, with his company, had taken up quarters at the inn which showed most pretence of rivalling the Freeholder's, managed, before the day had worn to noon, to procure for Gwennie an interview with her husband in the jail, such an interview as is accorded by law and ranks scantily better than none. The expectancy of the visitor and the visited, and the realization that staggers both, need not here be dilated upon; suffice it to say that the presence of the warder alone would have prevented Gwennie making that communication to

which she had looked forward, namely, the story of Mynachty's visit to the Havod. When the heartsickening abortion of an interview reached its time limit and she was forced to leave, her misery was extreme. Outside her mother awaited her, together with the wife of Owen Bevan, and it needed the tenderest attentions of both to get her safely back to the inn again.

Pleading the illness which was no stereotyped fiction she retired at once to her room and, locking herself in, gave the rein to her misery and wretchedness. But even through that she was haunted by the feeling that somehow her husband ought to know what had occurred. And yet, how was she to communicate with him after this failure? In the midst of her dilemma the lawyer interrupted her tortures by sending for her to come down; he wished to satisfy himself upon some points of the case and to put a few unimportant questions.

Something in her bearing struck him as peculiar as he asked her if there were anything she would like to add, or any new knowledge she wished to impart concerning the case. "Is it about Mynachty?" he concluded kindly.

"Yes, it is; but I can't tell you. I wanted to tell my husband but I couldn't get the chance,—it's about that day he came up to Havod y Garreg," she answered bursting into tears.

The lawyer did not waste time but slipped out at once to find his wife. She was in the next room. "Wife," said he, "will you just go in to Tom's wife and ask her what it is that is troubling her? Be gentle; I think it is something we ought to know to-morrow."

"As if I should be anything but gentle with her!" returned that good lady scornfully as she swept out to obey.

Thus, she being as kind of heart as her husband, it was not long till Gwennie had told over to her,—with many a pause and many a hesitance, her cheeks aflame the while and her lips alternately curling and quivering in indignation or hurt shame,—the tale of Mynachty's foul proposal.

What the lawyer's wife said was both hot and strong and there was plenty of it. But she was prompt also to see the importance of putting her husband into possession of the facts at once. Therefore, leaving Gwennie again alone, she returned to the next room without loss of time to recapitulate the facts she had just heard.

His comment upon it all cannot be set down. But having relieved himself his next move was to despatch his wife to ask a question or two of Gwennie elucidative of the story and, getting the answer, to jot down the whole on paper; together with a suggestion or two as to the

line of cross-examination to be followed to-morrow in court. This done, he took his hat and writing materials, reached for his stick, and departed prisonwards for his final interview with the accused man; preparatory to a brief colloquy with counsel by himself retained for that man's benefit.

A solicitor's interview with his client is a much more satisfactory affair than that of a friend or relative with the same man, so far as the real ends of both are concerned.

But when this solicitor was ushered into his client's cell he was very thankful, in view of what he had to impart to its inmate, to note the thickness of the doors and the stoutness of its bolts and locks, which might be trusted to prevent Tom from attempting murder upon the prison staff with a view to clearing the way to his enemy outside. Nevertheless he required to clear his throat and cough a good many times before he could bring himself to the point. Then of a sudden the thing struck him in a new light and he smacked his palm with his clenched fist and gave vent to a round oath of delight.

The way was easy.

"Tom! We've fairly won at last. We've heard to-day the thing that puts the extinguisher completely upon their schemes."

The prisoner, however, did not seem to rise at this promising asseveration. On the night first after his commitment he had slipped straight into the Place Below; revelling grimly in rebellion against all things in heaven and earth. But, with the physical as well as mental reaction which of necessity followed, the knowledge of his innocence came to the front, influencing him as such a knowledge does influence men whose ignorance imagines that justice and the law are of near kin and have common aims. With each new day this returning confidence had strengthened till he had ceased to doubt his ultimate acquittal, and had come to spending the daylight in plotting his revenge and the darkness in dreaming of it. Therefore he showed no emotion at hearing the lawyer's words and merely answered them with a languid,—"Ah! So?"

The lawyer felt a cold shock, but he set to work at once to try to pump up enthusiasm in the prisoner. He dilated upon the triumph of that thrilling moment to-morrow, when, a breathless court hanging upon counsel's words, one single little question should utterly shatter Mynachty's case. He pictured the rage of the Freehoder; the fear of Jacob Shop, and he double pictured and fairly gloated over the furious mortification of Evan Bowen.

Still the prisoner remained as unsympathetic as before, and with a sinking spirit the speaker plunged

on. He detailed the stern censure of the judge and struck each note on the way down till he even gave the pompous and proper scorn with which the usher and his fellows would wither the defeated ones.

And the prisoner listened and said again,—

"Ah! So!"

In desperation the lawyer became sarcastic.

"I suppose it wouldn't interest you to know what that question is?"

"What is it?"

"It is," replied the other with emphasis, and rising to mimic in voice and manner the counsel who was to put it on the morrow,—*"It is. And now Mr. Addis, will you kindly tell the court what proposal you made to Mrs. Hawys when you climbed up to Havod y Garreg an hour or two after her husband's arrest?"*

But he was sorry almost before he had half finished and still more so when the prisoner said, in a whisper more distinct than a shout,—*"Go on—the proposal?"*

"All right Tom; it's nothing much; sit down Tom—"

The man came a step nearer. "Never mind the extra words, Owen; give me the plain devil's truth of it."

The lawyer sat down feebly and the prisoner stood over him till he quite realized what the thing was which the other was saying.

Then he stood up and translated the lawyer's vague, palliative descriptives into their naked meaning and the half dozen words or so which he used made the listener shrink from their raw edges,—they cut in like sword strokes. For the next few minutes one of the two sat and held his breath or drew it in catches while he watched the dark fire of the other's eyes and noted the terrible grip of the lips over the shut teeth, with the stationary frame that seemed to quiver in the tenseness of its rigidity. Then, with a sigh of relief, he followed him with his eyes as he moved in sudden stride to come under the barred window-slit, where the western sun struggled dimly in,—the sun that belonged to the freedom that lay outside those walls; the freedom which only was lacking for the swift avenging of this deadly dishonour. So terrible was this new hurt to the caged man and so just did he conceive his anger that he turned from the pagan gods of the mountains to the great God over all and, clutching the bars before him with a grip that made his hands white, he prayed to the eye of the sun.

"Oh God! God of the scales! loose me from these four walls. Let me be free just once and long enough and I will welcome any punishment with which thereafter Thou mayest afflict me. Grant me but this, Almighty God! but this!"

It seemed as though he were awaiting some answering sign, so still he leaned by the bars and so steadfastly he looked out. So still and steadfast that Owen Bevan felt grateful for the clang of the turnkey's step along the corridor outside and the sliding of the little eye wicket in the door as he looked in.

"All right! I shall soon be finished now," he cried to the face at the door with as unconcerned a voice as he could command.

The speech roused the prisoner and he turned, just as the wicket closed and the one outside moved away. "Is there anything more, Owen?" he said in a tired tone.

"I think not," returned the solicitor, not reminding Tom that this thing was the point upon which he chiefly relied to win their case. A few generalities about the procedure of to-morrow followed and then, with a foreboding which he could not outwrestle, Owen Bevan took his departure, shaking hands with the man he left as if, in the words of his own after soliloquy, he had been shaking hands with one dying.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE "TRIAL!"

THE court house wherein the trial was to take place was a very good model of what such a place ought not to be. Low, stuffy, dark and ancient; it was a fit precursor of the prison to which so many poor mortals came by way of its portals. The bench room itself was hardly large enough to accommodate the indispensable representatives of the law, much less spectators. Nevertheless the kind offices of Owen Bevan sufficed to procure for Gwennie a seat in one corner, whence she might catch a glimpse of her husband as he stood in the dock. For this was the day of the trial and in spite of the feeling of illness, so strong since yesterday, she made shift to attend. One disadvantage which hitherto had not occurred either to her husband or to herself in its full strength, lay in the fact that they were Welsh and spoke Welsh only. For successive governments, out of the prodigal wealth of their wisdom, always follow the law of Henry VIII. and appoint that legal and other official proceedings in Wales shall be not only conducted in English, but by Englishmen for the more part; in which respect the western land is so much worse off than a conquered and subject country of to-day. Had it consisted of a mile square island in mid-ocean, with a population of some hundred or two of niggers,—cannibals for choice,—owning a collective wardrobe of as many suits of shark tooth tattooing, with an old top hat in addition by way of regalia

for the chief; then every official whose duties took him within sight of it would be required to pass a stiff examination in their language and about a dozen allied dialects to boot. So with some God-forsaken, forest-shut-valley in the Himalayan foothills, or fever stricken swamp of the African coast; but not for Wales.

True, some hundreds of years ago, it was provided that an interpreter should attend all trials, and pocket his fees for the cumbersome help of his tongue. And apparently that provision exhausted the sagacity of Londonbury in relation to the point.

To resume. When the prisoner was led in, Owen Bevan was struck by the change in his appearance since yesterday, but he put it down to lack of sleep consequent upon the news then imparted. Soon the case began and Thomas Jones was called upon to plead.

That preliminary being in English of course he did not understand a word of it, but he looked keenly from one to the other as though he would catch the meaning of what was said in men's faces. It was the name of Jones that put him on the alert for, since his appearance before Clifford Brown-Rice, Esq., at Cildeg, he had never forgotten that his name was not Tom Hawys but Thomas Jones; though that was no comfort to him.

Then the eminent barrister retained for the defence leaned across and spoke to Tom. He forgot, however his instructions to the effect that his client understood no English, and was therefore proportionately taken aback by the answering "Yes Sir" which, to fit the observation, ought to have been "No Sir!" For the prisoner, fearing that he was to be tried and sentenced with nothing said on his behalf, came out with the words he had heard most often in prison when one official answered another. Thereupon Owen Bevan, ignoring all rule and decorum in his consternation, cried out an explanation in Welsh, which Tom promptly answered,—for which crime the judge made a note against him, while at the same time making some few remarks to the unlucky solicitor which had the result of convincing that gentleman that he should be much happier dead.

By this time the eminent barrister remembered and began to explain, but the judge was properly severe upon him as one who lent himself to a reprehensible attempt to hoodwink the bench.

"He (the judge) did not believe Welsh people in court when they avowed their inability to speak the English language.* He had come to the con-

* These words were used in a Welsh court by an eminent English judge about the time this story was first written—since 1890. And this does not allude to the latest exhibitions of the same spirit.

clusion that it was generally a deliberate attempt to delay the proceedings and befog the court. Now this prisoner could speak English quite well enough for all practical purposes, as witness his answer when spoken to by his counsel. Therefore this case would be continued in English."

The attempted interference of the solicitor, who talked rapidly to counsel, only confirmed this decision, and accordingly when, after the usual preliminaries, the first witness was called, it was in English,—

"Mr. William Addis!"

But here disaster very nearly attended the use of the superior tongue, for the Freeholder had not heard his English name often enough to remember it at all times, and it was only by the assistance of the very vigorous context, which a moment of delay extracted from the official, that he woke up to the fact of who he was.

Once safely in the box however, he managed to deliver himself of a very pretty story, and one which evidently pleased the judge immensely. But when he stepped down he was very careful not to look towards the dock.

Then Jacob Shop was called, but he knew his own name well,—it was just the sort of knowledge which a mean, dirty little sniveller like him would have at his finger's ends,—and he stepped forward with an alacrity which quite disgusted the caller, leaving as he did, no chance for vituperation, and reducing him to simply saying that if every man had his due it would be the dock he'd be in, and not the box he was so eager to reach for the purpose of swearing a man's life away. And the obvious randomness of the speech did not prevent the draper from turning grey and half drawing back, till he saw that the door was opening and the official was damning him unconcernedly. He pulled himself together and marched.

This witness' acquaintance with the English tongue was much less extensive than that of the former. Still, by the help of counsel and the benignity of the judge he got through at last in passable fashion.

Neither did he look towards the dock as he went; though the prisoner seemed to regard him only with contempt.

Thereafter followed Reuben Ploughman, so cited verbally, and, to the tail of him, Siencyn Bach, ditto. These required an interpreter naturally, pronounced the judge, with condescending blandness, since it was not to be expected that persons in their station of life would possess an English education. Therefore,—and immediately the thing was done.

Following these came Huw Auctioneer, subpoenaed by the prosecution to prove the sale, and

his English, though it smacked of fair and market, and was more inclined to be forcible than polite, was yet good enough to make counsel nervous. Notwithstanding which, he did not please the judge at all; being evidently too firm a believer in the prisoner's innocence, and more than hinting his suspicions of the preceding witnesses.

The statements of the constables having been taken, the evidence for the prosecution closed,—evidence of which the prisoner had only understood that portion tendered by the third and fourth witnesses, apparently believed by him to be two sudden lunatics. A very diverting and proper trial so far,—for such a case.

There was only one witness of any importance for the defence, Sion Cradoc, and he made a mess of it at once by requiring the services of the court interpreter from the start. The judge very rightly took it that he was being defied after what he had said at the opening of the case,—Reuben Ploughman and Siencyn Bach not counting apparently; being labourers as against this young man's position as the son of a tenant farmer!—and his very natural anger grew all the greater when it was found that no amount of skill could extract the faintest indication of acquaintance with English from this witness. Such a man was, *prima facie*, a rogue, and there could be no shadow of a doubt that his story was a wicked perjury from beginning to end.

Moreover, as soon as it was finished, the judge came down at once upon the gentleman for the prosecution. "How was it, he should really like to know, that this witness had not been indicted as a partner in the crime?"

This question put such a new complexion upon the case as threw the whole court into confusion, during which a hint from Owen Bevan, and a little show of officiousness, put Sion in the way of slipping out of the hands of those nearest to him, and showing a clean pair of heels to the fat usher and constable who would have detained him.

By the time the argument was settled the cause of it was beyond immediate pursuit and therefore counsel stood up to cross-examine the witnesses. That is to say, counsel for the defence did so; counsel for the prosecution having none to operate upon.

The cross-examining counsel was in possession of the whole history of the facts bearing upon the case, from the day Tom first overtook Gwennie on the road to market, down to the time of speaking. He came very near upsetting the Freeholder right on the start. Was in not a fact that he, William Addis, had been caught by the prisoner insulting the beautiful girl with whom he was in love,—and whom, in fact, he afterwards married,—and that

he, Addis again, thereupon attacked him and, after getting the worst of the encounter, did he not, in a most contemptible and cowardly manner, come behind the prisoner with a great stone and, in attempting therewith to commit murder, cause the scar now visible upon the forehead of the aforesaid prisoner?

The witness turned green, but his eminent counsel was a hawk and promptly covered his client by an objection. He had been expecting to hear that ridiculous and unfounded calumny brought forward,—a tissue of lies,—a farrago of absurdities,—and he must most strongly object to such a thing being brought in; this was a case of sheep-stealing not of wife-stealing.

The judge here interposed. "Could counsel for the defence bring any witnesses to prove this new story?"

"No! because the only witness was now the wife of the prisoner."

"And as such is barred from giving evidence. Really, Mr. Curliwig, I must caution you against the course you are pursuing. A very pretty story truly,—very! I must certainly uphold the objection." He was most sarcastic.

Counsel got very low in the mouth at this, and perhaps did not make so good a fight of it for the rest of the case as he otherwise might have done, yet still he girded himself up towards the end for that crowning question anent the visit to Havod y Garreg.

But by this time the Freeholder had gotten himself in hand in expectation of its coming, and, encouraged by the fatherly countenance of the luminary upon the bench, he quite eclipsed all his rehearsals in the way he exploded at the bare insinuation. Upon which the lines of the mouth of the presiding genius grew very stern and he looked hard at the cross-examining counsel, while Owen Bevan swore in his throat and was glad the prisoner spoke no English, neither understood it.

Thereafter the eminent barrister sat down and in due time the judge proceeded to sum up. One could see that he intended something that should be remembered. And it was; though he sat fated to have a larger knowledge upon this point one day in the future.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"VERDICT."

THE summing up was a marvel of judicial brilliance. We give a digest of it.

"This was really a most extraordinary case; he had not often known one so much so, or one in which the point was plainer. He would not revert to the barefaced attempt to browbeat the court

with which it opened, but would merely mention that the prisoner's words in the matter of pleading could leave very little doubt in the mind of any impartial hearer.

"Now in weighing the probabilities of the case they must bear in mind that the prosecutor was a man of education,—as witness his command of the English language,—and of a high standing in the community of his native place; a freeholder of large property and long descent, while the defendant was an ignorant tenant farmer.

"The prosecutor, wishing to increase his agricultural dealings, and at the same time to benefit his country by the breeding of high class sheep, had purchased the prisoner's holding from his then landlord,—a worthy tradesman in the town, whose evidence and straightforward appearance when in the witness box must have favourably impressed them,—stipulating that the tenant was to receive notice to quit that next rent day, in order that he, the purchaser, might have clear possession in a year's time. Through a clerical error this notice had been evaded by the tenant and the evasion condoned by the new landlord, who at once dropped the eviction proceedings, not wishing to be severe in his dealings with another. Yet, in spite of this clemency, there was ample evidence to prove that the prisoner went about threatening vengeance; vengeance that should not stop short of the shedding of blood; in fact clearly pointing to murder as its goal.

"So much impressed was the prosecutor by the prisoner's carriage in this matter, that when, after a long and painful convalescence, following upon a severe and dangerous accident, he was enabled once more to get out, he felt constrained to provide for his safety by going about attended by a ferocious dog and armed with a loaded gun,—a very reprehensible practice, by the way, and one which must be discontinued for the future.

"Then there was indubitable evidence,—evidence moreover which the defence had not even endeavoured to controvert, that the prisoner, in announcing by poster the sale of his few head of stock, while giving the numbers of the cattle and the rest, carefully refrained from specifying the total of the sheep, thus clearly showing premeditation and plainly indicating the direction in which dishonesty was to be practiced.

"Next came the fact that when the prisoner was first acquainted with the charge against him, he immediately sought to assault the purchaser of the purloined animals,—none other than his former landlord,—and when that person's clever escape frustrated his nefarious design, he became extremely violent. So much so, that, while in the hands of the constables, he threatened, in the

hearing of all men, and using fanciful words in emphasizing his intent, to murder the person from whom he had stolen. Indeed, so furious did he become, that, when the prosecutor, having just discovered his loss, came unsuspectingly upon the scene to lodge an information with the police, he was at once set upon in a shockingly savage and brutal manner, so that it required the utmost efforts of the four constables, aided by the bystanders, to prevent a wanton murder.

"Counsel for the defence had dwelt upon the prisoner's assertion as to his having marked and driven down from his holding the exact number announced at the commencement of the sale, and further, had followed that up by an entirely unsupported accusation against the plaintiff of having superficially marked seven of his own sheep with the prisoner's mark and of afterwards substituting them in the dead of night for a like number of the prisoner's flock. But he might at once dismiss that most preposterous story by asking,—'why had not the seven animals abstracted been found and produced?' Surely if they existed at all outside the imagination of the defence, that existence could be traced and proved.

"And here he might pause to remark that it was a monstrous thing to abuse the privilege of court proceedings in order to accuse a gentleman of such a depth of depravity as was here implied, upon no evidence at all beyond the bare suggestion of a man in the prisoner's position.

"To resume. So far he had been dealing with the bare indications of the case; let them look now at motives. In the first place, take what had been advanced as the well-spring of it all by the defence. Had they ever heard such a lame and impotent explanation,—he would not say such a cock and bull story,—put forward under like circumstances? It was little short of scandalous for counsel to say, as had been said, that the purchase of the farm was made solely for the purposes of revenge; revenge for a cross in love, and that the first notice to quit had been a concerted attempt to do an unjust thing. What were the times coming to when they had to sit in court and listen to such assertions? But the worst feature of the whole case came last and thus,—

"When the prosecutor, after recovering from the brutal illusage sustained at the hands of the prisoner, mounted, and, in spite of his injuries, rode up to Havod in order to offer grace to the prisoner's wife, promising that if the other sheep which he had also missed were found and returned, even under cover of darkness in the same way as removed, he would forbear to prosecute her husband and would even assist him to emigrate if he so chose to avoid disgrace,—after all this it

was utterly disheartening to have his motives belied and bestial immorality imputed, such as would have disgraced the lowest scoundrel that breathed. But such an imputation overreached itself and could not but react most disastrously upon the imputers.

"Thus far the defence, and now on the other side. Here, upon comparison they could not fail to be struck with the strength and straightforwardness of the theory of the prosecution, coming home as it did to every true and law-abiding citizen. It touched the maintenance of the British constitution and that nearly. They had all heard, and doubtless execrated, the pernicious teachings and dangerous doctrines with which the country was being honeycombed and eaten up. Revolutionary emissaries and demagogues were abroad in every agricultural district throughout the length and breadth of the land, while the towns were simply seething hives of panacea promoters; the said panaceas being all planned upon a foundation of presupposed anarchy. Knowing all this and trembling as all true patriots must for the future of their country; the facts attested before them this day would appeal with peculiar force to them. Before them stood a man whose whole strength had been directed to the assailing of the rights of property in their very foundation, namely, the indefeasible right of the owner of the soil to do what he would with his own.

"Notwithstanding that his former landlord, in selling the land, had stipulated that the tenant should be no worse off, but rather better, for the transaction; and further in spite of the clemency shown him and the generous offers made him of assisting him to some new and superior farm,—as detailed in the witness box,—this man had, in defiance of common honesty, proceeded to plot mischief against his would be benefactor, and to spread malicious libels tending to bring his new landlord into utter abhorrence. Such most reprehensible attemptings, continuing unchecked through the mistaken forbearance of their object, could only be expected to culminate in a practising of the wild doctrines previously only preached by the prisoner, who, most probably to mark his resentment at the notice to quit, no doubt committed,—if he did commit,—the crime of which he stood charged, as a concrete example to others; aggravating it by attempted murder. Of course, as to the theft, there might be a doubt in their minds and, if so, they were reasonably bound to give the prisoner the benefit of it, but at the same time he must say that there was little, if any, in his.

"But all the indications pointed to the prisoner's

being a local disseminator of seditious principles; a leader of Rebeccaïtes, a probability which became almost a certainty in the light of events occurring shortly after his committal for trial at the hands of the magistrate of his native place,—which magistrate, by the way, the prisoner had most grossly insulted. He alluded, of course, to the deplorable and disgraceful proceedings upon the occasion of the *eisteddfod*, ending in the ferocious rioting and arson of the same night. Upon that night, as they had heard so graphically described, the prosecutor, a gentleman farming his own estate, was forced to flee for his life before a demoniacal rabble of labourers and tenant farmers, who hunted him as though he had been a mad dog, and who, when foiled in their blood-thirsty desire of capturing him, appeased their rage by wrecking his house and burning his farm-buildings; inflicting thereby a ruinous loss upon an innocent and much maligned man.

"And for these gatherings,—*Eisteddfodau*, *Cymorthau*, and what not,—whatever Welshmen might say about their intellectual aims and their ends of mutual assistance, they were well known to be mere vehicles of popular agitation. And history amply corroborated this view, since, as far back as the year 1400 or thereabouts, one of the first acts of one of the first Parliaments of Henry IV. sternly prohibited all such gatherings; penalising them; for the reason that they were simply intended for, and used as, a means of spreading disaffection. That the same held substantially true to-day, in regard to the correctness of that ancient condemnation, was well proved by an examination of the occasion in review. There they had the popular gathering, shunned by the gentry and crowded by the lower classes, and to it there came the wife of a man in prison calling upon them to deliver him; with what result they all knew. So much for the plea that the riot had been a spontaneous outbreak, brought about by the presence of an unpopular person. And here it became a question, whether or not this woman should have been placed in the dock after her husband, for inciting to tumult? But leaving that, another strange feature of the case lay in the unexplainable oversight of the prosecution in failing to indict the accomplice of the one charge, and the effrontery of the defence in bringing that accomplice forward as a witness upon whose testimony they relied. The one was a set-off to the other in that respect, however, and both served to show that the practice of the law *was* fallible, in spite of the ostensible perfection to which long use and the experience of centuries had brought it.

"Bearing all these painful things in mind, there could hardly be a question that the prisoner was

a source of contamination and disorder, and it now remained for the jury to say whether he should continue to exercise his baleful influence unchecked, or whether society was to be protected from the machinations of sedition in the person of this man?"

When this lucid and learned discourse ended there came a short interval while the jury retired to consider their verdict, and the spectators considered the judge. Mercifully, the two chief persons concerned understood nothing, and therefore only considered each other.

And Evan Bowen smiled darkly, while Owen Bevan swore dumbly and wondered if this really were the trial or only a nightmare.

The interval was not of sufficient duration for the various folk to tire of their respective occupations, and it seemed as though the foreman could hardly have had time to put the query before he was back again with his company and glibly informing the clerk that the prisoner was,—

"Guilty!"

The judge became impressive at once and put a good deal of feeling into his voice as he proceeded to inform the prisoner,—in a language that prisoner did not understand,—that he had been found guilty, and that, having regard to the threats and attempted murder which had accompanied and aggravated the offence, he, the speaker, should not consider himself to be doing his duty to society at large if he sentenced him to less than seven years penal servitude. The sentence of the court would therefore be that he be kept in penal servitude for the space of seven years.

Which cheerful information seemed utterly lost upon the prisoner as he was removed, but if the judge could have seen him a few minutes later, when, in the cell, he asked the turnkey in dumb show what the result was, perhaps he would have felt amply satisfied for the outrage to his dignity.

But after all we have the word of the judge himself from the bench that "the practice of the law *is* fallible."

[THE END OF BOOK II.]

TO E. M. S. WITH

"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

"THIS title," said I, "is untrue,
All angels are in heaven, I know it,"
Then suddenly I thought of you,
And caught the meaning of the poet.

J. W.

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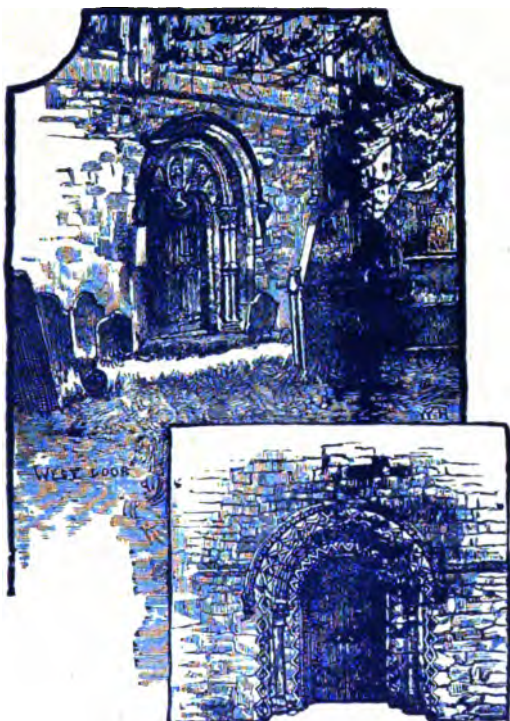
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Vol. IV.

OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 42.



A GROUP OF WELSHMEN.—S. R. AND HIS FRIENDS.

(From a photograph by J. Thomas, Cambrian Gallery, Liverpool.)

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mewn RHANAU.*

*Yr ydym yn Cyngheori PAWB A FWRIADANT DDERBYN YR ARGRAFFIAD
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dd.*

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Llyfrwerthydd neu Ddosbarthwr, anfoner yr Archeb yn union-
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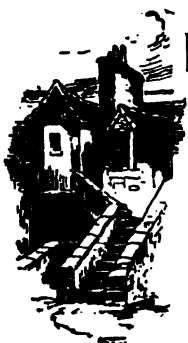
VOL. IV.]

OCTOBER, 1897.

[No. 42.]

THE WELSH STUDENT'S LETTER.

By E. GRIFFITH, J.P., Dolgellau.



I HAVE read with great pleasure the portion of a letter written by a Welsh student at Edinburgh, dated the 14th March, 1843, found at Criccieth, and which appears in the August issue of WALES. I think it very probable that the following facts may explain the mystery of its authorship.

At that date the only Welsh students in Edinburgh, as far as I can ascertain, were Dr. Parry and Dr. Thomas. They both went up together in October, 1841, and left at the end of the April term, 1843. I remember that they were both full of the excitement of the times, and nothing gave them so much pleasure as to recall the circumstances of the disruption. They had left Scotland a month before the day the disruption actually took place, namely, the 18th May, 1843; but Dr. Buchanan speaks of a ten years' conflict before the disruption, and towards the end of the ten years the excitement reached boiling point. At this time the two students were up at Edinburgh, and threw themselves heart and soul into the conflict; there was very little chance of the absence of either of them at any meeting, especially if Dr. Chalmers was likely to make a speech. The elocution of Dr. Chalmers, and the warmth and charm of his speeches, had invariably the effect of compelling our two students to close their books, and throw off their studies so as to attend the meetings. These meetings undoubtedly made a lasting impression upon them. No one can say how responsible Wales is to Dr. Chalmers for the influence he had upon them in

raising them to aim at a high oratorical standard, especially in the case of Dr. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Fronheulog, Llandderfel, used to treat Dr. Parry and Dr. Thomas, as they treated all the students at Bala College, with great kindness, and no doubt they acted in the same manner towards them while at Edinburgh. It is therefore most likely that the letter was addressed to Mrs. Davies, and written by either Dr. Parry or Dr. Thomas, the handwriting will easily prove which.

In connection with the departure of the two students for Edinburgh an incident occurred which shows how the times, and also the opinions, of the Calvinistic Methodists have changed during the last fifty years. I have in my possession a notebook in which the proceedings of the Bangor Association, held in September, 1841, have been entered by a gentleman who was present at the time. The entry states that at the two o'clock meeting, John Parry and Owen Thomas appeared and made an application to be allowed to go to Edinburgh. The Association granted the application on condition that they had some one who would support them while there; but that in the case of Owen Thomas, he must appear before his Monthly Meeting, and that in a spirit of repentance, admitting his offence,—“mewn yspryd edifeiriol, gan gydnabod ei fai.”

I remember reading this entry to Dr. Thomas, over which he laughed heartily; and though the incident had gone entirely from his recollection, he had an impression that he decided rather suddenly to go up with Mr. Parry, and that there was no time to consult the Monthly Meeting before going to the Association.

RAIN AFTER HEAT.

BY SIONED PRYCE.

I. SOUND.



RAIN, and a sound of many rains to come,
And earth athirst, and thankful for the showers
Longed for through many parched and panting hours,
And in the pauses, voices lately dumb
Rising in chorus, from the grass the hum
Of insects, and from dripping leafy bowers
The sharp-cut melody that overpowers
The far off torrent's low bass viol thrum.

Rain, and a sound of many rains to be
In the fresh breeze that flutes along the vale,
Through every voice runs an expectant tone ;
The little brook plays an ascending scale
With tiny trills to break the melody,
Earth looks for good to powers that good have shown.

II. SIGHT.

Rain on the hills, and in the valleys rain,
Slant silver showers, whose sheen is manifold,
Sweeping the hollows that the mountains hold
Between their mighty palms, while dusty plain
And brown hill-side drink deeply ; till again
The sun strikes out a pathway bright and bold,
And all the happy earth is green and gold, [tain.
And gemmed with pendent drops the boughs re-

Rain on the hills, and in the vales between,
That to the heart of all things seems to strike,
That stills at least the pressing, present need ;
It falls on many graves, and they grow green,
It falls on just and unjust, and alike
They raise their eyes to heaven, refreshed indeed.

III. SCENT.

Rain come at length, before we drank despair,
Rinsing the world from dust of many days.
The hearts of those that trod the hot, white ways
Leap at the scent of moisture in the air.
From flowery earth, whose breath was faint,—a
Too long unanswered, daunted by delays, [prayer
Thick incense rises in a fragrant haze
When sudden sunlight glances unaware.

Rain come at last, when all the springs were dry,
Sweet rain ! that, passing, leaves a breath as
The wings of angels beat the upper air ; [though
So pure is now the breeze that hurries by,
Meeting new heaven above us, and below
New earth,—restored creation everywhere.

A PLEA FOR OUR CELTIC PLACE-NAMES.

By the HON. MRS. F. BULKELEY-OWEN (*Gwenrhian Gwynedd*).

IT is indeed time that we should protest against the Anglicising of our place-names, whereby the history of our country is rapidly vanishing.

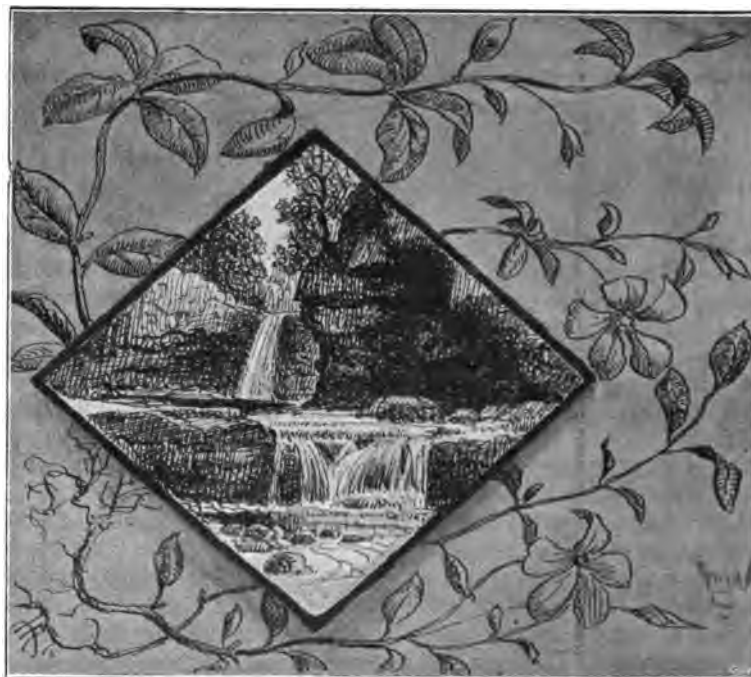
The railways are by far the greatest offenders. For instance, a new station has just been made between Rhuabon and Wrexham, which is called *Johnstown*. Could a more hideous appellation have been invented ? It sounds like a place in America or in some newly inhabited colony. The name of this station should, of course, have been *Rhosllanerchrugog*,—or if that be unpronounceable by a Lloegrian tongue,—it might have been shortened into *Rhos*.

Then as regards the adulteration of our

spelling. Why should *Rhiwabon* have been changed first into *Rhuabon*, and finally into *Ruabon* ? Changes such as this make the name entirely meaningless.

Of course it would be worse than useless for any individual to protest, but surely the railway authorities would listen to an appeal from the Honourable Society of the *Cymmrodorion*, or we might form a *Society for the Preservation of Celtic Place-names*, which surely all patriotic Welshmen would join.

I do not know if the same effacement is taking place in Ireland and Scotland ; if so, I think our Celtic brethren in those countries would join in our protest.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE VALE OF CLWYD.

BY MAUDE D. JONES.

IT was my good fortune to be staying in the parish of Efenechtyd at the time when the harvest festival was observed in the tiny church of St. Michael. Elaborate and carefully prepared music, and an elaborate ritual are, in many instances, the accompaniments of this service of thanksgiving; but I doubt whether, in the largest churches and among the most fashionable congregations, there was a heartier outpouring of gratitude than in that little church.

The building and its neighbourhood teem with interesting associations, and well deserve a few words of description. Although I have called this "A Reminiscence of the Vale of Clwyd," Efenechtyd, strictly speaking, lies in an adjacent and sequestered valley, divided only from the larger vale by a ridge of rising ground, which indeed at one end decreases in height until both valleys may be said to meet.

The Vale of Clwyd proper has long been renowned for the splendour of its scenery, and for the beauty of its panoramas. But the orthodox tourist, who never leaves the

beaten tracks, misses many of nature's choicest gems, and overlooks the smaller, but equally beautiful, valleys abutting on to the greater one. The vale in which Efenechtyd is situated, will, with the Vale of Clwyd, afford gratification to the visitor, be he archæologist, geologist, botanist, or *bona fide* tourist, travelling for amusement only.

The afternoon service, which was in English, was not largely attended, but this was not surprising, the weather being very inclement, the hamlet situated a mile away, and nearly all the parishioners having long distances to walk from farmhouses scattered over hill and dale.

At night, however, the day's toil being over, the little church was crowded and presented a beautiful appearance with its ornamentation of flowers and fruit. The sermon was listened to with rapt attention, the language of Wales being impressive even to one who, like myself, was only acquainted with a few words and phrases. But the singing! That is, I think, the best part of a Welsh service, at least to an English listener. The Welsh seem to sing

as though they couldn't help it; and Efenechtyd, with its natural untrained choir, possesses a treasure which many a town organist might envy. St. Michael's is said to be, with one exception, the smallest church in the diocese of St. Asaph; and it seems rather likely to be true, as its length, including the chancel, is only about forty five feet.

It contains a font of most ancient appearance, as well as the remains of an equally ancient but more elaborate roodloft. On the outside of the east window are strange marks in the stone, said to have been caused by the sharpening of arrows, but as this sounds rather like "the dark ages," I should be glad to hear of another explanation of the mysterious scratches.

At the entrance to the porch are two other interesting relics of past ages. On the left there is a large stone called "carreg gamp," or "the stone of the games," formerly used in the rustic sports of the villagers, in feats of hurling and throwing. On the right there is a hollow stone trough, now filled with water, whereat the shepherds' dogs may quench their thirst, but in pre-reformation times it was probably used to hold the holy water, or as a font. One thinks of the dismay which would fill the hearts of the original worshippers could they now see its use. I fear they would consider it nothing less than a sad

act of desecration. Still another remnant of Romish times is to be seen on the door of the church,—an iron knocker,—tradition has it that in some way or other the Virgin Mary is to be summoned by it; another solution would be its use in exorcising evil spirits, but we would rather think of it in connection with the text,—
"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

There is, inside the church, a wonderful looking old Welsh tablet, but so obliterated by time are the letters that it is impossible to decipher its meaning or history.

The name Efenechtyd is supposed to be derived from "Mynach," a monk, and "tyd," land, and it requires little imagination to turn it into "monk's land," and to picture a cowed figure pacing up and down among the trees which one can well believe date from pre-reformation times.

A former rector of Efenechtyd became bishop of Norwich, and his affectionate remembrance of "this sweet spot," showed itself in practical form, for in 1710 he presented a handsome service of communion plate to his old parish, which is now regularly used and much valued for its antiquity, and for the kindness of heart shown by the donor. The inscription on chalice and paten is as follows,—

"The gift of Doctr. William Lloyd, Late Bishopp of Norwich in Anno 1710, to the Parish of Evenechtyd."

LAND OF MY SONG.

O! LAND of my fathers, the realm of the mountain,
The home of the torrent, the forest, and glen,
How sweet are thy valleys, and rich spreading meadows,
That girdle the beauty of stream, lake, and fen;
Each thought of thy story is bright with a glory,
And woe to the tyrant that treads on thy shore,
Thy sons of the battle shall be like the tempest
Embracing thy cliffs with their fury and roar.

O! land of my fathers, the home of the eagle,
The land of deep passes and broad shadowed
vales,
Where forests are clothed with verdure unrivalled,
And purple bloomed heather's the cloak of thy
dales;
Where waters are rushing, where fountains are
gushing,
'Mid sweet scented flowers the lark pours its air;
Thy far spreading moors with great mossy boulders
Are dearer than monuments rich and rare.

O! land of my fathers, the land of bright waters,
Thy voice in the praise of thy mountains so
high,
Thy zephyrs they woo the delights of thy wood
lands,
And all sleep reflectant where smooth waters lie;
O! land of my fathers, O! land of my fathers,
'Tis more than a song that can sing of thee,
'Tis fraught with emotion that swells with de-
votion
To recall its old love for the land of the free.

GEO. HOWELL-BAKER (*Gwenynnen*).

PROFESSOR TITWOW IN WALES.

ONE of the many distinct advantages conferred on our country by the establishment of the national colleges and the opening of the new county schools is the advent of Professor Tittwo. The professor is the eldest son of an ancient and respectable family that has resided in the midland parts of England for the last thousand years. Dr. Dryasdust informs us that four brothers and two sisters, named, respectively, John Muffkin, Roger Tittwo, William Wheelbarrow, James Bulldog, Jemima Sure, and Mary Shutup, the children of one Robert Gatepost, settled about the year 950 A.D., at a small village in Warwickshire. They all had issue, and the family soon became large and influential, and long ere this, it has attained the dimensions of a tribe. To detail the varying fortunes of the family would be tedious, but a few facts about some of the members may help to explain much of the present condition of Welsh and English society. The Wheelbarrows were a very stay at home people, and therefore few of them migrated westward in the direction of the Welsh mountains. They are to be found mostly in Warwickshire and on the Welsh marches, where many members of the family fill important offices. The Muffkins have spread over the whole kingdom, but however far they have wandered, and however much they became mixed up with other families and nationalities, they still bear a strong resemblance in feature and character to their great ancestor, John Muffkin. A considerable detachment moved early to Wales, and they have long since become Welsh in everything but sympathy. Representatives of the family are to be found on every parish and county council, and on most of the Governing Bodies of the intermediate schools throughout Wales. They are never distinguished for great ability, nor for pre-eminent common sense. They can be always known by their strong antipathy to all purely Welsh institutions, movements, and customs, neglect of Welsh in their families, and a tendency to push Englishmen into public offices even in

country districts. This strange and perverse trait in the character of people whose fathers and grandfathers were Welshmen, and who are themselves Welshmen or nothing, is undoubtedly due to a taint inherited from some admixture with the great Muffkin blood in former generations.

The descendants of James Bulldog are not so numerous in the Principality. They do not seem to take kindly to the soil, and have to be constantly reinforced by new importations from England. But the prominent position which they occupy as game-keepers, hotel proprietors, estate agents, managers of works, &c., has given them much more influence than their merit warrants. The local gentry also, in some parts, have got considerably mixed up with the family, and many members of the tribe cut a great figure at petty and quarter sessions and at meets of the hounds. The knowledge of the Welsh language possessed by the Bulldogs is of the scantiest description, seldom exceeding "dwx anwil," and other expletives beginning with a d—. The whole set are staunch Tories and zealous churchmen.

The descendants of Jemima Sure have not flourished much in Wales, and the only branch remaining in the country at present are the children and grandchildren of Ignoramus Sure, Esq., J.P., that was a captain of volunteers in South Wales a good many years ago. This gentleman, in order to enhance his authority, added a significant syllable to his surname, and ever since the family has been known as the Ignoramus Cocksure. Almost all the surviving members of this branch have taken to journalism, and may be found on the staff of most of the English newspapers of the Principality. Their productions are easily recognised by the patronising tone of superior knowledge that runs through their writings, and an occasional streak of arrogance, and contempt for the people whom they lecture.

The Tittwos have always taken to learning, and therefore never settled in Wales to any considerable extent, except

in a few rich benefices and in church dignities, until within the last twenty years. The Tittwos are a proud race, for many of the literary celebrities of the last two hundred years have belonged to their family, though there are some notable exceptions, like John Bunyan, Johnson, Burns, Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Carlyle. Nothing seems to give the family greater satisfaction than the fact that not a drop of Welsh blood runs in their veins. Had they been religiously inclined they would undoubtedly have thanked heaven for this signal mark of its favour, but as it is, however, they simply swear at any one that questions the validity of their boast.

I have thought it right and proper to preface the following veracious narrative of Professor Tittwo, and his achievements, with the foregoing short account of his kith and kin, from which it appears that, though he, poor man, thinks himself a complete alien, he evidently dwells in the midst of a numerous company of relations and family connections. The professor, after a brilliant career at one of the ancient universities, where he also obtained a fellowship, came down to Wales, and by the help of excellent testimonials, and strong recommendations from a bishop, a lord, and a member of Her Majesty's Government, he was immediately appointed to the chair of Parallelograms and Pneumatic Syntax,—where, it does not matter. Many of his cousins, with whom he regularly corresponds, hold similar appointments in the Principality.

Not much need be said about the professor's personal appearance. He is moderately tall and very thin, his face is shaped like a violin, with greater length than breadth, and is adorned with a somewhat long and distinguished looking nose, the tip of which is terrestrially directed. Some students are of opinion that this feature is an index to the character, but the Welsh are proverbially fond of fanciful inferences, and I have been credibly informed that the principal of the institution deprecates any attempt at drawing conclusions from the length or the point of the professor's nasal organ. The locks of his raven black hair fall gracefully behind over his coat

collar, but they are not curled to any considerable extent.

Until the professor came down to Wales, his only experience in teaching was a little he had gained, five years previous, at a church Sunday school, when he was desperately in love with the vicar's daughter. Then he was a greater proficient at boxing the boys' ears than at leading them in the paths of knowledge. However, the neighbouring squire carried off the object of his adoration, and he quickly ceased his attendance at the Sunday school. This biographical item has not been communicated to the world by the professor.

In order to better prepare himself for his work, he makes a point of reading all the letters and articles on Wales that appear in the *Times*. That being the case, I need not inform the reader what his views are of the Welsh people, their dissent and radicalism. He freely tells his friends that he has only accepted the appointment among this inferior and wrong headed race, just to wait until something better turns up, but his class, that has heard the rumour, is much afraid that this expected event may be long coming.

The professor is a kind hearted man, as most of the Tittwos are, and like scholars and authors in general, he will purr audibly when stroked the right way. But it is not often he enjoys that pleasure. He is also very conscientious according to his lights and code of ethics. He began his career with the benevolent intention of thoroughly reforming the country and assimilating it more,—that is one of his favourite expressions,—to the English ideal. He was resolved to do his best to make the Welsh love the English language, and recognize its superiority over all other tongues ever spoken, and he also hoped to make dissent and radicalism look so absurd that they would loathe quite as much as they now loved them.

It was with considerable surprise and indignation that he heard the class break out into unmistakable signs of strong disapproval when he once confided to them his philanthropic views and intentions. He feels sore ever since that his kindly meant services have been so rudely rejected.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *Llenor* for January will be entirely about Glasynys. It will be a fully illustrated number, and will contain many poems that have not been published before. Though one of the most popular of our poets, there has been no collection of Glasynys' works. As in life, so in reputation, Glasynys has been most unfortunate. During his lifetime, he was distrusted by the Nonconformists on whom he had turned his back; his keen devotion to Welsh literature was one reason, at least, why he was not preferred in his new sphere. The *Llenor* will, undoubtedly, do for him what it has already done for Robert Owen and Gwilym Marles,—it will call attention again to lovely lyrics that are in danger of being forgotten.

The Glasynys number will be followed by full numbers on Goronwy Owen, Robert Jones Rhos Lan, Alun, Lewis Morris, Morgan Llwyd, Glan y Gors, and others. By publishing well printed and prettily illustrated handy volumes of these authors, it is expected that they will be much more generally read than they are now. Our poets and prose authors have suffered much because editions of them are generally expensive, difficult to get, incomplete, and far from attractive in appearance.

Urdd y Delyn, a guild of Welsh children, is making satisfactory progress. A little penny text-book, the first of a series, has just been published for the use of the Urdd by Messrs. Hughes and Son. It is a collection of Welsh proverbs, to be read, discussed, and explained in the children's meetings. The result will be, it is hoped, a more simple and a purer style, and greater directness and force of thought. The danger of our young writers is inaccuracy of Welsh idiom, vagueness, irrelevance, and bombast. The learning and careful study of four hundred proverbs during childhood will be an excellent discipline, and the discipline most wanted.

Of the odes sent in competition for the Newport chair, two have already been published. Berw's ode has appeared in

the *Haul*, ending with this month's issue. Elfyn has published his in a sixpenny booklet, sold by the author, Llan Ffestiniog. It is understood that these two odes were in the running with that adjudged best for the chair. The Rev. J. T. Job (the victor), Berw, and Elfyn are all well known in Wales. A little volume recently published by Elfyn contains some of the prettiest things in the language.

The biography of the fourth "Independent Father" in Mr. L. D. Jones' series has just appeared. The "Father" is Griffith Hughes, of Groes Wen, who was born in 1755. The biographer is the Rev. C. Tawelfryn Thomas.

Seren Gomer now appears as a bi-monthly magazine, edited by the Rev. Silas Morris, M.A. There is no lack of literary resources among the Welsh Baptists of the present day, and the old periodical ought to be very successful in its new and attractive form.

I am often asked what Welsh papers and magazines contain trustworthy reviews. I only know of one, and that is the *Traethodydd*. There may be others, not known to me. Too often a Welsh review is a mere puff or an opportunity for a damaging and undeserved sneer. Very few Welsh reviews have their well-known and trusted reviewer; the book is reviewed by the over-worked editor or sent off to "a friend of the author." Criticism is a mean department of literature at best; Wales, fortunately or unfortunately, is almost without it. Indiscriminate praise, and spiteful attacks, have made Welsh readers lose all faith in Welsh reviews,—they are much more willing to believe advertisements.

Memoirs of eccentric preachers, often concealing the deepest knowledge of human nature beneath a surface of laughable oddity, have always been very popular in Wales. A very readable memoir of Robert Jones of Llanllyfni is the latest addition.



DEATH THE GATE OF LIFE.

BY LESTER MILLS.

MUST life's brief day dissolve in night at last,
This living, loving, heart lie cold and still,
These eyes one lingering look on loved ones cast,
Then sightless ever, in a region chill,
Where falls no note of love, no gladdening ray,
But dark oblivion holds eternal away?

Casting its darkling shade o'er morning's light,
Stifling my inmost soul in morbid gloom,
Forth from phantasmal terrors of the night
Came this dread thought, penumbra of the tomb;
Till outraged nature forced the bitter cry,
O strong Creator! was I formed,—to die?

His mighty arc the glorious sun began,
And o'er the quivering earth shot gleams of gold,
Till teemed with light the blest abode of man,
And life quick followed light, yet still the cold,
Dull thought made all things take its sombre hue,
All lovely life must vanish like the dew.

Yes, like the dewdrops, scintillating gems,
That deck with liquid beauty leaf and spray,
Converting roses into diadems,
All evanescent glitter! Bright decay!
And like the dewdrops glistening into death,
All is extinguished with this mortal breath.

A flood of recollections surged me o'er,
The landscape faded into village school,
The loving voice long still rang out once more
Of him who held our hearts in perfect rule,
And eager glances, chained by accents kind,
Conveying visions to each dawning mind.

Extinguished? No, when the tears speed to heaven,
And to our sight imperfect cease to be,
In nature's crucible, each dewdrop riven,
Lifted on high a new life yet to see,
May still in blessed showers besprinkle earth,
And in a pulsing ocean find new birth.

Help me, O God, to trust infinite skill,
Teach me with reverent gaze thy truths to view,
Lead thou my steps, keep back all dread of ill,
And when bursts forth the dawn, O, like the dew,
With gentle fingers draw my life to thee,
To find through death an immortality.

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET GWILYM TEILO,

WHO TRANSLATED "GRONGAR HILL" INTO WELSH.

By D. R. DAVIES (*Ap Teilo*), Leamington Spa.

WHEN twilight tints had faded from the sight,
In mists ascending from an autumn night,
The dews of death from realms of mortal doom,
Fast spread o'er loved bard their saddest gloom.
In genial youth his glory dawned bright,
A nation raptured hailed his mid-day light,
Flow'd like a glowing tide his splendid fame,
The muses vied to celebrate his name;
Now changeful time had brought the poet low,
The shades were gathering o'er his noble brow,
There, while the mid-night gave its solemn chime,
His soul was passing on the ebb of time;
Love pouring sighs upon the dismal air,
Could not detain his fleeting spirit there,
Dear ones forlorn upon the shadowy shore,
An anguished farewell wished, could do no more.

The winds of autumn rustled on their way,
While with the dead beloved ones watched the day,
On heavy wing time cleaved the clouded night,
Death seemed in ambush there to check its flight;

Where lingered morn? would darkest night de-
part,
Before her rays, they asked with aching heart,
They feared and wept, they slept to start in
dreams,
And looked imploring for the laggard gleams.
They who had seen his face wear pallid hue,
From off his brow had gently wiped the dew,
Who had with tears beheld his failing breath,
And quenched his parched lips in throes of death,
Could not repose, with hollowed sorrows rent,
They vigils kept and prayed for morn's ascent.

With languid step at last the morn drew nigh,
On brooding grief she gazed with pensive eye,
With fingers light she touched that head of grey,
Which pillowed low seemed dreaming of the day.
But vain she pressed, with loving grace,
The sightless eye, that fair and placid face,
She only traced the beauty there expressed,
And shewed the peace with which he sank to rest.

FROM NEATH TO LLANWRTYD WELLS.

By D. R. PHILLIPS.



FTER spending the greater part of the year in some of the busy valleys of Glamorgan, one feels, as the summer advances, a desire for a short change of air and scene. Some folk choose the wells of Brecon or Radnor, others the alluring spots

round the Devonshire coast or the shores of Cardigan Bay, while to not a few Rhondda and Garw miners nothing will suffice but a tour in the south of Ireland, or a run to the Isle of Man. The French are credited with the remark that Britishers take their pleasures sadly, but if this is true of the Anglo-Saxon, it is hardly so of the Celt, particularly the Celt, or Ibero-Celt, as we find him in the colliery and tin-plate districts.

John Jones, of Glamorgan, goes to the Wells, to Llanstephan, or further afield, with a determination to enjoy himself, and he invariably succeeds in impressing the fact on everyone he meets. And what class stands in greater need of a change of air and scene than the makers of tin-plates or steel bars, or those who delve for the useful commodity which makes sunny "the happy homes" of Britain,—and other homes besides,—down, year in year out, in the bowels of the earth,—

"Where the Rudyards cease from kipling,
And the haggards ride no more!"

But we start from Neath, and through the valley through which the Nedd meanders. It looks, in its upper reaches, bewitchingly pretty, and we are given, like Tennyson's *Maud*, a warm invitation to revel among its many treasures of water-fall, glen, mountain and stream. An imaginative sniff of the air of the Beacons prompts us to decline, and reiterating the motto of the mountain wether,—"*Gwlad rydd a mynydd i mi*,"—we plant ourselves

in a third class carriage on the Neath and Brecon Railway. And only in time, for "*Hen Gwydd y gwlaw*,"—to whom the old people of the vale of Glamorgan invariably ascribe wet weather,—is evidently bent on pouring his vengeance upon us; and just as the train starts down comes the rain, and with it some of the air-castles which all have been industriously building the last few days. But what cares the anthracite miner of Cwm Dulais for the rain which clamours for admittance at our carriage windows? He is far out of its reach in the dark subterranean galleries below. Seven Sisters and Onllwyn are unpicturesque but important hives of industry which we leave behind without regret, but one cannot help asking,—Where does all the coal go to? The struggling peasants and manufacturers of Normandy and Provence could no doubt easily answer the question. But here we are at Banwaun Byrddin, the bog of buried cities, where there is a tradition,—ill-founded no doubt,—that hereabouts dwelt the son of Vulcan who betrayed "our last prince." But you will mention this at your peril at the local smithy. A stranger who once ventured to do so had the smith's big sledge flung at his head. Seven cities claimed be the birth-place of Homer, but neither Aberedw nor the Banwaun seems eager to be fathered with Madog Goch, the traitor-smith; and small wonder. "Coming down in bucketfulls," is one passenger's description of the deluge we are treated to in changing trains at wind-swept Coelbren,—one of the coldest and most exposed railway stations in Wales,—and one feels inclined to give a fervent "amen" to the ditty of a village urchin on the platform,—

"Come another washing-day!"

We have hardly left the vicinity of Tafarn y Garreg ere our prayers are answered, and as the train hurries along towards the land of limestone, King Sol bursts in lurid glory over the scene, and the picturesque hillside holdings of Blaen

Cwm Tawe appear like fairy palaces under its magic spell. And yonder is Craig y Nos, but ere we have craned our necks into position a bend in the railway track carries us into a cutting,—after the ruthless fashion of railways in general,—and we are left to conjure up in imagination the beauties of Patti's retreat. But did we not pass Ongur? At that place lived the genial farmer-poet, Morgan Powell, who, crossing for the first time, with a load of lime, over a new bridge on the Usk,—towards which we are trending,—was prompted to the following triban,—

“Tri pheth 'rwyf yn ddymuno,—
Cael tywydd teg i galcho,
Tân y nos i ddirwyn twysg,
A phont ar Wysg i baso!”

But Swansea valley is fast leaving us, and we are on the ridge of the watershed. The Van Lake,—Llyn y Fan,—is out of sight over yonder mountains, but despite the distance, we imagine we can even now hear the echo of its fairy-citizen's musical voice,—

“Calling, calling, calling,
The cattle out of the lake!”

A railway train, however, tarries for neither fairy nor elf, and before we are aware of it, we are passing through Defynog and Senny, the “land of the red earth,”—“gwlad y pridd coch,”—as Glamorganites enviously term that fertile district.

At Defynog, in the sixteenth century, lived the poet Siencyn, a disciple of the preacher-poet, Thomas Llewelyn of Rhigos, whose blind condition he has immortalized in touching lines, favourably compared by the late gifted Taliesin Williams to Milton's pathetic lament on his own blindness.

Arrived at Brecon,—no longer a Norman rendezvous, but the home of song and successful eisteddfodau,—we have just time enough to get a good conception of the towering grandeur of the Beacons and the picturesqueness of the ancient Priory Church, when “phew!” goes the engine's whistle, and we are hurried unceremoniously along to Three Cocks. We look in vain for the fowls,—they have evidently gone to roost. At this point we change trains, and ere long the Cambrian Railway introduces us to

the picturesque scenery of the Wye. Erwood, where the brothers Mayhew, the founders of “Punch,” drank many a bowl of punch in peace, is indeed a sylvan spot where we would like to linger, but we must pass on to Aberedw, only to find that if the informer Madog ever lived there he has long ago taken to his heels. The ancient town of Builth next looms into view, and ere we have had a proper view of its picturesque surroundings the heavens are again in tears, and we deeply pity the visitors on the platform who are minus umbrella or cloak. Builth, however, will never be able to wipe from its history the shameful reproach that it refused succour to our beloved Prince Llywelyn in his hour of need. “Bother Builth, shall we never arrive at Llanwrtyd?” shouts a short-tempered passenger, anxious, like brother Jonathan, to “git thare;” and sure enough, after changing into the London and North Western Railway train at Builth Road, we very soon reached the end of our journey, having been travelling about five hours.

Llanwrtyd, from the railway station, is neither picturesque nor poetical,—Llangamarch giving it many points in this respect,—but when you have explored the Irvon valley, ascended the Garn and the Dinas, and walked to the top of the Sugar Loaf, you will say the beauties of Llanwrtyd are nearly all hidden. The Irvon valley from Pontrhydyfferau, now called Llanwrtyd, to Abergwesyn, is one of the finest in Mid Wales. Passing the spacious Dolcoed,—not “Dolecoed” as the sign stupidly has it,—Hotel, we enter the grounds which Mr. Campbell Davys has laid out around the Spa, and a varied scene presents itself,—colliers and teachers from the valleys of Glamorgan, farmers from Caermarthenshire, and tin-platers from all points of the compass, are here, there, and everywhere, playing quoits, flirting at the pump house, or rambling leisurely round the grounds, or watching the many-hued rabbits playing on the mountain side. But we will leave the lively scene, and following the music of the Irvon, soon arrive at the old church, the Llanwrtyd proper, an ancient shrine situated at the foot of a lofty Alp near which Henog and Irvon enter into sweet

communion. On the declivity opposite stands "Glenview," the home of Kilsby Jones,—the spot which he loved best on earth, and which he has so eloquently apostrophised,—“Sequestered valley of the Irvon!—thou birth-place and resting place of my humble forefathers, wisely and not too well have I loved thee; when I sojourned in the land of the noble and generous Saxon, thou wert my thought by day, and my dream by night.” Poor old Kilsby,—the Irvon valley knows him no more, and no more will large congregations wait on his eloquent humour. Cuffed felus gwsg.

The road up the valley from this point winds at the base of the hill, and the parallel ranges, with their bold escarpments rising sheer into the clouds, afford a spectacle of rare and rugged grandeur, enhanced by the whitewashed homesteads which dot their bases near the stream below. Beyond Glan Irvon some curious “faults” in the slate formation occur near the bed of the river, where we speedily observe a large number of fine trout playing gracefully on the top of the water, as if eager to say,—“come and take us.” We are almost tempted to do so when a horrid sign post hoves in sight, and on it, in letters of fire, the terrible legend,—“Trespassers beware!” That is enough to strike terror into the heart of the most enthusiastic would-be angler, so we decide that nothing short of a visit to Abergwesyn will now satisfy us. “How far is Abergwesyn, ‘machgen i?’” we asked a school-boy. A vacant stare is the only answer. “Will we reach there in half an hour?” we further asked in Welsh. “You might,” quoth the philosophic imp, and to our surprise we found ourselves there in less than ten minutes.

Abergwesyn well repays a visit; it has from time immemorial boasted two parish churches, one on either side of the river, within a few hundred yards of each other,

and dedicated, strange to say, to the same patron saint. Of one, however, there is now but a portion standing, and its ancient churchyard adds a strange and venerable aspect to the scene. The church now in use, across the stream, was built by the Llwyn Madoc family. Altogether, it is with considerable satisfaction we retrace our footsteps down the valley, coming upon a curious scene half way. At a washtub by the river side stands a comely maid, a big crock kept boiling by a small wood fire beside her, and on the bushes and grass in front the linen are drying in the sun. “A typical gipsy scene, in Welsh garb,” we ejaculated to ourselves; and on inquiry we are told that every summer, when the hillside springs have been dried up, the farmers are thus compelled to make for the nearest stream, armed with crocks, pails, and family linen. Needless to say, that after such a long, but delightful, excursion we arrive back at Llanwrttyd as hungry as the proverbial Turk, and proceed forthwith to make vigorous onslaughts on our hostess’ excellent ham and eggs.

Another walk that is very much appreciated is that over the Llandovery road to the top of the “Sugar Loaf,” a summit keenly swept by health-giving breezes, and from which an excellent view of an extensive tract of country may be obtained,—the vale of Towy bathed in a sea of glory by the setting sun, and Llandovery a mere detail in the distance.

A railway run to Llangamarch is also an interesting item in the programme, but it is a great pity the place is not better patronized. The walk by the river side, from the village to the pump house, is a very pleasant one, and distant may the day be when the delightful meads of Cammarch Vale are submerged by the great inland lake whereby capitalists propose to quench the thirst of the “modern Babylon.” Yn iach i’r Ffynhonnau.



THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

AN IDYLL; A FARCE; AND A TRAGEDY.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL,

Author of *The Jewel of Ynys Galon, Battlement and Tower, For The White Rose of Arno, etc.*

BOOK III: A TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOMECOMING.

PASS we now over the seven years of the sentence and come again to the scene of the introduction to our story,—Havod y Garreg in ruins.

The gate of the lower croft still kept its post, though its weather beaten bars were useless now in presence of the yawning gaps in every fence wall of the place. The crofts were crowded with trespassing sheep, and the kitchen garden was become the home of rabbits and poisonous snakes. The ash tree was gone and with it the bench that ringed it. The door of the shippon was open, sagging upon one hinge, though the roof of it was still comparatively whole. But in the house itself the desolation was most marked. The door of that was fast; the window sashes gone and the roof entirely lacking, not taken off by hand of workman, the appearances forbade that assumption, for the eaves were still cumbered all round by ends of rafters and lath splinters holding slate fragments, while over all the roof tree, originally running the whole length of the building, now showed a shattered end projecting some three or four feet from the cross wall and ceasing above where the deserted hearth might be presumed to lie,—for we cannot open the door.

In itself it was a pitiful sight: more pitiful far by contrast with the surrounding scenery. Let us look at that.

The autumn day was waning. From here the distant glimpse of the vale of Cildeg was obscured by the soft haze which veiled even the nearer depth of the valley, while, southward, blue and beautiful across the vision lay the long line of Drumhir. Yonder to the east the rounded mass of Moel y Gaer flashed like the outpost of some enchanted land as the play of the tempered sunlight lit it through the silvery curtain.

Westward the pinnacles of Aran y Ddinas floated dreamily in the sky, their sapphire outlines dimly distinguishable against the mellow primrose of the lift beyond. Behind us, to the north, the near crest line of the Cefn Du, upon

which we stand, shut out with its orange and purple the dark frown of Y Garnedd. All round was beautiful; beautiful as only the handiwork of God is beautiful, and Havod y Garreg was its foil,—the handiwork of man.

In the ivy of the great rock the daws had kept possession through the desolate years that had fallen, and to-day they were sleepily calling to each other as they watched the busy sheep absorbed in cropping the green crofts with none to make them afraid.

Peace! Peace of ineffable tenderness, hovered over all with brooding wing, like a shepherd spirit from Eden comforting the wistful earth with croonings of the past. Ah earth! tired earth and backward-yearning mother! dreaming with aching heart of that first Paradise, how often do its tear washed gates still through their crystal bars and lucent panels flash, ever and anon, faint reflexes of that lost happiness, which fall, gently as echoes sweet of heaven's own Sabbath bells, on some sore spot of thee to hush and balm the weary throbbing of thine endless pain!

But suddenly up from the valley winged a complaining scout of the daws. At once the grey-headed sentinel sounded a sharp note of warning, and out from the shadows flew the expostulating tribe, wheeling round and round in interlacing circles of clamorous indignation. Next the sheep in the lower croft raised their heads and saw something. Stock still they stood for an instant regarding it, and then, with stamps and whistling snorts, bolted away up the mountain side, followed by a rush from every other croft in succession.

The sight was certainly unusual,—by the lower gate a man was standing; a man with his black hair streaked with iron-grey, and a hard and stubborn expression upon his features. For a moment he remained thus, gazing at the prospect before him. Then the keen eyes dilated; the dark face grew livid; the seamed hands flung out and clutched the top of the wall, while the trembling lips seemed to mutter incoherently.

Presently the figure straightened up again and the man, with feet that seemed heavy with years of sorrow, advanced by unsteady strides till he

reached the rootstump, which was all that remained of the ash tree, and sank wearily upon it. Then his head fell upon his breast; the two hands drew the battered hat down over the quivering face and great sobs shook the whole frame.

Long time he sat thus, even after the sobs had ceased, while the daws chattered and flew above his head and the sheep paused to scan him on their way back to the crofts.

When at length he lifted his head to look round him, the flaming sun was just cutting its disc against the sharp edges of Aran, bulking in deepest indigo the silhouette of the mountain's majestic mass. Rising at the sight of it, with movements that betokened utter weariness, he walked to the door and tried to open it. It was fast and after a few futile attempts he stepped aside and surveyed the ruin quietly. Next, slowly as before, he went round the whole building and into the cattle end. Thence, sadly as ever, he continued moving, going from point to point to look into each separate enclosure in turn.

At the first gap in the fence wall he stopped and began to repair it feverishly, till, recollection seeming suddenly to come upon him, he dropped his hands to his side and staggered back. Then on again with laggard steps he went, pausing often to take in the full significance of it all, and ever and anon to smite his forehead with loose hand as some new pang struck him. Through every croft he went, with wistful eyes that still seemed to twitch in hot pain, until he came to the lower gate and from it looked, in the old familiar fashion, as if seeking something in the valley below. But the pain was sharper there and, with a half-groan, he made once more for the ash root.

Standing beside that he turned his gaze upon the door, thoughtfully regarding it for a little while. Seemingly decided at last, he stepped up to it and, making a short upward leap, caught the broken eaves of the house with his outstretched hands. A minute later and he had clambered over and was down on the inside, standing on the grass grown hearth. But the thing that arrested his attention was that which grew bushy before him; a single sapling ash.

Not straight and lusty as such grow free in the forest, but with an enemy clutching at its throat and strangling it, where, accompanying it from the root, rose the tough and twisted stem of a honeysuckle. From the floor to the tangled crown was barely more than five feet, but the struggle had begun years ago and about half way up. At that point the honeysuckle had wound itself firmly round and round its supporter till its highest tendril reached the topmost bud of the ash. Then the Storm King in derision hurled down a

sharp slate from the barn roof and cut the tops off both.

The combat deepened as the next spring opened. Every new limb that tried to push its way from the maimed crown of the sapling was seized and dragged down by the relentless tendrils of the parasite. The rushing wind of the south west whirled down upon them through the open roof and swung the creeper to and fro till its tough stem abraded the smooth bark round which it clung. It ate into the wood beneath, tightening its grip ever more and more and all the while dragging down and smothering the struggling branches above, until the ash, its life sap exhausted in repairing that snaky wound, grew stunted and fantastically evil of aspect.

Year after year the contest continued, till the effort to heal the abrasion resulted in a gnarled and twisted upper trunk three times as thick as the base. Winter after winter maimed with flying slates the weakly branches of the crown, till the upper half of the twisted portion was studded with spiky protuberances.

Thus had the silent tragedy drawn on till the coming of this man, and thus its consequences showed before him now. In the gathering gloom he stared vacantly at the sapling, until, moved by a sudden impulse, he took out and opened a large clasp knife. Bending down, he severed the honeysuckle at the root and with a few vigorous wrenches and hasty slashes tore it away and flung it over the wall.

Then he relapsed again into stillness.

The shadows deepened in the valley. Over the shoulder of Moel y Gaer stilly and statelily the fair moon lifted, silvering all the mountain ridges and filling with mystic sheen the deep sweeps between. One by one, in sweet succession, the gentle stars came out, and, resting on the top of Drumhir, looked in child-eyed wonder at the house of the twisted sapling. The little zephyr that woke to whisper to them played round the place it could not enter and then stole softly away to moan its sad faring.

And still the man never stirred, even to hide away the bright blade that glimmered in his hands.

The moon floated higher in the sky and the stars tiptoed further up till they could look over the wall to see what that still figure would do. But he did not heed their beauty or note their wonderment at all. So still he stood and so long that one might have fancied him turned to stone or to be the moveless ghost of some old dweller by that cold ingle. At last he started, looking straight before him, and then, as if overcome by swift exhaustion, dropped down in sudden collapse and

stretched himself along the cold hearthstone. Then the stars glanced at each other in pity,—they knew him now; they had seen him there prone before. Only that time they had looked through the window between the roses; not over the roofless wall.

All through the night he lay there, while the passionless moon waxed and waned and the stars in mute grief paled in the birth of a new day.

With the first call of the earliest daw he rose and shook himself. Noticing the knife in his hand he turned and sought a certain loose stone stuck behind the jamb of the inner door. Taking this out he whetted the blade upon it for a few passes ere he shut and dropped it back into his pocket. Then he applied the edge of the stone to the scar on his forehead for an instant, muttering something indistinguishable as he did so. Replacing the stone, he next clambered stiffly over the wall again and dropped on the ground outside. Here he paused to let his eye range once more over the ruined homestead and then, with a dry sob and a shiver, turned and left.

Keeping to the grass grown and now scarcely marked track, he soon came to the place where it turned at the foot of the rock in the descent. At this point he stopped and pondered, not resuming his stride till a glance at his knee brought him together with a start. On down, but instead of keeping to the trail and joining the road thus, he struck aside to come at Glwysva, across its fields.

George Nicholas, the tenant of the place, was just sitting down to breakfast when the clamour of his dogs announced the advent of a stranger. The stranger evidently knew his way for the next minute he opened the door and walked in. At sight of the family collected round the table, however, he started back.

"Where is David Cradoo?" he cried.

"David Cradoo left Glwysva six years ago,—I took it when he left."

"Why did he leave?"

"Mynachty bought it and gave him notice to quit."

Then the tenant fell back to grasp the gun that hung on the wall behind him, for the curse that burst from the other was awful to hear. The stranger laughed to see the movement; a laugh one degree more horrible than the curse; and then spoke again,—

"Will Uchelwr is at Mynachty now?"

"No! he is away."

"When will he be back?"

"No one knows."

Without another word the stranger turned on his heel and stalked out, while the dogs by the

door slunk away to let his evil eye pass. Once outside, never hesitating or casting about for direction, he gained a gate in the farther field and climbed over into the road. There he set his face for Cildeg, but walking slowly like a man weary of foot and heavy of heart, and pulling the brim of his hat well down to hide his eyes.

Never once did he look back, though the tenant watched till he passed out of sight down the valley.

In Cildeg things did not appear to have altered much. The Red Dragon still swallowed up thirsty and hungry souls, to yield them again in due time to the streets and markets, full fed and refreshed to a genial mellowness. Perhaps the Shop that we know of was not so brisk looking as of old, and the bales might be commencing to look frowzy; but still it was there, and from it might be heard periodically the shrill tongue of its mistress or the howls of the boy who most resembled his father.

In the justice's court, at the other side of the square, Clifford Brown-Rice, Esq., J.P. still attempted to get even with Cildeg in general because it contemptuously refused to touch its hat to him; while out at Llysowen the gout still occasionally closed its grip. The gossips still turned over everybody's doings with the same zest as of old, and the clerk still hunted up folk's proper legal names.

The jail still stopped up the east end of Stryt Glyndwrdrdy, and before you came in sight of that, "Evan Bowen, Solicitor," still met the eye upon a brass plate to the left. Men now remarked of him that though he had little law business yet he seemed to do well and never lacked for money even in these hard times. The slim clerk, though, was gone; disappearing suddenly, shortly after the great trial, carrying with him, said his master, a sum of money purloined from the desk. We know better than that however. We know that his master, during the only foolish moment he could ever remember in the whole course of his professional experience; gave him, out of the ample sum paid by the Freeholder in footing his bill, a small instalment of the long dreamed over arrears, and that with this amount our friend the hungry clerk proceeded to indulge in an orgie of roast beef and pudding. Next day, with sufficient cash remaining hoarded in the fold of his neck kerchief to pay for one more such feed, he disappeared in quest of the recruiting sergeant, no more to return; whence it may be inferred that the two gorges had the desired effect of stretching his length and expanding his circumference sufficiently to fill the military doctor's eye. At any rate, that is the last Cildeg ever saw of him.

"It was selfish of him though," said his master afterwards, "not to take the old servant with him for a camp follower."

And finally, further along on the other side of the street, Mr. Owen Bevan still kept the secrets of the county families, and tied up their title deeds with red tape, or stuck their worries into pigeon holes and drank an odd bottle of their best from his cupboard with Huw Auctioneer, whenever he did not have his feet under the mahogany of one or the other of them. Altogether, much the same as ever, this town of Cildeg, with the auctioneer who still worried the printer, and the constable who still oiled the key of the cage door and looked forward to the day when he should have the extreme felicity of turning it upon the Uchelwr, Shop, & Co.

On this particular morning Mr. Owen Bevan was looking out of his office window, and wondering whether he really hadn't better attend to that business of Bodawen's to-day, when his attention was arrested by an unfamiliar figure coming along the street. The figure came nearer, but he did not recognize it, and even when it walked straight to his door and entered he merely wondered, as he lifted a pen from the ledge, "Who the 'old gentleman' this was?"

Then, as he looked, he heard a bitter voice, speaking in English and saying,—"I can speak English now, like the Uchelwr!" That sent him groping vaguely through the depth of his memory, but it was the scar upon the new comer's forehead catching his eye that placed him at last, and he put out his hand with a sharp "Good God! Tom Hawys! Tom Hawys!"

He came round in a minute or two and cleared his throat. "Tom! dear heart! I didn't know you,—you are changed so!"

"Aye, hell does scorch one in time I suppose. I am changed; you are right! This is not Tom Hawys but Thomas Jones, convict; returned from serving his time for sheep stealing."

The other tried to stop him. "Don't Tom! don't! You know that,—that you are lying!" he broke out with sudden heat. Then he went on in a beseeching tone,—"No! No! Thomas Jones is dead; dead and buried. You left him behind on the other side the prison door when you stepped out. This is Tom Hawys come back again."

It was now the other's turn to interrupt.

"Wait a while, Owain. Yesterday I went through Cildeg without either eating or drinking, and I have tasted nothing since,—save sorrow. Give me something to eat and after that there will be enough of talking for us both,—I'll warrant."

This pleased the solicitor, for he dreaded the advent of his half of the talking to come, and therefore he was busy to furnish forth, or rather, to see that his wife and servant furnished, a meal of such appetizing components as might tempt a man to linger longest. He was clearly finking.

But in spite of that, and also of the offering of this savour and that relish, with the desperate attempts at drawing him into discursive conversation which accompanied all, the guest did not eat like a famished man or dally like a full one. He had more the air of a man at a set task. Neither did he speak beyond monosyllabic samples till the feast was ended. Even then he only said,—

"Shall we go to your office?"

When they had passed through, the new man looked the door behind him. "It will be better so," he remarked, as the other looked at him.

Then he began to speak, not sitting down but walking to and fro, three paces then a turn, eloquent of the past. And as he proceeded, his hearer noted with gathering dismay that, though he spoke in English, he yet used the poetic form which had always distinguished his use of his mother tongue. Which argued in the solicitor's mind that he also still kept his old mountain side simplicity of reasoning, and poetic notions of justice, instead of having exchanged them for decent, every day ideas upon such points,—such ideas as would have allowed him to become a respectable tenant farmer again for instance.

He spoke briefly of the first few days of his prison life, but merely as one indicating the points of an ordinary existence, till he came to a certain day in particular. "That day," said he, "I was restless beyond usual for I was thinking of my wife, and was troubled because I knew that it was about then the baby should be born. Then at night I could not sleep, but lay through the darkness rigid with a strange fear. But, just before the dawn, the darkness stirred with life and—Owain!" he broke off abruptly, "I knew from that moment that my wife and child were dead. Tell me how it happened!"

The solicitor heaved a sigh as much of relief as of sympathy at finding his worst task forestalled in so marvellous a manner,—or so mad a one, as he said mentally to himself. But he took the other's hand, saying, as gently as he might,—

"Your dream was true, Tom, your wife and child have been spared these years of sorrow."

"That is—they are dead."

"Yea, Tom, they have lain under the shade of the quiet yews, these seven years past. God help you, Tom!"

He felt a tremor run through the grip in his

hand, and heard the thick breath drawn hard through set teeth, but the face was turned away.

In spite of his dream the man was hit beyond control of speech just now. He turned and walked to where an old print hung on the wall. Hard as he stared at that he did not see it, but he saw through his other senses that the other departed softly and looked him in, alone from all folk; alone with the Christ of Sorrows.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BETWIXT THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

WHEN Owen Bevan returned, his eyes red and unsteady of glance, he found the other man standing by the table, and a hard grip of their two hands was the only sign for a minute or two. Then the solicitor fumbled in sudden business at the bottom of sundry drawers and beneath two or three lids. This having served its purpose of gaining steadying time, he took out his handkerchief and mopped his whole face vigorously to take the perspiration from his brows, and the dust especially from the corners of his eyes,—the weather is generally so extremely hot and dusty in houses with a north aspect at the tail end of autumn. So, too, he did not return the handkerchief till he had blown his nose violently two or three times. But having thus relieved himself he turned and drew a chair to the table,—from which the other had not in the meantime stirred,—and was glad of the same chair as his first glance at the waiting figure dissipated the new confidence. He got up again and made for the window. Standing there; looking out, with his back to the listener and speaking in his own tongue; he made shift to begin the story for which the broken man was waiting,—

"When that day,—you know,—was over, your wife was very hard stricken. She made no great cry, but moved like one whose feelings were chained in some way, or a body whose spirit is away seeking something. Neither would she stay there in the town or tarry here with my wife for a day or two. Even at her mother's house she would not rest beyond the one night, and none of us could persuade her from going back to the Havod. Megan Wills went with her to keep her company, and Sion, too, used to come during the day and stay with them, passing the night away in the mountains because he was afraid the constables might creep in upon him in the darkness and clap the irons on him.

"But this sort of thing could not last, and while we all looked for her will to change, when her baby should be born, we never thought of the end that did come.

"Day in; day out; she never shed a tear; and neither did she ever speak of Mynachty or the judge. Nor did the others speak of you in her hearing, after the first day or two, for when they did so she would hurry away out of reach of the words, so keenly did they hurt her. And always she grew stiller and more tense of grief, till it would have made any man shrink to look at her and think of how she suffered.

"When the last day of the tenancy arrived she was troubled in her manner and excited to an extent that alarmed her mother, who had come up to be with her daughter and nurse her; while the others said they had not seen her so at any time before.

"Probably she was expecting the Freeholder to come up and turn her out on that day, for she kept the gorse hook to her hand as if she were waiting for him; though of course he did not come or show himself at all,—neither he nor Jacob Shop having returned to Cildeg since the day of the trial.

"And it was well for him that he kept away, for the rock at the turn of the track below the house was full of the wildest young fellows in the mountains that Sion had gathered to lie there with him. And all their word was of Llyn Du that has no bottom, and the shadows of Y Garnedd that lie upon it too heavily for a drowned man's body to rise and float.

"Just at the edge of dark she went out to the gate of the lower croft and, leaning upon it, with old Gelert beside her, looked long and steadfastly at the lights of Glwysva twinkling in the valley below, where it was already night. But her mother went and brought her back, for the tears were shining in her eyes and she was all weary. Then, as she came to the ash tree, she flung her arms round it and kissed it passionately again and again, crying,—'Ash tree! ash tree! my husband can never come home while thou art standing; the ravens are witness to that. Oh, fall soon, that my husband may come home to me.'

"Her mother took her indoors, and with the night came her labour. She barely lived long enough to see her baby, neither did she give it a name, for she knew that it would need none in this world.

"Then she turned her face to the wall and took the wee one with her; never a moan from either of them at parting, but a smile that was like a thanksgiving for rest upon the mother's features.

"The next day, too, there was fresh trouble at Glwysva. Evan Bowen had bought the place for the Uchelwr and gave him notice to quit. Then

the same day the scoundrel attorney went off to London, as he gave out, but everybody believed that he went to South Wales to join the other two and screw more money out of them.

"All the country was angry at hearing of these things and had there been another eisteddfod there would like enough have been three places burnt instead of one. So when the funeral took place all the valley gathered to follow it and all the town went out to meet it, and young Sion walked in front of the coffin, bold and defiant, and no constable dared show to arrest him, for the folk were gullen.

"Next day he went away to Aberalyn and enlisted.

"A week afterwards Huw Auctioneer went up to fetch your furniture and house stuff, to store them in his warehouse against your return, but his wife put it into two rooms of the house, which she keeps locked up except when she goes in to clean up. He kept old Gelert, too, and gave him the kindest home dog ever had from that day till he died two years ago.

"But that is not the point. What I want to say is that, after bringing down the things he remembered something which had been mislaid, and next day he went up again to fetch it. He came back in a fury, for in the night between some one had cut down the ash tree, falling it so that it should break through the roof and ruin the place.

"It was said that the Freeholder himself did it; at any rate it was horses and men from Mynachty that drew the fallen tree away next summer and with its branches burned the trunk, scattering its ashes to the four winds afterwards. Then came the day for Gwysva to go; and he sold up, dish and spoon, and with the money went away to England, for he was too old to fight the Freeholder, he said, and would settle where he might never see him again. And we have heard no more of him or Sion from then to now.

"When he was gone the Uchelwr came back, but not to make any figure. Moreover, the year after that, there came seven old wethers into the fair from away on the other slope of Aran, south westward. The man who brought them was a Gwilym Dwn, of Pennant in that country, and he said that the seven had strayed over there about two years before, where no one knew to whom they belonged. Huw Auctioneer spoke to him and found him an honest man; quite ready to turn them over at once for public auction on the spot.

"That was a brisk auction, I warrant you, for the word had gone through the fair and there was a great crowd to rush up the price for the sake of

the man that was some day to receive it. Never did seven sheep go at such a price at any sale in the country,—they might have been fat cattle and still been dear at the figure. When the hammer fell they brought the money to me and it lies in the bank, together with what Gwennie left,—you shall have it all to-day.

"But we could not bring Will Addis into court on that alone, though everybody called for it, and he and Jacob Shop took fright and went away for safety. Since then he is away most of the time, sometimes alone and sometimes taking Shop with him.

"Mynachty, too, is all but deserted now, for he furnished it but scantily after that eisteddfod affair, and the land is mostly grass, since men fight shy of dealing with, or working for him. Neither did he ever dare do anything with Havad y Garreg, which no one would take from him.

"And that is all."

In the silence which had followed the cessation of the narrative the solicitor found himself mildly wondering how it could come that in the telling he had adopted exactly the language and views of the most ignorant hillside. Perhaps, it being a hillside story, and heard by him mostly from hill-siders, these things were part and parcel of it all,—the body of the story brought up from the depths of his mind must naturally appear clothed in the fashion and habiliments it wore when it was laid there.

Through all his pondering he was listening for a sound from the man behind, but no sign came to relieve the tension till the tall clock in the corner struck the hour. Then he turned and found the other regarding him with calm face and only a certain sadness in the eyes to betray that he had heard anything to move him.

The sadness extended to the drawn mouth as it relaxed into a faint smile over the sympathetic clasp of the hand which followed.

"Owain, you have been a friend to me, indeed; and in what you did for my wife,—you know what I think of that!"

"Every man,—every honest man that is,—was your friend; and is to-day," broke in the solicitor. "Wait till you see Huw Auctioneer!" It is natural for a man to try and shift the blame to somebody else.

"Aye! you are both true friends to me. And is Huw thriving still?"

"You shall see that for yourself. Come, we will go and see him at once, but don't tell the people in the street as you go who you are, or we shall never reach the place,—for it will be a rare day in Cildeg when folk hear that you are returned."

The man they sought was sitting in his shirt sleeves on the top of a pile of miscellaneous "lots" in one of the sheds in rear of his house. He did not speak, but he rose and seized the hand offered with a grip that made Tom's fingers tingle. After the first glance at the face in front he kept his own eyes down to hide them till a husky voice said gently,—

"Never mind Huw; I heard it all from Owain. You know—you——"

The solicitor came to the rescue. "You can show him the furniture some other day, but just now we'll go over to the bank and see Wynn Meredith."

The cheerful alacrity with which both men greeted this suggestion was astonishing; so easy is it to earn the gratitude of men in an awkward fix.

Since the auctioneer's house was down by the river, they had some hundred yards of street to travel before they could reach the bank on the east side of the square.

Almost as soon as they started they noticed that every door was open and had a head peering out of its gap, while before they had gone half way a small rabble of children was at their heels, whispering excitedly that Tom Hawys was come back to hang the Uchelwr.

Then two or three women joined, and an odd man, too old to work. Then more women,—and the man sitting and nursing a broken arm started up and followed too. As they passed the blacksmith's shop out came the smith, with his striker and 'prentice boy, and the ploughman waiting to get his coulter sharpened, and the two men whose horses were to be shod. Then the excitement grew and grew, till the folk from the small shops rushed out, just in time, to join in the shout of the men from the mills and the wheelwright's by the river, who sprinted along to catch up, shouting as they sped,—"Tom Hawys is come! Tom Hawys!"

The solicitor mended his pace briskly, but the crowd moved brisker yet, and by the time they reached the bank it was a rare job to win through the door at all, and a rarer still to close it after them and bolt the people out. Even as it was some of the more eager spirits had burst in at the first attempt to shut it, but after that, such is the nature of man, these lent so hearty a hand as speedily made good the barrier against those still on the steps. Belike they begrudged the sharing of their glory amongst the many,—at least their attitude of breathless awe, afterwards, as they watched Tom at the counter, seemed to say so.

Wynn Meredith, Bank, was so fain to see the new arrival that he pooh-poohed all formalities and

rules and "began to shovel out gold sovereigns with a flour scoop, just as if he had been old Gam Grocer in the flour, only more reckless," said the gazers in the rear. "Why! look you! he didn't even count them! Dear king! he just shovelled them into a scale and weighed them, as if they had been chicken feed or any other rubbish.

"And Tom Hawys; he was as rich as you please! Oh no! he didn't care about making himself into a packhorse with all that stuff. He'd just take an odd handful to buy himself some toothpicks with, or a shoelace if he should happen to break one. A great man was Tom Hawys!—he'd be sitting on the bench above Clifford Brown-Rice one of these days if he happened to feel inclined, he would!"

And although it was not toothpicks or shoelaces Tom wanted, yet he did put back all the money save a little for present needs, smiling sadly as he did it.

Then the solicitor spoke up, his heart swelling in pure joy. "Come you with us Wynn; we are going to my place to crack a bottle,—the clerk can get along for an hour without you, I know. Come now."

And Meredith was so overjoyed that he made no real resistance when Huw Auctioneer, in sheer exuberance, seized him and dragged him half way over the counter. "Loose me!" he cried, "and then I'll come."

And come he did, with a wallop that nearly upset the other,—and then they all four laughed immensely, one in spite of himself. The men behind laughed too at that, while the clerk was so glad that he volunteered for overtime if need be, to overtake anything which might otherwise suffer from the manager's absence.

"Well; if you have to put in overtime, I'll send across some right good stuff to keep you company," put in the auctioneer.

"Nay! there'll be no overtime to-day at any rate," interposed the manager jovially.

"Never mind!" replied the other, "you shan't cheat him out of the stuff. He shall go over to the Dragon and get it himself after closing."

Then they opened the door. It was like breaking a dam and letting in a flood. The pressure outside had come to such a pitch that those on the steps were shot in amongst the door openers like coals from a sack, and the whole were carried backward and flattened against the farther wall. But the original possessors of glory fought manfully, and while they did so the four made to escape by the side door.

That was no use though; that crowd was able to see through stone walls; at any rate it was already on the move as the first of them emerged,

and by the time the fourth got his nose over the threshold they seemed to have been established on that side also in the same density ever since the bank was built.

It was no use drawing back either, for the throng inside had followed and was pushing them forward. "No help for it! we must make for the Dragon," shouted the solicitor, laughing, as he tried to make the others hear above the glad din of the crowd. "To the Dragon! To the Dragon! To the Dragon!" shouted everybody. And all the way across the square folk strove and struggled to shake hands with Tom, or even to touch his coat, while over all rose a mighty and repeated shout,— "Tom Hawys is home again,—now for the Freeholder!"

Every room in the Red Dragon was filled instantly, and every man in every room shouted out reckless orders for unlimited beer. But the doors were so thronged that nobody could be served in particular, and the mugs and the jugs, and the pitchers and the pewters, just passed as far as they contained anything, and everybody drank what was handiest or consoled his thirst by shouting, again and again,— "Tom Hawys is come back; hurroo!"

While, in the innermost sanctum, upon the seat and at the table where his enemy had first arranged for his undoing, sat Tom, the hardness vanishing from his face by degrees, till he fairly broke down and hid his face,—with the auctioneer making no bones about it, but weeping openly; barring that the tears could not wash away the smiles entirely.

The grey haired cobbler, all lame as he was, had meantime been struggling so stoutly that now he reached the table and, stooping his lips to Tom's ear, shouted,—

"'Twas my own cousin, Gwilym Dwn, brought in the seven wethers and he'll be glad enough to tell you all about it."

Thereat Tom lifted his head again and nodded; making the cobbler so pleased that he burst into a rousing chorus. This was all that had been lacking and instantly the tune was taken up with a deafening strength that shook the black rafters overhead and, rolling out, was caught up by the throng in front and swelled along until folk faring in from beyond the bridge hurried forward to find out what the matter might be that made Cildeg so happy.

When the softness crept into Tom's face it stole into his heart also, slacking the iron will that had borne him through the night and thus far in the day, and making him remember how long and how bitter was the time since he had last slept and how tired he was; dead tired! Therefore he begged to be allowed to lie down somewhere; if only for an hour.

Upon that the other three explained to the nearest members of the throng what the matter was and from them it flew from mouth to mouth so quickly that there was no insurmountable difficulty in getting foot room and gradually making way across the square and so to Owen Bevan's house,—for it was a self evident fact that there would be no sleep in the vicinity of the Red Dragon during one twenty four hours at least; somebody, nobody knew just who, having, apparently, paid for unlimited supplies of good ale. It is not known yet who paid, though most folk think it was the landlord himself.

Once in bed Tom slept round the clock, calmly and peacefully as though the last eight years of his life had never been,—and his friends put it down to the pleasure of his welcome. Waking, he sat far into the next morning with the solicitor and the auctioneer, whose day had been passed between congratulating themselves and everybody else over a drop of the right stuff in the sanctum of the Red Dragon and coming down to the house to enquire if Tom were awake yet, each time leaving instructions that a fast boy,—detained in the kitchen pending use,—should be despatched instantly with the news should the sleeper awake in their absence.

Now that he was up, Owen Bevan slapped him heartily on the shoulder. "What did I tell you, Tom? 'Every honest man was your friend,' wasn't it? And isn't it so now you've seen it for yourself?" Then, as they sat before a dilatory supper, they went over again the chances of convicting the Freeholder; twisting and turning each scanty argument as though they would make it grow by cultivation or massage.

And all the time Tom sat and said next to nothing, while the others put his reticence down to the natural pain of the reflections called up by the business in hand. Still, in spite of that, when at last they separated for bed, the two of them were very sanguine,—how could they be expected to read what was in the mind of the other?

CHAPTER XXIX.

SEETHING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late retiring, breakfast was ready at the usual hour next morning in the house of Owen Bevan. The wonderful thing, though, was that the person mentioned was also ready for the breakfast; proving how well seasoned his head was. Tom was down too, and over the meal announced his intention of ranging over and finding this Pennant,

in order to learn what he could about the affair of the seven sheep.

His host readily assented to this, secretly thinking that it would do his guest all the good in the world to swing his legs over rock and heather once more, after seven terrible years of a prison cell. And the guest was at the same time thinking that the trip would pass one day of those which must intervene before the home-coming of his enemy, an event which he had heard was set for some three days hence.

He took the valley road as far as the head of it; striking from there over Drumhir where it started first away from the buttressing of Aran. As he climbed higher and higher and felt the beauty of the day; as he breathed the air that to him was like nectar, and saw the mountains, ridge and peak for league on league uplifting to the blue, the bitterness of the prison life came back and wrapped him in double fold. This was one of the minor things he had been deprived of; forced to exchange for the narrow walls and gloomy foulness of a cell.

So strong did the feeling become that he stopped and bared his head, loosing the button at his throat while he muttered inaudibly to himself. He knew that if he were but to turn round he should see, across on Cefn Du, the ruined walls of his home; but he started on again, keeping his eyes doggedly upon the sheep track he was following, till, gaining the highest line of the ridge, he had perforce to look about him and study the direction. From where he stood he knew the country well enough back to the point of Drumhir next above Mynachty's upmost pasture. He knew the long succession of bush clad cliffs that would make it easy for a man driving sheep to escape observation from anyone not directly in the track; especially if it were done in the grey of morning, before the people of the valley had time to climb the ridge. Southward of those cliffs lay a tangled wood wherein for miles no man dwelt, so that the person driving would have nothing to fear from that side. But now he wanted to examine the rest of the way between this and Pennant, distant yonder over the second ridge to the south westward. It was a rough country and he took it as no small indication of thoroughness that a man should choose such a line and such a distance, rather than kill the sheep and, burying them, run the risk of discovery. Moreover, as he said to himself, the Freeholder had not done it personally; there was not time betwixt day dawn and the hour of the sale in the Dragon yard to have traversed so many rocky miles and got back again to Cildeg. Some other man must have done that part of it; probably Reuben Ploughman,—now dead; killed

by his team while drunk. Never mind, that did not make any difference in his plans.

As he went on, crossing the first ridge, that ran due south, and scaling the second that trended south west, he wondered more and more at the character of the job of that morning seven years ago. But as he reached the other side, he came in sight of a thin wisp of blue turf smoke, rising amidst the birch and mountain ash which filled a great dingle just below him, cutting his wondering short and enabling him to guess at once that this was the place of Gwilym Dwn, and the end of his present journey.

Had he been keen in his quest and bent upon pure evidence fit to go into court with, then he must have been sadly disappointed; for what Gwilym really knew took little time in the telling.

He remembered well enough the day when he saw the seven wethers, more by token that his family had received an addition two days before and he was up on the mountain again after three days' absence. It was mid-day when he topped the ridge above the house and there he noticed at once seven wethers bunched together, travelling with their faces along the ridge and looking scared, like strangers to the country. He sent his dog round them to hold them till he could examine them and found they bore a mark which he had never seen before, so that he started them along again till they came to some sheep of his own, with which he left them. He did not notice them much afterwards, but at the next gathering and shearing they were still there, being wethers and not ewes, in which case they would most probably have made their way back again by hook or crook to the home range at lambing time.

At the gathering no man on that side knew them, which was not strange considering that Cildeg and Llanisa market town,—to which that country naturally belonged,—were foreign towns to each other; something like twenty miles apart, and with the Aran to emphasize the boundary between. Therefore he had taken the fleeces himself, and spent the money, though that of course he would return.

Tom however demurred vigorously to this and the tale went on.

News of course could not cross the shoulders of Aran and only climbed slowly up from Llanisa, so that it was another year before he casually heard a strange story which put him on the right track. After that he pushed inquiries on every hand with the result that he became convinced as to the identity of the seven, and he resolved to drive them over to the next fair at Cildeg.

"And the rest you know yourself," ended the narrator.

"If you had been but a half hour earlier, you would likely enough have seen the man who drove them," said Tom. "Is there no one about here who might have been up on Aran that morning and seen them come?"

"Nay! for I asked them all myself at the first shearing. Tan yr Allt or Bryn Caled would have known if anyone did, but neither of them could help me at all; in fact, no man on this side could put a single word in the case."

All the same, if his testimony in the witness box, as far as it went, was worth anything, even ever so little, he would gladly attend the court and give it; for a Cildeg man was his cousin and he would not be backward in helping his cousin's countryman.

"And anyhow they had better eat now."

To which proposition Tom gave a most hearty assent, for the twelve or fourteen miles of God's country, after seven years of prison, brought the appetite to a new edge.

How do rumours get about? When Tom reached the solicitor's house again that night he was as light as at starting, so far as evidence went. Yet, nevertheless, while he was busy discussing the fruitless journey over supper with his two allies, the story went round at once that he had got together most important proofs; sufficient indeed to hang Will Addis out of hand, with Jacob Shop to the feet of him for a strangling weight.

This last fantastic filgment so pleased the gossips as to leave it to this day an article of devout belief in Cildeg that, under certain circumstances, the government intended to have hung the two in the manner indicated, provided Tom Hawys paid the extra cost of the extra high gallows required. And it is the only grievance the town has against that stubborn man, that he chose to refuse this munificent offer, preferring to go his own way, thereby depriving the place of its just niche in the fabric of history.

Very naturally several dear friends dropped in upon Jen Jacob Shop, one after another, to buy a packet of pins and explain the matter to her, or to get a length of tape and amplify the rumour, till she got into a rage and shut the door upon them all, while she sat down to write a laborious letter of abuse and threatenings to her absent spouse, by way of assisting him in the crisis.

One of the younger Shops carried this to the post and she had to go inside to buy the stamp. Now this is a task peculiarly grateful to the budding mind by reason of its importance. For, first of all, comes the bustling up to the counter and then,—while hanging the ohin on one hand upon the edge of that to assist the tip toes in

giving size,—there is the peremptory order for the article required and the chinking of the moist coin down on the counter, all of which are merely the mild prologue to the thing to follow. Who has not felt his small breast swell with pride when he licked his first stamp and thereafter paused to study the exact position it was to occupy. Or, again, finding to his horror that the stamp was upside down, who has not wrestled with the weighty problem as to whether it were surest to turn that round or apply the process to the rapidly soiling envelope itself. And, still proceeding, that point decided; think of the vigorous thumps with the heel of the fist to ensure adhesion; which performance again necessitates the missive being placed flat upon the counter, where a due triumph may be indulged in by letting folk see that letters are sent from "our" house. The small person in question went through all this joy with a full and generous appreciation of it.

But alas, ere starting upon the errand, her mother had sternly enjoined her, under penalty of unheard of punishments, to let no one see the address. What's the use of posting a letter if it's going to nobody, or all the same as nobody?

Therein, however, Jen Jacob Shop overreached herself and the toddler's disappointment was amply avenged, as we shall see. For, properly mindful of her mother's repeated commands, the plump little palm and chubby fingers of the left hand were carefully spread over the directions during the thumping process, and, of course, one of the several Paul Prys standing near suspected something from that and became eager instantly.

Very naturally after all those thumps, the wee maid was seized with a fear lest the address might possibly have been jarred loose or obliterated in some dire manner and so, very carefully and a corner at a time, she raised her hand to see if it were still there. Paul Pry followed her movements for the same reason; he wanted to see also.

Then the news went round at once,—or rather it didn't go round; it couldn't have done so in the time; it *was* round instantly,—that Jen Jacob Shop had sent her husband a letter full of bank notes where with to pay his passage to America.

After that one might have noted the growth of this seedling report. First it put forth a tender sproutlet to the effect that Jacob Shop and the Freeholder had been expecting what was going to happen and had therefore chosen the town of their present abiding as being handy to a seaport in South Wales. Then that sprout pushed a leaf to explain how the two had chartered a fast sailing ship which was to be in waiting, sails set and anchor apeak, with a boat full of strong rowers at the water's edge ready to put off on the instant

should the news from Cildeg confirm their fears. Next followed another leaf stating the port of destination and the length of voyage. And finally it topped out into a very happy blossom describing that part of the programme falling to Evan Bowen, who was to sell the draper's business and the lands of Mynachty; with the proceeds of both which he was to join the fugitives abroad.

There is no fiction so interesting as that whose birth one can watch and whose development one can either stimulate or follow. Good gossips of Cildeg! The scent of this, their latest full-blown plan penetrated to the council of three now resting in Owen Bevan's office. How? Well perhaps through the keyhole or down the chimney, or again maybe in the skirts of Huw Auctioneer's servant when she came to carry a message from his wife. Anyway it got there and the solicitor immediately despatched the auctioneer to examine and report upon the circumstance.

He came back much relieved. No! the thing was merely a cultivation of that proverbial prevaricator, "They say." Meanwhile, however, one part of it was correct enough, and that was the name of the Freeholder's present place of exile. So much would be of great assistance to the police, said he.

"What did you say the name of the place was?" asked Tom.

"Tirowen in Gwent. Why?" replied Huw.

"Oh, I like to picture him in my mind."

The solicitor appeared troubled at this, and when they broke up their conclave for the night, took occasion in bidding the auctioneer good night in the street, to bestow upon him some vigorous mixed epithets and samples of advice. It was a mere waste however, for the other simply answered, in his tone of incorrigible good nature,—

"Bosh! never trouble, Owain. He'll wait here for Mynachty and have him to jail. Else why did he go the long trail to Pennant for evidence, eh?"

"Good night, and——" returned the solicitor in despair.

"Be so and so'd, I suppose," laughed the other. "Ah well! good night to you and good luck to us all three,—an honest man will come out on top in spite of——"

"The Place Below," chimed in the lawyer. "Well, we shall see about that if we live long enough. Good night!"

The three days passed, and the fourth, but still no sign of the Freeholder.

Tom had spent this fourth day in reading the account of his own trial, which the solicitor would gladly have kept from him, but could not when he demanded it point blank. It was a newspaper to him with a vengeance.

While serving his time he had often pondered over the evidence of Reuben Ploughman and Siencyn Bach, and had never yet been able to come to any satisfactory conclusion concerning its point or aim. It had simply served to increase the wonder and incredibility of the whole affair. It was ludicrous,—or would have been but for the fangs of it.

To day, however, as he read the whole for the first time, his astonishment refused belief till the solicitor's assurances and explanations convinced him that the account before his eyes was actually a faithful and true report of the proceedings. When at last it was borne in upon him, he seemed for awhile to sit in complete stupor.

"Can it be possible?" he whispered to himself at last; "can it be possible?" he repeated more loudly. Rising, he looked at his solicitor. "God!" he cried. "If I had only understood! If I had but been tried by a judge of my own nation and language! If I could but have spoken for myself. But,—I will be even for it all yet! I will pay it all back, God is my witness, I will pay."

Then he sank back in a kind of stupor, while the other looked on in helpless wretchedness. Not till darkness fell did the latter feel bold enough to break in upon the silence. But he got little comfort, for Tom gently refused to eat, but begged to be allowed to go to his room instead.

The gleam of his eye, moreover, disturbed the solicitor so much, that when his guest had retired he put on his hat and went out to tell Huw Auctioneer not to call that evening, for Tom was in trouble; the events of the last few days having apparently thrown him somewhat off his mental balance; but a long night's rest would no doubt restore him completely.

To which his hearer responded devoutly,—

"Let us hope so,—please God!"

Though Tom retired so early, yet it was not to sleep. Sitting on the edge of the bed he stared moodily before him for half the night.

Something roused him at last. Supposing his enemy should fail to return? What was more likely? He was a coward and a guilty one. Perhaps after all the rumour was true and he really would sail for America. Here the sinner raised his face and voice together. "And what would he gain by it if he did? I would follow him, aye! if he borrowed wings of his own ravens; I would find him."

The speaker paused for a little while, until, his mind flaring up once more, he sprang to his feet and began to walk beside the bed in the old reminiscent fashion, three paces and a turn. "Home! wife! child!" His steps had caught

the cadence again, learnt and burnt into his heart, night after night in a narrow cell when the feet went bare upon the cold stones for fear of arousing the warders.

"Home! wife! child!" he kept on, mechanically and under his breath at first, as in time past; but gradually growing louder and louder by degrees till it rang through every corner of the room. "Home! wife! child!" it thundered now through the house from attic to basement while his features were distorted with fury and his deep eyes gleamed like a madman's.

The loud hammering at the door failed utterly to arrest his attention, and it was only the sight of the solicitor standing just within the room that broke the grim cadence of that stride. The look upon the incomer's face brought him to an irresolute pause; he laughed vacantly and then motioned to the other to advance.

"It's something I used to do in prison,—just going over the score against the Uchelwr," he said at last.

"The Uchelwr!" Bevan gulped down the curse which coupled itself with the name as he took the hand that trembled with rage in his, "I live in the hope of the day that villain is hung."

The other lifted his head at the words and burst into a jarring laugh. "Nay! Owain! surely! Mynachty is a person of education and a gentleman of high standing in the community,—the judge said so."

"D— the judge!" shouted the lawyer bitterly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed his hearer; so horribly however, that Bevan put his two hands upon the shoulders of the other and forced him back to a seat upon the bed.

"You must not be alone, Tom," he said. "It is not good for you to brood so; come down and we will sit together over something that will soothe you."

But argument and pleading were alike fruitless. Nevertheless Tom would not break out again; he would promise that. He was tired now and perhaps he should sleep after this. In fact he was sure he should. And with this assurance the would-be comforter was fain to leave him.

Passing out, however, he turned, looking long and earnestly into the other's eyes. Tom broke into a worn smile under the scrutiny, wringing his hand warmly as he said at parting,—*"God bless you, Owain! God bless you for a true friend! Good night! Good night!"*

When the door closed he went back and, half undressing, was about to throw himself upon the bed when a new idea struck him. The window of the room was a bow, and, striding into it, he

looked out. Yes! there it was! the squat jail, dimly visible at the end of the street.

"What if I put him there first and hear what the judge has to say of him then? Aye! if I thought he would suffer as I did and for as long a time I would wait even all those years for the end. But,—he has no wife or child and hardly a home. No! it would not begin to be equal and, besides; he is guilty; I was innocent! So let it be; the soonest the best."

Then he went back to the bed and slept like a log till daybreak.

Over breakfast next morning he was very cheerful; so much so as to astonish his host, who hastened to try and provoke a further increase of the cheerfulness by retailing an especially funny series of stories; though he did not add that they were out of date amongst other folk, being close upon seven years old. And Tom made shift to see the points of all of them; bringing in the laugh exactly at the right moment. "Clearly," thought the lawyer, "I must be beforehand in telling Huw Auctioneer that either I was mistaken yesterday or else there has been a most marvellously complete recovery. It will be awkward otherwise if that blundering tongue enquires of Tom, in thick headed sympathy, how his lunacy is getting on."

The solicitor never did give Huw credit,—a man's good points never are properly appreciated by his nearest friends.

Making an excuse to the effect that he must just slip out and see a man upon important business for five minutes, the solicitor proceeded to provide against this possible future awkwardness by hastening down to the auctioneer's place and getting in the first word. Returning immediately, with the indigestion fiend putting in some nasty work under the belt, he congratulated himself immensely upon his foresight in the matter when Tom, calmly reaching down his beaver,—new, to match the new clothes bought two days before,—announced that he, too, was going out. He thought he should benefit by a good long walk, and therefore,—*"Good morning!"*

"Good morning, Tom!"

So pleased with himself upon the point was Owen Bevan, that the door had hardly closed behind the other ere he proceeded to open a cherished drawer of his desk and indulge in his rarest dissipation; a pinch of the finest snuff.

The winning of a lawsuit was nothing to compare with providing against pain to his guest, if one might judge from his actions.

Meanwhile, out in the street, that guest had paused at the corner to take stock of his surroundings. Evan Bowen was just emerging from his domicile; "the solicitor for the prosecution,"

thought Tom, quoting in his mind from the newspaper report of his trial, "I will speak to that smart attorney."

The legal gentleman was affable. "Good morning, Mr. Hawys!"

"Hawys? Jones you called me last!" replied Tom scornfully.

"But, my dear friend! that was only in the way of professional business," rejoined the other.

"Business! aye! the devil's business. Did you three think that the same devil would forget it? Nay! yourselves are surest that he never will. He is laughing over it now. Where is the Uchelwr?—the gentleman who wished to benefit his country!—the devil has his shears in hand for the shearing of his sheep; nobody will steal them out of his hand.

"And you, you sit here and write letters to tell them I am come back and what things I do, but I will go and dig the Uchelwr out of the hole he hides in and then,—you shall hear what the judge has to say a second time; I'll warrant you he will not speak so scornfully of me as once he did."

Evan Bowen drew a long breath; he felt immensely relieved. He had feared personal violence. He had not feared the law, neither did he do so now; he had satisfied himself upon his own standing with regard to that years ago,—before the seven sheep were stolen. Oh, indeed! let him set the law in motion at once; this returned convict! He would find that the law does not readily admit that it can commit injustice; the law would bring its whole strength to crush any man who should presume to accuse it of such a thing by indicting his false prosecutors.

Proceed! my good man; and get a few years more for false witness and the rest of it. The attorney, of course, only said this in the inside of him, while the outside carried a smile of superior pity as it passed back again into the house. Once safe on the other side of the locked and bolted door however he made speed to write to his client, advising him to return at once and appear to court public attention in order to put a good front upon his conduct. For he, the writer, had just found out that the returned convict intended to have him,—the client,—before the judge and get the whole affair of his own conviction gone into.

There need be, of course, not the slightest doubt as to the ultimate result of any such trial; himself having, in fact, a plea prepared and pigeon-holed long since in connection with the case, which was enough to make a man smile, so complete and sufficing was it.

Mr. Addis had better return at once, as he said before; indeed! come post haste; more by token that the convict had expressed his determination

of seeking him in the place where he was now staying.

And so; etc., etc.

But neither during the time of writing this letter or afterwards did it occur to this astute attorney that he had totally failed to understand the right meaning of the convict's last sentence.

And while he wrote Tom was pushing beyond the town, with his face set to the south, looking neither to the right or left, but striding along with a swing that was stirring to see.

THE LONELY FLOWER

WHICH GREW ON THE BANKS OF THE DEAD SEA.

Translation of Dyfed's "*Y Blodyn unig*," by
WILLIAM HUGHES, Llanrwst.

O LONELY flower! sweet thy face,
Dost thou look for the direful place
Where lay the cities of the plain?
It is a wonder thou canst smile,—
Thy heart remain unbroken,—while
The wind doth blow its dismal strain.

O lonely flower! thou art bold,
To make thy seat where we are told
In days of yore were scenes of lust;
And dost thou know, sweet lovely flower,
That here was poured the brimstone shower
That scorched all splendour to the dust?

O lonely flower! art thou here
To say that flowers did appear,
Upon this bed in fragrant bloom?
What! and dost thou remain to tell
Of fiery showers belched from hell,
And only thou escaped their doom?

O lonely flower! thou art come,
A pure soul afar from home,
To live in wilderness so drear;
While on this lake to still gaze on,
Which speaks of wrathful justice done,
And on thy cheek there's not a tear.

O lonely flower! dare a hand
To cut thee off, lest here it stand,
And like this region withered be?
In looking at thy lovely face
A great temptation 'tis to place
Upon thy brow a kiss from me.

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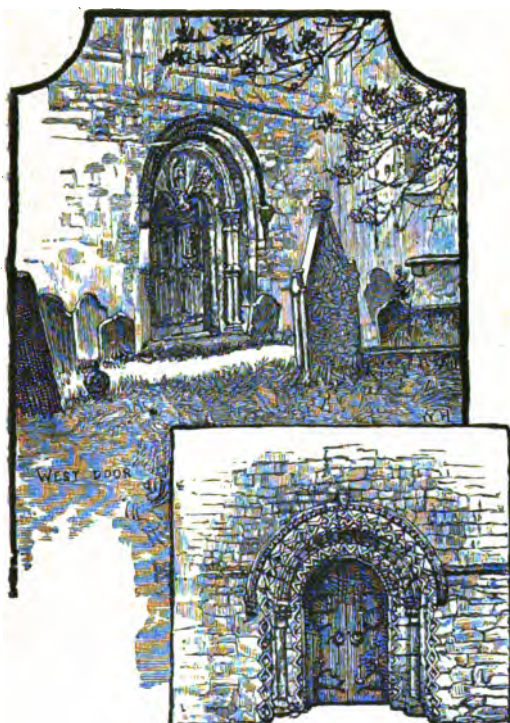
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VOL. IV.]

NOVEMBER, 1897.

[No. 43.]

THE BARDS AND THE FRIARS.



THE end of the Middle Ages is characterised by the mighty struggle between the secular and the spiritual power,—between the Empire and the Papacy. The same strife was going on in England, and at the same time. The mendicant friars had come as the regenerators of society, as the friends of the leper and the outcast, as the heralds of learning and art, as the fearless denouncers of the rich who knew no charity, of the strong who remembered not mercy. After the atheism and immorality of the Crusades, after their brutality and leprosy,—the friar brought purity and sympathy and God back into the desert world. The Crusader sought Christ's grave in a far away land, and came back brutal and diseased,—as if Christ were dead indeed. The friar came and taught men that Christ was still alive, and walked as his Saviour had done, doing good among men, and wearing his crown of thorns. But, before two centuries were over, the friars themselves had degenerated,—their fervent preaching had degenerated into mere mountebank tricks, their learning into the most barren scholasticism, their asceticism and poverty had given place to luxury and wealth,—luxury and wealth which were odious because the friars still made believe that they fasted and prayed in poverty for the love of God and the redemption of man. Poets are not a saintly race,—few of them have been canonized,—but, saints or sinners, one thing they have always done, they have always torn off

the cloak of hypocrisy and poured the most withering scorn on cant.

The English monks and friars of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have been immortalized in their hypocrisy, held up to the ridicule of all ages, by a poet who represents the rich they flattered, and by a poet who represents the poor they neglected. The monk of Chaucer will never die. He should have been poor and pensive, loving the solitude of his cloister, in deep meditation over the wonderful truths of God. But he was a gay rider, with his bridle

“Jingling in the whistling wind as clear
And eek as loud as doth the chapel bell.”

The rule of St. Benedict was old and too stringent, the monk of the fourteenth century had had better light, and believed that it was foolishness to make himself mad by poring over musty books, and that it was downright sin to work. He made the best of God's mercies and followed his greyhounds through the glades. The pale penance-worn monk had become a “lord full fat, and in good point.” His plain garment had been doffed or barely hid his curious gold pins and his love knots, was embroidered with grey rabbit fur, the finest in the land.

“Now certainly he was a fair prelate,
He was not pale as a for-pyned ghost.
A fat swan loved he best of any roast;
His palfrey was as brown as is a berry.”

The friar had come later, with a nobler and more difficult task, but his degeneracy had only been the faster, and the contrast is more striking between his loose life and the iron severity of the rules of his order, between the unutterable meanness of his aims and the noble self-sacrifice and lofty ideals of St. Dominic and St.

Francis. Chaucer's friar thought that it did not accord with his dignity to consort with the poor whom St. Dominic had revered, or to look at the horribly deformed lepers to whom St. Francis had ministered. But before the rich

"Courteous he was, and lowly of service."

Before the courtier and the lady he had many a merry note, and as he played before them

"His eyes twinkled in his head aright,
As do the stars in the frosty night."

His song was the loudest, his laugh the merriest. He knew every tavern, he had presents for rich men's wives.

"Full sweetly heard he confession,
And pleasant was his absolution."

In the eleventh century he had braved the most dreaded death in the fever-haunted towns and among the lepers; in the fifteenth, he fawned and cringed before any rich sinner who gave silver to the poor friars.

Another poet, an unknown poet, who lived on the fringe of the Welsh borders,—among the Malvern Hills, which seem to be a part of Wales carried into the English plain,—has described the friars more minutely, in ruder dialect and in more old fashioned metre than Chaucer. The revival of English alliterative poetry on the Welsh borders, in the fourteenth century, took place at the same time as the great Welsh literary revival of the same century. The spirit, which found its fullest expression in Dafydd ap Gwilym, moved an English border poet,—rough but earnest,—to tell, in homely phrase and uncultured language, the sad story of the sufferings of the poor, and the sadder story of the degeneration of the friars.*

He passes through the convents of the four orders of the mendicant friars, seeking one who could teach him his creed. He first tried a Franciscan friar. These Grey Friars reviled the other orders, boasted of their own holiness, and declared that the way to heaven was found, not by learning one's creed, but by giving money towards a painted window in a Grey Friars' house. He passed on to a Dominican

friary, wondering at its gorgeous architecture,—its painted and polished pillars, its glorious windows, the knots of gold which reflected the sun's light, marble and alabaster tombs with figures of armoured knights and lovely ladies, in raiment of beaten gold. And yet, thought the poor poet, these builders will beg a bagful of wheat of the poorest man. He found a friar on a bench, so fat that his flesh wagged like a quagmire. His order, the fat man said, was the best approved, the other orders were mere abortions, "and we, Dominicans, can be Popes and of greatest degree." Christ did not speak so, said the poet, as he passed into an Augustine friary, where he was told that, if he gave anything to the house, he would be enrolled as a lay brother of their order, and have all his sins forgiven. He had nothing to give, and went to the one remaining order, that of the Carmelites, entreating them to teach him his creed. His sins could easily be forgiven, the Carmelite friar said, without learning his creed, the friar would take all his penance in peril of his soul,—for a consideration. The poet was penniless, and was told that he was a great fool,—a penniless poet thinking that his sins might be forgiven was too absurd. The friar hurried off to a rich sinner's deathbed, the poet to a poor ploughman, who taught him his creed, and whose life he describes in a picture that is one of the most pathetic in the whole range of English literature.

I have thus mentioned two typical poets to show that there was a strife in England between the poets and the friars. The friars sing the praises of the self-sacrificing devotion of their founders, of their own exclusive sanctity and power of absolving from sin; the poets maintain that religion is not a thing of the desert or of the monastery, but a living influence best seen in the sanctifying sorrows of the family life.

In Wales the strife was far more bitter; bards and friars were both organized bodies, and there was a greater antagonism between their aims than we find between the friars and poets of England. Two facts account for the greater bitterness of the strife in Wales.

* The author referred to was probably not Langlands.—Ed.

One is,—the feeling of patriotism was much stronger in Wales than in England. Wales realized its unity centuries before England realized hers. From the battle of Chester in the seventh century, right up to our own day, the unity which the Romans gave us has never, in any period of Welsh history, been quite lost sight of, has never entirely ceased to be yearned for. This feeling of unity developed into patriotism in the long wars against the English central power. It was exceedingly strong in the fourteenth century, the time of the great literary revival, the eve of the rebellion of Owen Glendower. In England, on the other hand, the feeling of patriotism can hardly be said to have begun before the Hundred Years' War, and it did not reach its full strength till the reign of Henry V., did not find its poet until Shakespeare came.

Another cause of the bitterness of the strife,—the Welshman delighted in the beauty of nature, a delight which the friars condemned as a sin of the flesh. For the wild beauty of nature,—the mountain, the moorland, and the sea,—the fourteenth century Englishman had no sense; and the feeling took centuries to develop in English literature after Chaucer and Langland's time. We meet with it for the first time in Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, in the seventeenth century; it does not reach its fulness until the end of the eighteenth century, where we find it, just as it is in Dafydd ap Gwilym, in Wordsworth and Burns.

So that the two strongest feelings in Wales were patriotism and delight in nature; the feelings which the friars condemned, above all others, were the provincial patriotism which prevented the unity of mankind under Pope and Emperor, and the delight in the beauty of this world, a sinful beauty which hid from men's eyes the holy beauty of the next.

I shall divide my remarks on the strife between the bards and the friars into four parts,—

1. The friars of Wales.
2. The bards of Wales.
3. What those friars thought of those bards.
4. What those bards thought of those friars.

I. THE FRIARS OF WALES.

Along the Welsh marches,—the marches where the races mingle, and which are so interesting to the ethnologist, so fruitful in genius and in crime,—there stretched a line of great monasteries, from Chester to Glastonbury. Within the borders there was another line of monasteries, smaller, but nearer each other, fringing the mountainous part of Wales, from the mouth of the Clwyd along the slopes of the Berwyn and Breconshire mountains, along the vale of Morgannwg, and along the South Wales shore to Haverford and Cardigan. Within this line again, right among the mountains, there was a third class of monasteries,—smaller, and fewer in number. I shall say nothing about the constitutions of the monastic orders in Wales,—their rules and organization were the same everywhere,—but the following suggestions may be worth considering,—

(1) The great majority of the Welsh religious houses are Benedictine or Cistercian. That is, they belong to the older monkish orders, against the corruption of which the existence of the mendicant orders was a protest. Hence, though we do find many communities of friars in Wales, their new life and zeal, their self-denial and devotion to the outcast did not make the monastic orders so great a power in Wales as in England. There were lepers in Wales,—we know from the Welsh laws and Welsh place-names,—and Franciscans settled in places where, even in our own day, the poor are most wretched,—but the friars found no great towns, no crowded population with its consequent squalor and disease. Wales was a fit home for contemplative monks, it had no need of working friars. Tintern was lauded as the best place in Britain for quiet religious meditation, but the others,—Cymer, Valle Crucis, Aberconway,—were not less secluded. What would have saved the monastic orders was the need for continual work and abnegation. In Wales they had leisure, and their pampered bodies, the theme of so much irreverent bardic literature, enclosed a dull stupid soul.

(2) They were an Anglicising party, and found their patrons among those whom the Welsh regarded as their conquerors

and oppressors. In reading the history of England in the fourteenth century, we find a number of great lords distinguished for their turbulence, their readiness to murder, their shameless treason. In reading the history of the marches, we meet with the same lords again, on their death-bed, granting to the monasteries the Welsh lands they had stolen when they had no further need of them, and when they were forced to remember how they had treated the old possessors. The monasteries cluster thickest where the Norman lords were most cruel. The great marchland monasteries,—from Chester to Bristol,—thus became possessed of many lands in Wales,—and the collection of tithes and rents involved endless lawsuits, and great bitterness on the part of the Welsh. In 1231, the monk who came to collect the revenues of Llanblethian, for Tewkesbury, was carried away, and kept prisoner in the mountains; and when the bishop of Llandaff excommunicated the Welsh tenants, he found that excommunication had lost all its terrors in Wales. Of the inner circle of monasteries, they had nearly all been founded by English and Norman lords, many of them were subject to English monasteries, they were all bitter against the Welsh, they were all channels through which an Anglicising priesthood might be poured into Wales. The monks played the part of spies and guides for the armies of Edward I.; the Brecon monks called Llywelyn's execution of De Braiose treacherous, though, according to another chronicle, the Welsh rejoiced, for his family had shed Welsh blood like water. The chronicler of the monastery of Margam often writes a phrase which expressed the experience of almost every South Wales abbey,—“The Welsh burnt our barn in the month of October, the vengeance of God however fell upon them.” The Welsh kings devastated the abbeys, as well as the Norman castles,—Llywelyn destroyed some of the South Wales abbeys, and forced the rest to pay a heavy ransom. Later on, Owen Glendower destroys the Carmelite priory of Cardiff. Even of the monasteries which had been founded by Welsh princes, monasteries situated in the mountainous parts, some, such as Talley and Ystradmarchell,

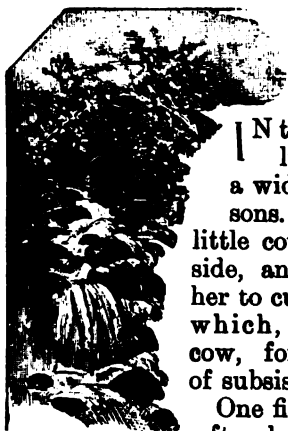
were subject to English monasteries. The English king always tried to conciliate the others, and when, after a rebellion, the rest of the country had to suffer heavily,—the monasteries,—Basingwerk, Rhuddlan, Aberconway, Beddgelert,—were indemnified for losses they had sustained in the war. When Aberconway,—the most patriotic perhaps, next to Ystrad Fflur,—was removed to Maenan, in the very heart of the Welsh hills,—we find that of its three chaplains, two were English, and the third was to be an honest Welshman, if an honest Welsh monk could be found.

(3) The very principle of monasticism was, of all things, the most repugnant to Welsh feeling and thought in the fourteenth century. The monk praised seclusion and meditation in deep valleys, the bard wandered through the land, welcomed everywhere, because his tales and songs were those of Wales. The friars preached universal brotherhood, the feeling in the poets is intensely provincial. The friar preached the worthlessness of the world, how the grace of the fashion of it perisheth; the Celtic nature love and delight in beauty were never so intense as in the fourteenth century. Taking the monastic orders as a whole, and the bards as a whole, the aims, the feelings, the heaven of the one were utterly unlike those of the other.

II. THE BARDS.

While the monastic orders were made one, in spite of their jealousies, by their subjection to Rome and dependence for influence upon purgatory and hell; the bards were made into one body, equally well organized, by the fact that they were the voice of the same nation, and because their inspiration, their “awen,” was the same, equally sacred to them, equally sinful to the friars. The bard and the friar were rivals for the favour of the people, for the favour of the prince. The song of the bard,—be he amatory Dafydd ap Gwilym or warlike Iolo Goch,—was the same; alluring love, the beauty of the world. And the sermon of the friar was the same,—the ruin of the soul for listening to the bard, redemption through the prayers of the friars for those who listened to their sermons and gave.

(To be continued.)



THE WIDOW AND HER THREE SONS.

By OWEN GEORGE.

IN the olden days, there lived in Llanedeyrn a widow who had three sons. They lived in a little cottage by the roadside, and her sons helped her to cultivate her garden, which, with one milch cow, formed their means of subsistence.

One fine spring morning, after breakfast, they were proceeding to follow their usual avocations, when Ririd, the eldest, as he was passing through the front door, happened to knock his head against the framework, which was not very high. The widow, observing this, called him back, and said to him, with a deep sigh,—

“Ririd, my son, it ever has been the custom of my people, that when a boy grew so tall that he could not pass through the door without stooping, he should leave his mother’s house, and go forth into the world. The time was, when the sending forth of the heir of the house of Velindre was the occasion of feasting and song, but now, alas, a widow’s tear must be thy only farewell, and instead of the high-bred palfrey and velvet doublet and gold-hilted sword of thy fathers, I have nought to give thee save this little cup.”

So saying, she reached down from the shelf a cup of fine ware, upon which were painted figures of birds and flowers.

So Ririd went forth on the bright May morning.

The youth was tall, and of ruddy countenance, none could overcome him at singlestick and other manly games, and as fleet of foot was he as the fleetest steed that had ever borne his forefathers to the border wars.

Heavy at heart was Ririd thus to leave his mother and his brothers, but ere long the breath of the hills brought exhilaration to his youthful spirit, and he strode along at a great pace, singing snatches of a song that he had learnt from his brother Gronwy.

At noon-day, being ahungered, he sat him down at a spring in a wood, to eat some barley cakes that he had brought with him in his wallet. Dipping his cup into the pool, he took a long draught of the clear cold water, which to him tasted finer than the sparkling wines of France.

As he reclined on a mossy bank, to him there came a man of woe-begone aspect, who saluted him.

“What is thy name, fair youth?” asked the man.

“I am called Ririd,” was the answer, “the son of Iorwerth, but my father has been dead this many a year, and I have set forth from my mother’s house to seek my fortune in the world.”

“And I,” said the man, “I am Ivor of Rhyd y Wern, but yesterday I was rich and great, but the Saxon king hath robbed me of my fair domain, and hath given it to his minion, the Earl of Usk.”

Ririd rose, and bowed before the chieftain. The latter eyed the cup that was slung at the youth’s side and begged the loan of it.

Ririd hastened to fill it at the spring and handed it to the stranger.

Having refreshed his thirst, the chieftain sprang up fiercely, the whole aspect of his countenance changed, as he seized Ririd, and began to embrace him with much fervour.

“My son,” said he, “but one minute ago, my soul was as lead for heaviness, now the blood of the Vaughans is stirred within me, and with thy help, I will go and settle matters with the earl. Thou hast been sent by my good angel to deliver me out of my troubles.”

Then he again took the cup, and filling it, peered into it intently for some moments, mumbling words which Ririd could not understand.

Then addressing Ririd, he said,—

“The way is clear. Let us depart.”

“Before we go,” said Ririd, “wilt eat of my mother’s barley cakes?” And he held out the homely fare for the chief’s inspection.

Ivor ate, and ate voraciously, until the little stock was soon exhausted.

Ririd watched him with admiration, and, when the chief had satisfied the cravings of hunger and thirst, tenderly placed the cup in his now empty wallet, and followed his new leader, who had started off at a great pace.

Walking along, they came to a place where three roads met, and there waited a peasant with two high-spirited horses.

"Art thou Ivor the Bountiful?" asked the man.

"I am he," was the reply.

"My orders are to give thee these two horses that have never been broken to the will of man."

The two friends mounted. The steeds were restive and impatient of control, but the riders kept their seats, and allowed them their own way. Off they galloped on the wings of the wind, until they came to a fair castle, where they suddenly halted, panting and foam-flecked.

They dismounted, and after a short parley, were admitted into the banqueting hall of the castle. Here were seated a hundred knights of noble lineage, who, with one accord, rose to greet the friends as they entered.

"Hail, Ivor of Rhyd y Wern, our country's deliverer," they cried, raising their drinking-horns. "And his faithful squire and strong right arm, Ririd, the son of Iorwerth, hail. Thrice welcome are ye both."

The new comers took their seats at the head of the table, and before them a sumptuous repast was laid. They ate and drank together till the approach of night, when several bards came forward and sang rousing songs of battle, until the blood of each Cymro present boiled within him with eagerness for the fray.

A year rolled round, the may came forth on the hawthorn tree, and silver began to streak the widow's head, when Gronwy, her second son, the golden haired and open hearted, went forth into the sunshine with his soul full of it. But the doorpost grew not with the renewing years, and he knocked his forehead an ugly bump in passing through. The widow's heart was full, as she said,—

"Twelve months ago Ririd went forth, and of him we have no tidings, now Gronwy must also depart. Take this, and with it thy mother's blessing."

So saying, she placed in his hand a pair of snuffers, curiously fashioned of silver.

Gronwy walked along, in deep meditation, until he reached the three cross roads where Ririd, his brother, and his chief had received their horses. Here he sat him down to think.

"It was all very well for my mother to say, 'Go,'" said he, to himself, "but whither am I to go?" Then he took out the silver snuffers, and began admiring them. "They are very fine," he murmured, "but I do not see what manner of use they are going to be. Maybe they will point out to me which of these roads to take."

So saying, he laid the snuffers on the ground before him, when their nose immediately swerved round and pointed along the right-hand road. This was the least inviting of the three in appearance, but Gronwy decided to follow the guidance of the snuffers. He laboriously climbed a steep ascent that led, through a wood, to a craggy mountain summit. By the time he had reached the top, he was right weary, and the shadows of night were beginning to close around him. At length he espied a light in a dingle some distance off. Making his way towards it, he soon came to a small cottage, at the door of which he knocked and demanded admittance. An aged woman appeared, and seeing from the harp slung across his shoulders that Gronwy was one of the community of bards, readily gave him welcome.

"It is very lonely here," said she, "and you will be able to cheer us with your songs."

The old dame led him into the kitchen, and placing before him some plain fare, bade him refresh himself. This he was glad enough to do, for the barley cakes he had brought with him had been eaten early in the day.

Having taken his fill, Gronwy lifted his eyes, and began to take stock of his surroundings. It was a mean apartment, poorly furnished, but in one corner of it a sight met his gaze that filled him with wonder and amazement. Seated on a rude

settle, with her face turned towards the fireplace sat a maiden of surpassing beauty, Her rich wavy hair, of auburn tint, fell in graceful masses over her shoulders, her features were regular, but not severe, and long drooping eyelashes gave token of the wondrous eyes that, now averted and down-cast, seemed oblivious to all their surroundings. Gronwy read in the lady a damsel in distress, and a very lovely one, to boot.

Rising, he made her a profound obeisance, and apologizing for his rudeness and neglect, introduced himself to her notice as a wandering minstrel. But, in the midst of his harangue, the old dame interrupted him.

"It is useless thy talking to her, friend bard," said she, "she understandeth not our tongue."

"It matters not, aunt," answered Gronwy, "I have a language which they all understand, the language of song, which is the same all the world over."

So saying, he took up his harp, and began playing a soft and plaintive love-strain, accompanying it with his voice in a lay so tender and eloquent, that at length those eyes were raised towards Gronwy's with a gaze that set his whole soul aflame.

Another year sped away, and the widow and her youngest son toiled and moiled away, without tidings of the absent ones.

Bran, the youngest, was deformed both in mind and in body. While his handsome brothers were near, the mother had looked upon her youngest born with a little awe and a great pity combined. But in their absence the eyes of her heart had been opened to the wondrous depth of love which this misshapen boy bore towards her, and now she daily thanked heaven that he, at any rate, would never be tall enough to knock his head against the door-frame. Though deformed, he was a giant in bodily strength, and his industry and willingness made his brother's loss less keenly felt.

During the dark winter evenings they had long talks about the absent ones. Of course, the widow did nearly all the talking, and Bran listened with his great eyes wide open, and his dimmed mind vainly

trying to keep pace with the widow's tongue.

But the widow grew older and older every day, and old age brings weakness and querulousness. Clouds of anxiety on his mother's account would sometimes flit across Bran's mind, and he once mounted a chair to measure the distance between the crown of his head and the door-sash. But his mother caught him in the act, and reprimanded him so sharply that he never attempted it again.

It was his wont to prepare a dish of porridge for the widow to partake of before rising every morning, and to place on the clean coverlet of her bed a bloom fresh plucked from the creeping rose tree that he always tended with much affection.

One day, on returning home for his mid-day meal, he found the porridge untasted, the rose where he had left it, and his mother still in bed. This was something new and mysterious to him, so he approached the bed with a feeling of dismay.

"Mother," he called, anxiously.

"Bran, is it you?" was the response, in a feeble voice.

"In truth, it is Bran."

"I am going away, my boy."

The lad looked towards the door-sash with a puzzled expression, then at the outline of the wasted form in the bed, and shook his head slowly.

"Mother, you are not tall enough yet."

Then the widow endeavoured to explain to him in a simple manner, the great mystery of death, and gave him a few plain hints as to how he was to proceed when he should find her lying cold and breathless.

Bran listened attentively, but ever and anon snatched a furtive glance at the doorway.

In the little churchyard of Llanedeyrn is a grave, and beside it sits Bran, watching. The green turf of it is spangled with sweet smelling roses. The lad's eyes are lustreless with long vigils. Day after day he has taken up his position at the grave. Kind neighbours bring him food, which he eats mechanically; and they pity him, even to tears, as he looks up at them with his despairing helpless gaze.

There is a heavy thud on the dew-

begemmed turf behind him, and looking up he sees a horse leap the low churchyard wall, ridden by a knight, who bears in his arms the affrighted form of a lady. With eager desperate speed they make for the church door, the harbour of refuge for the sore beset. But their progress is arrested, the rider and his fair burden fall to the earth close to the spot where Bran keeps his faithful vigil. The knight lies a senseless heap, pierced by his pursuer's arrow, while his affrighted companion, raising herself to a kneeling posture, and observing Bran, implores him for mercy in a tongue which is strange to him.

"They have killed him, they have killed my lover," is her cry. Then she fell upon the wounded prostrate form in hysterical agony.

"Faithless one, have I at length found thee?"

It was the voice of the avenger, who dismounting from his steed, approached them, and spurned with his foot the senseless form before him.

"And this is thy faithful squire," he added, in tones of bitter contempt.

Edith, hastily rising, confronted him, her tearful eyes flashing with rage,—

"Murderer," she cried, "and worse than murderer, fratricide. Thou hast slain thine own brother."

The new comer bent over the fallen knight, and scanned his features closely, only to receive confirmation of the dreadful truth. Ririd, in anger and revenge, had indeed slain his brother Gronwy.

"I have killed him," he murmured. Then turning to the Lady Edith,—

"She-devil," he exclaimed, "thus to inflame two brothers' hearts with thy hideous

charms, and bring one to death, the other to damnation."

Averting his gaze, he beholds Bran, who has watched the whole scene with dreamy wonder,—

"Run, Bran, to the spring for a cup of water. Quickly, if thou valuest a dear life."

Bran took the cup from his brother's hand, and hastened to perform his bidding. He was back in a trice, but in his anxiety to avoid stepping on his mother's grave, he caught his foot in a stone and fell, smashing the cup to pieces.

Ririd knelt down, and raised his fallen brother's head.

"Gronwy, forgive me," he cried. "If I had known that thou wert my rival, I would have cleft this heart in twain, rather than seek to thwart thee."

The dying man feebly held out his hand in token of forgiveness.

"I loved her," he murmured, and fell back in his brother's arms, a lifeless weight.

The elder brother prostrated himself before the dead, and wept bitter tears of remorse.

"O Gronwy, my playmate, my brother, I would fain die with thee, for life hath nought for me now."

"Die then," said Edith, as she plunged a dagger through his heart. "Thou hast robbed me of father, home, and lover. Go to thy reward."

Then turning towards Bran, she exclaimed,—

"Who art thou, fellow?"

He looked at her with sad, inquiring eyes, and answered,—

"Three went out, two have returned. I am Bran."

THE ANCIENT MELODY.

Air,—"YR HEN ALAW."

WHERE are they who inspired thy throbbings,
Harp of Aneurin, neglected and lone?
Hast thou no voice, but for wailings and sobbings,
Now that the brave and the lovely are gone?
Old am I who once wooed thee to gladness,
Strike, strike, a chord to the Lay of the Graves;
Comfort the minstrel, and pity his madness,
Wake, wake, the echoes, if needs be, to sadness,
Tell the tale of old Gwalia's dead braves.

Ten tall lads through my porch went one morning,
Prince, I gave them to Gwalia, and thee;
Done to death, as they fought, danger scorning,—
O, my sons, ye were precious to me;
Must I wander, O harp of my calling?
Strike, strike, a chord to the Lay of the Graves;
'Tis my last song, for the shadows are falling,
Gwalia's past glory and largesse recalling,
Land of fair ladies, and death-courting braves.

OWEN GEORGE.

THE OXFORD SCHEME FOR THE TRAINING OF SECONDARY TEACHERS.

By ERNEST S. DAVIES, M.A., Assistant Master at Cheltenham Grammar School.

MUCH has been said of late about the organization of secondary education. It is a thousand pities that so little has actually been done in comparison with the huge amount of discussion that has taken place.

The most prominent question in connexion with the subject is that of training; and the work of reform will make little progress until this point has been finally settled. Something has already been done, but the fact remains that the great majority of our secondary teachers are untrained men.

There are in existence, at the present time, twelve University Colleges which include in their curriculum courses for the training of secondary teachers. The College of Preceptors has a Training College for the same purpose. There are, moreover, five examining bodies which offer diplomas in the theory, practice, and history of Education. The University of Cambridge has, since the year 1880, held such an examination. This year the University of Oxford has followed suit.

Considering the widespread interest that Wales manifests in the question of education, a brief account of this latest scheme can hardly fail to prove interesting to our readers.

Of the two parts into which the scheme may be divided,—theoretical and practical,—the first calls for little remark. An examination in the theory, practice, and history of Education will be held in December and in June next.

The subjects of the examination are,—

- (1) The Elements of Psychology as bearing upon Education.
- (2) Practical Knowledge of Methodology in all its bearings,—school organization, discipline, management, &c.
- (3) The History of Education, including the life and work of eminent teachers, and educational ideas and systems, with special reference to the period from 1600-1720.

In addition, each candidate has to offer one of a large number of special subjects allowed by the delegacy.

Were this all, the Oxford scheme would be in no wise remarkable. It would be identical with that adopted by the University of Cambridge, seventeen years ago. But, happily, the comparative futility of a purely theoretical course has been recognized; and, to qualify for the diploma, each candidate is required to exhibit not only an adequate knowledge of the theory and history of Education, but also his efficiency as a practical teacher.

Accordingly a course, under the supervision of a lecturer on Education, was arranged for the last summer vacation. This time was chosen in order that those who were already engaged in scholastic work might be enabled to attend the course.

The course was begun, on August 7th, by two introductory lectures explaining the course of procedure that was to be followed.

A class of some fifteen boys, averaging from 12 to 14 years of age, from a higher-grade school, was got together. Two lessons were delivered every morning, throughout the course, by two of the candidates. After the dismissal of the class, these lessons were criticised in detail by each of the remaining candidates, and a final criticism was delivered by the lecturer. The rest of the morning,—the work began at 8-30,—was occupied by lectures upon the subjects of the examination. These often deviated into discussion, and not the least valuable part of the course was the interchange of views and experience among the candidates, who, it may be remarked, represented all stages of the profession, from the headmaster to the embryo assistant. While only two candidates could actually deliver lessons each day, every candidate had to write his scheme of the lesson beforehand, and these were examined and criticised each evening by the lecturer. These written lessons, moreover, will be placed in the hands of the examiners, to assist them in deciding upon the qualifications of the various candidates.

In all some forty lessons were delivered, ten in Latin, in French, and in English history, and five in geography, and in geometry. Each lesson was based upon the Herbartian five-step method, and consisted of,—

(1) *Preparation*, i.e., the analysis of what was already contained in the boys' minds, in order to lead up to the introduction of the new matter.

(2) The *Presentation* of the new facts which were to be grafted on to the old matter which had been analysed in the preparatory stage.

(3) The *Association* of the subject of the lesson with some parallel subject, familiar to the boys.

(4) The *Formulation* of the general principle for the introduction of which the way had thus been paved.

(5) The *Application* of the lesson, by means of recapitulatory questions, &c.

Thus the procedure was from the known to the unknown, recognising the all important fact that new knowledge can only be assimilated with the help of previous ideas. "No one hears anything except what he knows; no one perceives anything except what he has experienced."

Again, only when the concrete facts were firmly fixed in the boys' minds was the abstract principle, to which these facts pointed, introduced.

Care was taken to elicit as much as possible from the boys themselves. The method of investigation was pursued in preference to the method of demonstration. The teacher *directed* the boys' thoughts. He did not endeavour to instil knowledge into their minds, as,—to use the old simile,—one pours liquid into a jug. While the theoretical correctness of this method is universally recognised, anyone who has had any experience at all of school work knows how contrary it is to the actual methods which are adopted by most teachers. A more detailed account of one of the courses of lessons will illustrate the actual working of the method. In Latin, some of the chief advantages of learning the language were elicited and explained. The position of Italy and Rome was shewn from the map. The boys' interest was

stimulated by a graphic story or two from Roman history. Then some objects in the room were pointed to, and the Latin names given,—*creta*, *fenestra*, *sella*, *tabula*, &c. *Est*, with the adverbs *ubi* and *hic* were also introduced. Thus, from the very beginning, the boys were enabled to frame sentences, and to ask and answer questions in Latin. Gradually all the cases of the first declension were brought into use, and then the scheme of the first declension was tabulated. Thus the method, which is still the ordinary one in schools, was completely reversed. Sentences were first introduced, and then these were analysed into their parts, and these in their turn critically examined. At the end of the ten lessons, which were limited to half an hour each, that is to say after five hours' actual teaching, with no home preparation, the first declension, and the nouns in *us* and *um* of the second declension, were thoroughly known, and what is of supreme importance the boys could *use* the knowledge they had acquired.

The French lessons were conducted almost entirely in French, upon the conversational method.

The history lessons were rendered vivid and interesting by the use of portraits and prints; while the geography lessons were illustrated by the use of modelling-clay, and by the exhibition of products from the countries touched upon.

In the geometry lessons the method of investigation was pursued with conspicuous success; and it was found perfectly possible to elicit every step in the construction from the boys. In this way the boys were induced to take the keenest interest in a subject which, if badly handled, becomes supremely dull. Throughout, of course, abundant use was made of the blackboard.

If the feelings of those who participated in this course,—the first of its kind ever held in the University of Oxford,—is any criterion at all, there can be no doubt as to its success.

We may hope that the day is not far distant when the dreams of Mulcaster, of Brinsley and Hoole, will be realised, and that no university will be without its Training College for teachers.

"CÂS GŴR NA CHARO'R WLAD A'I MACO."

By LYDIA A. HUGHES, Llanengan.

SAID a Welshman a short while ago, "*Welsh people have not sufficient brains to go abroad*," though he, himself, was a living refutation of the assertion, having just returned from South Africa, where he had attained a good position and comfortable circumstances. The English lady, to whom he addressed the words, retailed them for my benefit. As I listened there flashed through my mind the old familiar saying,—"*Câs gŵr na charo'r wlad a'i maco*." Fortunately, lest I should, "in my haste," have said what might have been quite unjust and unnecessary, I was quite unable to translate the phrase into telling and effective English, and so the African Welshman escaped scot free. There is so much in the manner in which anything is said! Possibly it was said with a loving, humorous twinkle in the eyes; it may have been said sarcastically as touching others who so think; it may have been uttered very thoughtlessly, and forgotten in less than five minutes; or, it may have been said with an honest conviction of its truth. I was not there to see and hear for myself, and it is well to take what we receive at second hand "with a grain of salt," and put on it the construction most compatible with charity and common sense. But however the remark was meant, it caused the old saying to ring in my ears for days afterwards,—"*Câs gŵr na charo'r wlad a'i maco. Câs gŵr na charo'r wlad a'i maco*."

In my subsequent reveries I began to wonder which is the friend and which the enemy of his native land,—he who holds her up to contempt by speaking slightly of her, or he who holds her up to ridicule by giving her undeserved and indiscriminate praise. That capital can be made by the wise out of both is pretty certain. Contempt and slights are serviceable when they induce us to examine ourselves and find out whether there is any ground for the disparaging sneer; and undeserved, indiscriminate praise answers a good purpose when it brings home to our minds how far

we fall short of its flattering representation. But in contradistinction to these two types there arose slowly in my mind the form and features of the true patriot, "*Y gŵr a garo'r wlad a'i maco*." He is loyal, open-eyed, broad-minded, active, and reverent,—

"These are sure signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe."

I. *The true patriot is loyal*.—Years ago Welshmen were sometimes ashamed of acknowledging their nationality. Those "Dark Ages" are past, and there is scarcely a Welshman living now, even though he be unread in the literature of his country and a Gallio as to her institutions, that would really take any trouble to suppress the name of the race from which he has sprung. But there are many Welsh people who very rarely remember they are Welsh, and who more rarely still feel the thrill of *national* blood coursing through their veins. And this class is mostly made up of men and women who have been brought up in homes where books were quite at a discount, and where there was little or no heed given to the training of the intellectual and spiritual nature. They who have been brought up in a good home, by enlightened parents, retain their distinctive nationality the longest when living with strangers far away from that home. And this is in the nature of things,—do they not owe the land of their fathers a deeper debt of gratitude, and have they not circumstances of more abiding interest to look back upon than the people who have been brought up indifferently?

But, perhaps, Welsh people in *Wales* are more disloyal than their countrymen "of the dispersion." Those who live amongst her mountains, and in her valleys, are the most inclined to speak English and forego their mother-tongue. It is the daughters of well-to-do parents, in her small country towns, who write English letters, but would find a difficulty in writing a Welsh one. It is in *Wales*, and not by her children elsewhere, that *The Strand*, *Tit-bits*, and

Home Chat are preferred to *Cymru*, *Heddyw*, and *Y Gymraes*!

At home or abroad he who is loyal will not give up Welsh literature; he will not give up,—even if he have only the remembrance left,—Welsh institutions,—the eisteddfod, our national festival, which, let us hope, we shall continue to hold in higher honour than what seems to be its national equivalent with our English neighbours, *horse-racing*; the chapels and preachers, who hold the warm place in our hearts that theatres and actors occupy in those of some other nations.

He who is loyal will ever watch and help his countrymen's progress, and will never cease to identify himself with all their concerns. And instead of being ashamed of acknowledging himself a Welshman, he is always careful lest anything in his behaviour should tend to reflect disgrace upon his countrymen.

II. *The true patriot is open-eyed.*—He is observant of the strong points and excellences of other nations, he is also observant of the faults as well as of the merits of his countrymen. "He sees all" that he may do his part towards correcting the faults, and supplying the defects. He begins with himself as a unit; he tries to induce his immediate friends, and in many cases, all his compatriots, to follow his example. He reads the signs of the times; he sees the facilities brought within our reach by the discoveries of modern science; he sees the strides that are being made in other countries in learning, in art, in science, and he tries to find ways and means by which his countrymen also may enter the arena, and have a chance to prove themselves "heroes in the strife."

III. *The true patriot is broad-minded.* Not only is he open-eyed to see, but he is also broad-minded enough to profit by what he sees, or maybe it is the other way about, and his vision is clear *because* he is broad-minded. We have, as a nation, in the past failed in this quality. We hugged our own little theories and practices too closely, to our own hurt and their deterioration. We waxed wroth if one of ourselves dared hint at any national imperfection, and if an Englishman pointed at any defect, he was hissed out of court as an enemy. It

is not very long ago that Mr. Gladstone gave expression to that unlucky phrase, "poor little Wales," and the Welsh newspapers were full of it,—"*Cymru fechan dlawd*,"—and they went to the trouble of refuting the idea conveyed, or which they thought was conveyed, in the words, and of proving to the aged statesman that he was wilfully and blindly mistaken. Wales was not "poor" but eminently rich; not "little" but pre-eminently great!

This entirely unnecessary touchiness of ours makes it difficult for people to talk to us, and can we blame them, if, at last, they give up the attempt? The words were and are absolutely true in many a sense; why waste time, energy, and temper in trying to deny them?

There are no truer lovers of their country than our Scotch kindred, there is no country and no people equal in their eyes to their "*ain fauk at hame*," but they are canny enough to assimilate every foreign influence and to turn it to their own advantage and the glory of the Land o' Cakes. But whilst the base spirits amongst us have been ready to swallow and accept *anything* that came from a foreign source, our most robust and truest patriots have been too narrow-minded and too prone to draw a line of demarcation between their own and other nationalities, as if the Welsh nation stood on a higher level, and was above being judged on the same principles as the savage tribes outside. During the late war between China and Japan, there was a political cartoon representing China as hemmed in by her Great Wall, but a brave little Jap was employed in making a gap in it, and through the breach there entered the fair goddess, civilization. We have had a Great Wall round us in our lack of broad-mindedness and our spirit of distrust and suspicion, though many of our best patriots have been engaged in making gaps in it. As true patriots we should be broad-minded enough to acknowledge our faults, to accept good advice even from a foreigner, to be willing to be judged solely on our merits on the same footing as other nations, and to enter the lists with them in a spirit of a taken-for-granted brotherliness, and not a taken-for-granted enmity.

and distrust, and to know that a nation, as well as an individual, loses many good things through a selfish isolation.

IV. *The true patriot is active.*—The world moves on, and none of us can afford to rest on our oars, and live on the glory of past achievements.

Our dreamy, imaginative temperament,—and though it has its drawbacks, we must not esteem too lightly this birthright of ours,—makes it a temptation to linger lovingly over annals of the past, or to conjure up bright visions of an ideal future, but the true patriot will recognize the necessity of every day activity and present day work. He knows there is no nation so favoured of heaven as to be able to do without hard work, and that we also if anxious to take our place amongst the nations of the earth, and wishful to secure some of the prizes of life, must “be up and doing,—still achieving, still pursuing.”

V. *The true patriot is reverent.*—“An irreligious Welshman is an anomaly,” so said a thoughtful minister at one of the Welsh gatherings in a large English town. He meant that Welshmen inhale a religious atmosphere with their every breath,

an atmosphere fraught with Scripture and hymns and sermons, and that the product of such an upbringing ought, in the nature of things, to be religious. Whether Welshmen always turn out to be religious, as their early training warrants, is not for me to decide, but it is certain that an irreverent patriot is an anomaly. *He* cannot forget the pulpits and the Sunday Schools which have elevated Wales, *he* cannot forget God, who was to his forefathers “a very present help in trouble.” And at the very root of patriotism, as of family love, there is filial reverence. It is piety to love our own kith and kin,—God made them ours, and we are in duty bound to love them, differences of tastes and inclination notwithstanding. And it is so with the love of country,—God made us Welsh, not Jews or Greeks, English or French, and that very fact ought to be a good “reason why” for our love. The sentiment of patriotism has its root in our relation to God and heaven, and viewed in this light the sentence that stands as the title of this paper is full of a deeper meaning,—“*Câs gŵr na charo'r wlad a'i maco.*”



THE GOLDSEEKER.

Air,—“HOBED O HILION.”

OUT on the wild veldt, 'neath a canopy blue,
Magi Morgan, Magi Morgan, I am thinking of you ;
O warm are the rays of the African sun,
Magi Morgan, Magi Morgan, would that we two were one.
Toiling for gold on the bare rolling plain,
Fighting with fever, and frantic with pain,
Hunger and thirst from my side never flee ;
Magi Morgan, Magi Morgan, I am working for thee.

Out on the wild veldt, 'neath the stars high and cold,
I am dreaming, Magi Morgan, but I dream not of gold ;
I stroll along Teivi, toward bleak Glan y Môr,
Where I met thee, Magi Morgan, in the sweet days of yore.
Hush, what is that breaks the stillness of night ?
See to your gun, is your powder all right ?
Was it the blacks, or a lion's deep roar ?
Magi Morgan, Magi Morgan, shall I e'er see thee more ?

Out on the wide sea, of a measureless blue,
I am coming, Magi Morgan, back to Gwalia and you ;
O 'tis a long cry from Rhodesia to Wales,
So I sing me this old song of a “Bushel of Nails.”
Bells of Glanteivi, ring out to the sky,
Thou art mine, Magi Morgan, thou art mine till I die ;
Thou shalt have riches and blessings untold,
Slung around me, Magi Morgan, I have plenty of gold.

OWEN GEORGE.

THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

AN IDYLL; A FARCE; AND A TRAGEDY.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL,

Author of *The Jewel of Ynys Galon, Battlement and Tower, For The White Rose of Arno, etc.*

BOOK III: A TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE STEALING STRIDE OF NEMESIS.

TIROWEN was not a large or handsome town, nor yet was it famous as a health resort, but the Freeholder and his confederate had decided that it was quite good enough for them. Letters reached it quickly; only a post and a half from Cildag, so they could easily keep themselves in touch with the course of events at home.

To these two, however, there had come to be a good deal of mockery in that word home; Mynachty was more like a "so and so'd" barn than a house now, said its owner, while as for the Shop to its nominal owner,—well, he only used to smile in sickly fashion when the other would grimly comment upon his supposed enjoyment of any of his infrequent visits to it.

For the draper's life was now one unrelieved martyrdom. Whenever he did put in an appearance at home his wife took especial satisfaction out of him, and when he was abroad with the Freeholder that jovial soul practised new and alarming tortures upon him every day. It had passed into a settled thing for his confederate to reduce him to a state of collapse by threatening to turn crown's evidence; his ignorance of all things legal preventing Jacob from retorting that only the auxiliary villain was ever allowed such benefit. There were other ways also of twanging the strings, such as sudden news of Tom Hawys having escaped, with the threats of vengeance confided by him to a fellow convict a day or two before breaking loose; the threats being chiefly directed against the draper as having first betrayed him into the hands of his enemy. As the years went on, and the expiration of the seven years drew near, there came a never staling joy to Mynachty in suggesting and picturing the return of their victim; with the various ways in which he might take his choice of a suitable mode of wreaking vengeance upon the perfidious Shop. With what delight of slow drawn out detail the other would go over the scene, gloating over the terrified efforts of the miserable draper to get drunk before the climax could be reached; whether that were burning with

hot irons; breaking each separate bone one at a time, or any other fanciful fashion of getting even. Sometimes he would take away the pitcher or tumbler and proceed to illustrate the narrative by half throttling the gurgling wretch, or exerting pressure upon the indicated lines till the bones cracked, and the victim yelled out in pain. Then, at this stage, every once in a while, Shop would become desperate, and, seizing the handiest weapon, would make frantic efforts to kill or disable the bigger villain, who would merely grin and pin him to the wall with one large hand while he disarmed him with the other; holding him thus till his impotent fury broke down into a drivel or lapsed to a sullen silence. Between whiles the Freeholder would unearth stories in books dealing with tortures of the Middle Ages, or foreign lands of to-day, and then invite his companion to hear them read,—and commented upon.

It was a glorious life!

Moreover, Shop had not profited by his villainy! Immediately after the trial he had a second time requested to be paid the price for Havod y Garreg, but the other had told him, point blank, that it would be no use bringing that bill forward for a year or two yet; the riot had cost him too much. The draper had blustered at this, threatening a suit at law; but the other grimly told him to go ahead and make ready for cross-examination by Evan Bowen. What of that? why, there was that attempt to get Tom Hawys evicted on a quit notice he had never received; that would hardly bear poking over by such an one as the attorney. For, of course, all the world knew that Jacob Shop had never really given that notice as agreed upon, having utterly forgotten it, and then, sooner than lose a sovereign or two like an honest man, he had sworn to the Freeholder,—who had been waiting for the fulfilment of his honest bargain made a year before,—that he had done so, and to make his lie good had written, signed, and endorsed, a spurious notice; thereby causing him, the said Freeholder, to run risk of imprisonment for false action at law, begun by him in his deluded and deceived state. The judge would see at once that the innocent

Freeholder had been grossly imposed upon by that most notoriously grasping villain, Shop.

That wouldn't affect the validity of the purchase and the bill given in payment, eh? Wouldn't it though! In the first place there would be the costs of that abortive law proceeding to come off the bill, and then there would be the damage sustained by the cheated Freeholder in not being able to fulfil his engagements in the matter of increasing his sheep business, he having, for want of the possession of Havod y Garreg, been forced to buy release from his contracts, at a ruinous loss, such as would eat up most of the price of the place. Moreover, he had agreed to the exorbitant sum charged because he wanted the accommodation of the land at the date specified, and the difference between that and a fair price would have also to be deducted.

"In fact," Shop had interposed at this juncture, attempting to speak in scorn, "I'd better ask you to say no more about it, or you'll be figuring out that I owe you something on the deal."

"Exactly," had grinned the other. And after that he had explained that no man could pluck the feathers from a fish or draw hen's teeth; he didn't possess the money in any case, and if he were pushed he would turn crown's evidence. He did not explain what was to prevent Shop himself from drawing the fangs of this last threat by hastening to turn crown's evidence first, neither did it occur to Shop at once to suggest it. When, later on, he did so, the other was ready with a reason to the effect that it was only the man of highest standing concerned who had the chance in each case. And, remembering what the judge had said about the other's standing in the community, the draper had said no more on that point, but had gone in for thinking thoughts that made him jump when a door banged, or turned his mouth dry whenever he saw the constable coming across the square.

Afterwards the bill had been reduced in accordance with the Freeholder's showing of his losses and damages sustained, not, of course, to a fancy point, but to one that still made the victim groan and wish, in various keys, that he had never been born. This reduced bill was to carry substantial interest, however, which somewhat tended to soothe the draper, especially as it was to be paid in advance each six months, and he tried to solace his mind by jingling the first instalment in his pocket.

Then presently the other had knocked the paint off his new agreement. For, first plying the other with the bottle, he had taken him at the right moment and borrowed the sum back again to pay the landlord's bill where they were staying;

promising faithfully to repay it when the bank should open next day. The landlord was a keen blade, said he, and would not wait.

And that was the last Shop saw of that instalment, he having previously signed the receipt for it.

Next year it was a tale to the effect that Evan Bowen had become a bloodsucker and would wait no longer, but must have money,—and so on and so forth. Always some new and convincing excuse, and always a successful evasion, till the duped draper had ceased pushing the farce further, and had resolved in despair to take it out in kind, accompanying the other in his constant excursions about the country and running up the liquor bills to the steepest pitch, in a feeble attempt to get even. It was something at least to live like a fighting cock at another man's expense.

Only the fighting cock possesses no mind to be tortured by the suggestions of another; nor does the ordinary fighting cock generally fear to meet a particular one of its fellows; or have any false witnessings to carry in remembrance and dread the retribution of. Happy fighting cock!

The last two years of the time, however, had been absolutely the worst. Previous to that, the Freeholder, in using the attorney as an excuse, had always represented him as pressing for the payment of his lawful, though unjust, costs, incurred during the trial. Now, however, he put forth a new theory to say that Evan Bowen had turned round, plump and plain, and demanded money for his silence; alleging that he had only just discovered the fact of Tom Hawys' total innocence of the charge upon which he had been condemned. Taxed with his own fabrication of the evidence which procured that condemnation, he had replied readily that, relying upon the word of the Freeholder and his witnesses, he had then really believed in the man's guilt, and had thereafter, merely in accord with legal usage, set to work to procure the supposed criminal's conviction by any and every means in his power,—as was done in the law regularly,—and as any judge would let them know, did they turn restive.

And the money had to be paid, Jacob Shop bearing his part in the disbursement. More than that, this tax recurred with a methodic regularity worthy of the legal training of its exactor, and with an insistence that brooked no delay; nay, notice in advance of the date of its falling due had come to be part and parcel of the impost.

And this tale was no idle one of Mynachty's inventing, but a grim reality. Of course, Evan Bowen had not sprung such a thing upon his victims with the clumsiness of the Freeholder's description, nor had that man yielded as easily

as his own tale might infer; but the brute strength of the one was helpless before the casuistic skill of the other and, with the lesson of his own victim's fate at the hands of the law confronting him, the master of Mynachty had been compelled to yield to the drain. He had, however, by dint of strenuous arguments and even counter threats, reduced the amount to be paid, and furthermore, though Jacob Shop had not been mentioned in the matter, had resolved to make the draper contribute a full quota of the total, that it might fall the lighter on himself.

The attorney, in truth, had hesitated a long time before resorting to such a desperate and risky throw, but circumstances, as he deemed, had left him no choice saving thus to apply the screw. The fact was that, since the trial of Tom Hawys, his previous bad odour had increased to such an extent that most men preferred to yield their cases undefended to the mercy of the court, rather than incur the stigma of employing such an one as he. Those who elected still to hire him, rather than no attorney at all, were generally of a kind whose very stubbornness precluded his making much out of them, and therefore his finances had gone from bad to worse, till the lean old servant had struck work in desperation and taken to standing before him with arms akimbo, or following him from room to room squeaking for her money. At this same juncture, also, the tradesmen had flatly refused to give further credit and talked loudly of suing him in his own courts, so that at last,—he tapped the Freeholder.

And the Freeholder, in his turn, as we have said, took a savage satisfaction out of Jacob Shop, and found a ferocious enjoyment in playing cat and mouse with his wretched victim over the unpaid price of *Havod y Garreg*.

On this particular morning the Freeholder was feeling facetious, a careful noting of the preliminary signs of which had early driven his confederate to a manful endeavour to get tipsy in time. But the tormentor, taking cognizance of that out of the corner of his eye, had first passed a few pleasant gibes that made the draper squirm like a speared eel, and then despatched him to the post office to enquire for any letter that might be there.

Meanwhile, being already half drunk himself, he gathered round him a few choice spirits, both in bottles and breeches, from the bar below, and, as soon as Shop returned with the expected letter, genially requested the whole company to fill up and listen while he told them a little story. And the twinkle in his eye caused Shop to groan inwardly.

Then the story began,—cutting extremely fine.

It was about a poor but honest man who was arrested for stealing sheep; seven sheep. It appeared, however, that this man was totally innocent of any such crime, and had, in fact, never even seen the seven sheep till they came into court! It was Jacob Shop who was the prosecutor, and he pushed the matter so vindictively that the poor fellow got seven years' penal servitude over the job. Now they could judge for themselves what sort of a villain Shop was, since, all this time, he had really done the thing himself, and all because the man had cut him out with the prettiest girl in the place,—though that was not much of a job if one looked at that bald head, with half a score of carroty hairs hanging round it like straws from a hedge stump, and a face below that would make cows give buttermilk all ready. If ever a man was born to be hanged it was a man with a headpiece like that. However, as for Shop he gained no benefit by his labour, for the girl wouldn't have him anyhow,—indeed, drove him off with a gorse hook when the villain visited her afterwards to make a scoundrelly proposition to her. And now the seven years were just up and that was why Jacob was here with him in *Tirowen*,—he feared to go home and meet the man he had injured. He was a sorry villain, indeed, was Jacob Shop!

And the hero of this tale smiled feebly and muttered something about a good story.

But in the midst of the dutiful ribaldries which this recital extracted from the guests round the table, the teller of it bethought him of the letter, and Shop, thankful as he was to escape the ultimate development of the other's present vein of humour, yet trembled with fear as he watched the breaking of the seal, for he dreaded the writing inside it.

A hasty perusal of it brought the Freeholder to his feet to inform the company that important business required attending to, and he further emphasized the announcement by seizing the bottle and draining it into his own glass.

Upon which unmistakable hint, the choice spirits in breeches, internally thankful for the spirits now in their interiors, marched solemnly out on their way below stairs again.

The letter was the one from Evan Bowen at whose penning we were present, and a short council of two, sitting upon its contents, speedily decided to follow the advice contained therein.

"D—n him! Jacob!" said the Freeholder, "he can't let us come to harm. Not only he'd lose so much money by that, but his neck is in the same noose with ours,—we'll go."

And notwithstanding the suggestive elegance of this last simile, which made the draper catch at his Adam's apple, that person could advance no

good and sufficient reason for flouting this decision, and he, too, said,—“We'll go!”

They were become too old stagers at travelling to need long notification, and inside a briak hour their reckoning was paid and themselves departed; one with set jaws and knitted brows, and the other with flabby limbs and a goneness beneath the waistband which no amount of brandy could fortify.

But first, in spite of their obvious hurry, they had been careful to explain to the landlord that they were only going to Dolgadoc and would be back in three or four days.

Noon of the next day a stranger arrived at the “White Lion,” and lost no time in calling for something to eat. In confab with the landlord he stated that he was come on business; urgent business, wishing to meet one Mr. William Addis, —was he still in the town?

“Well, no! that is, he was newly gone over to Dolgadoc, but was to be back to-morrow.”

Then Tom Hawys engaged a bed and went up to occupy it at once.

Next day he early ensconced himself in a corner of the bar whence he could get a good view of the street outside, through the window near by. He could thus note the arrival of any one coming into the town, without himself being seen. But though he waited from rim of day to edge of dark the man he looked for did not put in an appearance. Then he grew suspicious and questioned mine host so narrowly that that personage disappeared in the direction of the stables, to reappear, after a usefully improved five minutes, with a properly primed stableman, who was able to assure the questioner that Mr. William Addis had that very morning started on his way back from Dolgadoc, but was turned aside half way to tarry overnight with a new friend, and so would not reach Tirowen till to-morrow.

Next day wore slowly on, till the watcher in the bar, suspecting a trick, grew sullen and, settling his bill in savage silence, started to walk to Dolgadoc. It was a little before break of day when he reached his destination, and he employed the interval before folk were astir in sleeping with his length across the dust of the roadway, that no man might steal out of the place in the darkness without his knowledge.

But when, with the first curl of smoke, he rose and proceeded to prosecute his enquiries, he found that neither the landlord of the “Talbot Arms,” the only inn of the place, nor the blacksmith; or any one else in fact, knew anything whatever of the man he sought.

He stayed no longer than to wash and eat before he took the road to Tirowen again, never using so

much as an exclamation of impatience at the way he had been tricked.

“He cannot escape me,” he muttered, “God’s eye will not shut.”

It was late at night before he came to Tirowen once more. He did not trouble himself to call at the White Lion and inform its landlord that he was a liar; such a thing did not matter now, it could make no ultimate difference; but he passed on at once to the “Three Feathers” and ordered a substantial supper and a good bed. Over breakfast, next morning, a message came to the effect that there was a letter newly arrived at the post office for a Mr. Tom Hawys, and was that for him?

It was.

When he had finished reading it a grim smile of satisfaction came over his features. Owen Bevan wrote to say that the Freeholder and Jacob Shop were just returned to Cildeg, where they carried themselves lordlily, aided and abetted thereunto by Evan Bowen.

The writer suspected that since he, Tom, was gone away suddenly, it would be to seek his enemy, and therefore this letter was addressed to Tirowen on the off chance of finding him there. Should it do so, then would he kindly write back at once and say what was to be done in the matter previously by them discussed?

Tom’s answer was short. “Keep the Freeholder. I shall be with you in two days or so.” Then he turned his back to Tirowen and his face to Cildeg and swung forward.

When this comprehensive answer reached the solicitor, Huw Auctioneer was with him and the two took counsel together as to what it might mean. For, of course, they could not be expected to understand that it meant just what it said in all its naked simplicity; that is, “keep him! knock him on the head! tie him up, or fasten him in a cellar, or anything else you like, only keep him.”

Such a notion is all very well for a man of one idea, but it does not do at all for a man with his living to get and a wife and family to look to. Therefore they could only watch and wait.

That same evening a close confab took place in Bowen’s office, where Mynachty and Shop were both anxious to know what the nature of the plea was, of the merits of which he had written so confidently.

The attorney, however, was very mysterious about this, and could only be induced to give evasive answers, bidding them wait a day or two till he had quite furbished every link of it, and had, if possible, discovered the special line of argument his rival would employ. But even so, saying nothing definite but all in hints, his keen and

confident manner yet impressed his clients into an answering confidence as great as his own seemed to be. There was a cruel little hint of a smile flitting and flickering in his eyes and lips which told of vindictive pleasure in the hidden plan, whatever it should prove to be when laid bare. Mynachty remembered the same smile in the inn at the assize town the day before the trial of their victim, and he was satisfied; while Shop, having already had a big drink or two, was quite ready to think with pitying scorn of what might be attempted against them by a man who hadn't Evan Bowen for a lawyer.

Thus it came about that those two had retired to the back room of the shop to congratulate themselves upon their prospects when Tom Hawys, having received an unexpected lift by reason of Huw Auctioneer having sent a fast gig to meet him, drove into Cildeg that night.

Few persons saw him enter the house of his solicitor, but in the present state of the public mind one with just a suspicion would have been plenty, and the child most resembling his father speedily burst in upon that father's presence to tell him, in great glee, that Tom Hawys was in the town.

Whereupon, after duly cuffing the messenger, congratulation was at once exchanged for motion. In spite of their newly born confidence the two rose and stole away for Mynachty.

Meanwhile Tom, with his feet under Owen Bevan's table, was listening, while he took supper, to the conversation of his two friends, who talked of anything and everything which might do to stave off a weighty moment with.

When he had finished and gone back with the others to the office, he seated himself at the table and gave the opening point.

"Well?"

Then the lawyer detailed the difficulties of taking action in the case as it stood. After that they talked it over again, Huw Auctioneer hopefully and jubilantly, while Tom nodded occasionally, or interjected a monosyllable when he thought the others might be hurt by his continued silence.

Owen Bevan was troubled as he watched his guest. "Tom," said he, "you do not seem to have much faith in getting justice on the Uchelwr?"

"Justice!" said Tom, grimly, "no! not full justice. But as near as it is possible to get justice upon this earth I shall get it. I am very sure of that."

The tone of absolute faith and cold determination in which this was said brought an awkward pause upon them till Tom spoke up again.

"At what hour did my wife die?"

"Shortly before the break of day," put in Huw Auctioneer.

"Were you at the Havod then, Huw?"

"Yes! I was there all the day before and could not come down in the dark, so I stayed till morning."

"Thank you, Huw. And now it wants about an hour of mid-night, and I must go!" rising as he spoke.

"Go! Go where, Tom Hawys? The night is thick for rain, and where should you sleep but here?"

"Sleep! nay; not to-night. I am going to the Havod. I shall be here again to-morrow, ready to go to the court, but to-night I wish to be home once more. Good night!"

And the two men stood aside to let him pass out.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CROWN'S EVIDENCE.

THE Freeholder was right when he said that Mynachty was become little better than a barn. Only one room had been refurnished for him since the visit of the mob, and that one his study. Here, during his short visits, he dined, or sat, or did whatever there was to do, while the rest remained empty and forlorn. The surroundings of the house were of a piece with this state of things; the lawn and paths overgrown with weeds; the shrubbery wild and unkempt, and the whole aspect of the place suggesting the abode of a miser or a misanthrope.

Only the old housekeeper remained permanently in the house, the maids who formerly felt her despotic hand therein having been banished on the plea of stern economy. It was not the master, however, who promulgated the edict, but old Lowry herself; she deciding that, after the losses by the fire, "we" must be economical. Moreover, when the master growled at the reduction of his establishment, he was sternly told that though he might not care a rap even if he were to come home some day and find the bailiffs in possession, yet she was no such sinful wastrel, and as long as she was alive, at any rate, she was not going to have any such thing happen. So that he might make up his mind at once that all extravagances were to be stopped in that house at least, and superfluous labour dispensed with till things looked up again.

And against this decree what could the master do? She had been servant so long at Mynachty, in one capacity or another, that she would sooner have thought of discharging its owner than of being discharged by him, for, as she was fond of

reminding him, she was at work in that house before his father was born, let alone him, and, for the matter of that, was born there, too, herself. Therefore he could only go to the front door and relieve his feelings by anathematising all house-keepers soever,—and be considerably disconcerted to hear her put in from behind to the effect that he might swear as long as he liked, and as hard as he liked, but she wasn't going to have the family made paupers of for all that.

Then he gave in with a sigh, and told her that there was no doubt that the devil had lost his dam, and if she had any of the feelings of a mother she would at once hasten to the Place Below and comfort him in his adversity.

To which she pleasantly replied that she could not well be much nearer the old gentleman than at present,—in her idea.

However this little interchange of civilities so far relaxed old Lowry's decision that she allowed one of the farm labourer's daughters to come up, for an hour or two each day, whenever the master was at home; and that made things a little more comfortable.

But, through the seven lean years which had fallen upon Mynachty, age had stepped in and laid its hand upon her. Before that time the Freeholder had been wont to say, when his bonds galled more than usual, that she was of the race of donkeys, which never die but dry up and blow away. But now even he could have brought no further objection on that score, for she was become stone deaf and more than half blind, while the click of her stick had become painful to hear in its slowness.

Therefore, this night she grumbled mightily when the master and his companion came in from Cildeg and ensconced themselves in the study, redoubling her cackle when the master took her by the shoulders and pushed her upstairs, at the same time relieving her shaking hand of its burden of keys.

When she was gone, and even the sound of her tongue could no longer be heard, the two below set themselves to making things comfortable. From the larder they fetched the elements of a substantial meal, and from a cupboard in the room itself the bottle which had become an integral part of their existence.

They also piled fresh fuel upon the fire, and altogether they were very comfortable indeed,—so far as outward appearance went.

One of the first things they had done upon entering had been to fasten all the windows and bar the outer doors. More especially they drew the ponderous oaken beam across that had held the front door secure ever since the house was

built. But they forgot to fasten the old house-keeper.

So very merry were they over their meal; making such a noise to prove to each other how light of heart they were concerning to-morrow's business,—when all the while it was the present night they feared,—that they entirely failed to hear, first, the beam thrust back into its slot in the wall and, next, the front door open. Thus they were not troubled by knowing that old Lowry was on her way down to the labourer's quarters to fetch up someone to wait upon them.

Before she got well along the path through the shrubbery however, the chill and the darkness struck to her marrow and she repented of her journey. There were ghosts about the broken wall in that thicket too; old monks with cloven skulls and snake girdles; monks with lopped limbs and gaping, slashed throats, and Inco the Redhand and his merry men to chase them hither and hither with swords that forked about like lightning. She could hear the pit-pat of the scandalled feet of the flying ones,—she was not deaf in her own estimation,—with the pad, pad, of the hide shod outlaws pursuing,—and och! there was one of them coming straight at her!

She turned and fled for the house as fast as her stiff limbs would bear her. So scared she was that she utterly forgot to close and bar the door, but made the best of her way upstairs to bed, muttering between her gasps, as she went, that folk who came home at that time of night might wait upon themselves for all of her.

And all this time the two in the study continued to be comfortable.

Midnight is the proper time for ghosts and this must be one of them stealing so silently along the shrubbery path. The dogs down at the barns had sniffed it long ago, but the wind was against them, and so their barking came up too faintly to disturb the comfort of that inner room.

This ghost evidently desired to be comfortable also, for it stole noiselessly round to the window whence the light shone and there peeped in,—heavens! what a white face it had, and what a hungry glare in its eyes!

Then cautiously and stealthily, hands upon the wall and feet upon the grass, it shifted along till it reached the open door.

It passed in.

The meal had been finished and its remains cleared away, leaving only the bottle and tumblers to balance the candlestick upon the table between the two in the study. They were playing cards, and the Freeholder was dealing, when the door quietly opened and the ghost stood silently inside.

Jacob Shop was nearest, with his back to it, but

something clutched at his heartstrings and he turned and saw the entrant. With a choked scream of fear he sprang up. "Look! look! Tom Hawys!"

The expression on the ghost's face was demoniacal. Frantic with terror, the chattering Shop grasped the heavy brass candlestick as a weapon and made for the door. The ghost simply seized him and flung him, candlestick and all, through into the passage behind.

The Freeholder had picked up the bottle and now, in the red light of the fire, hurled it with all his strength at the one before him. But, missing its mark, it flashed on and struck the sprawling wretch beyond, stretching him senseless in the outer darkness.

Then with a spring the ghost cast aside the table between and fell upon the object of its consuming hatred.

An hour later, Jacob Shop, weak and bleeding, staggered over the threshold of his home in Cildeg, his whole being in a state of terror that rendered him utterly insensible to the bitter tongue of his wife.

"Money!" he cried, "give me what money is in the house; give it to me now! I must get away from this to-night! at once! to America! to any where across the sea! Give me the money; quick! I tell you, and don't stand there gaping like a stuck pig."

For his wife was completely taken aback by this second contempt for her authority,—so dazed that she answered mildly, and by argument,—

"You know there is nothing in the till; I paid some bills to-day, You'll have to wait and get it from the bank to-morrow."

"The bank!" He groaned as he saw the ground slip from under his feet. "I tell you I haven't a penny in the bank; nor have I had for a twelvemonth now past. He made me draw it all out!"

"What!" screamed his wife, "no money in the bank? He made you draw it all out! What ails you? What are you talking about? You—you idiot! you must be drunk or mad!" and seizing the drivelling wretch she shook him till his teeth rattled ere she flung him violently to the floor, and struck an attitude in waiting for an explanation.

But he had none to give. Instead he rose and, deftly overturning a huge pile of cloth upon his angry partner, gained the door and fled into the night.

Once beyond the edge of the town, and safe from his wife's pursuit, he paused to gather breath and consider what next he should do. Fear was

tugging at his heart as he glanced back in the direction he had come. "Ptah!" He jumped half a yard into the air, for a fleeting glimpse of the moon shewed him the black outline of the jail. His knees smote together; his heart knocked at his ribs; he collapsed.

Rolling over and over in the wet road he tore at his scanty hair, plastering it thick with mud. Och! och! at last he really should be put in prison and then hung, as Mynachty had always assured him. But no, he would not be hung! he would not; they should not hang him; he would turn crown's evidence, now, at once, and pretend that he thought it didn't matter which man did it, and that the first to confess would get the benefit,—they couldn't hang the father of so many children, and such a quiet, honest, respectable man as he was, after that. He would run now and escape the awful fate which wrecked his imagination.

Trembling with haste, he rose and ran with all the strength he could muster towards the house of Owen Bevan. Just as he passed the jail, however, a dark form sprang out from the shadow and attempted to seize him. The apparition struck him dumb with new terror; this could be nothing less than some fiendish incarnation of justice itself, endeavouring to prevent him reaching salvation. The strength fled from his sinews, his bones failed him, a few steps he staggered in falling, and then the thing clutched him and he dropped senseless.

Evan Bowen, kneeling in the darkness upon this one of his clients, muttered vindictively between his teeth,—“I wonder if it wouldn't be wisest to cut his throat here and fasten that on Tom Hawys to-morrow?”

The attorney had been sitting late, polishing up his case, till his senses whirled, and he had at last resolved to quit poring over paper and take a quiet stroll along the street, to see if that would help him in controlling his restless brain, and here, at the jail, he had caught the flying draper.

The point where Shop fell was about mid-way of the short distance betwixt the jail and Owen Bevan's place, and the lawyer, kneeling upon the prostrate man and noting the nearness of the window light, decided that what he did, he must do swiftly. The murderous impulse that first flashed through his brain at finding a human being absolutely helpless and in his power; alone with him under cover of the darkness with no eye to see what befel; prompted his hesitancy and sent his hand groping through his pockets.

Damnation! his knife was lying upon the desk in his office; ten thousand curses upon that act of forgetful folly! But the thing beneath him would have a knife! Carefully, yet hastily, his lips parted, and his tongue parched from the flame in

his head that burnt his eyeballs to hot stones, he passed his right hand through the clothes of the other. Hell fire! no knife was there either. Bah! he would throttle him; strangle him! choke him till his tongue lolled thick and swollen on his blackened jaws, drawn tight in sucking for breath, and the eyeballs started out on the cheeks below them. Devils! devils! devils!

That clutch upon his throat roused the returning senses of the draper. This must be the strangulation of the rope fitted by that apparition. With the desperate spring of a man in the throes of death he flung himself against the power that was choking him. The suddenness of the movement made the other's knees slip off into the mud and that caused the grip to slacken for an instant; an instant full ample for his victim.

With a yell that woke the echoes of the street Shop redoubled his struggles, crying between his blows,—“I am crown's evidence; I was coming to confess.”

The door of the lighted house flew open and out rushed Owen Bevan, followed by the Auctioneer. Evan Bowen in the midst of his furious, mad thirst for murder saw what was coming and, in a last supreme transport of demon lust, fastened his teeth in the draper's ear and tore it clean away. Then, with a horrible growl, like that of a mad dog, he rose and fled for the open country.

When Huw Auctioneer, leading, came first upon the writhing form of the draper, he was tempted to fall upon him also, but the burden of that agonized appeal,—“I am crown's evidence! I am crown's evidence! Come to confess!” rising alternately with howls of pain and squeals of fear from the totally unnerved wretch, caught his ear and stayed him.

It took some little time, however, before they could persuade Shop that he was in no immediate danger of the gallows, and that he might make use of their assistance in the confession he wished to set forth. When at last this idea penetrated his terror and reached his understanding, he sprang to his feet at once, forgetting his pain for an instant as he grasped at the new safety.

“And I can be crown's evidence? You'll be my warranty for that?” he repeated in tones of quivering joy.

When they had convinced him that nothing was more sure, he eagerly accompanied them to the house, where the first sight of him, as he stood between the candles, brought a round oath of astonishment from the auctioneer.

And in truth that mud and bloodstained figure presented a pitiful sight. Ill favoured he had ever been, but now, with the blood from a wound on his head and from the place whence the ear

was missing, running down in crimson streams over the mire that coated his neck, he looked a horrible object. So great, however, was his joy at discovering a way of escape from the reason-sapping anticipations of the gallows, that he would not hear of any delay in the taking down of his confession, but, with a rude bandage of handkerchiefs round his head, poured his words forth so eagerly that he had to be called upon to stop, every few moments, to allow the pen to catch up.

In the relation he laid great stress upon the fact that he was, first, foremost, and above all things, an honest, peaceful, law abiding man, who had a great natural affection for Tom Hawys, as stood to reason, seeing how good a tenant that man had been to him. But the Freeholder had lied to him and cunningly entrapped him, buying Havod y Garreg from him, and then withholding the price till Tom Hawys should be crushed. And of course he, being a poor man, as was well known to everybody, was thus forced to do what otherwise he would not have done in order to get his money. And in the end he never got it at all, but even lost what other money he had; so that Tom Hawys had done him overwhelming harm, and he wished he had never seen him, for he was a poor man in an evil plight this day, and all because of him, that would not let the Freeholder marry Gwennie Cradoc. Such a pair of fools and madmen, those two! as if any particular wife were less misfortune to a man than another!

And it was Mynachty who planned everything, first and last, and made him help him; and it was also Mynachty that had lifted the sheep on to the ponies, when they changed them in the field, that night seven years ago. And it was Reuben Ploughman, whose own team killed him afterwards, that had driven the seven over to Pen-nant at break of day,—and he, himself, Jacob Shop, was now crown's evidence, and this was it!

Moreover it was Evan Bowen who got up all the evidence; Evan Attorney with the tongue that would condemn the devil himself if he did but get that devil in prison once, and have him in the dock to carve. And that attorney had also ruined the Freeholder and himself; stripping them of everything, for he was to have one mortgage on Mynachty and another on the shop this coming day for getting them quit of this new trial,—though the Freeholder had planned to delay the signing till after they were clear again, and then to invite the lawyer over to take the inventory of Mynachty, and there throttle him and bury him beneath the stone floor that was beside the broken wall of the monk's building,—and that would lay the ghosts too; which would be a good job. And this was his confession, and now he would not be

hung, would he? And he had not a penny piece in the world, and he wished he had never been born,—being an honest man who went to chapel regularly. And he had no more crown's evidence to give, unless they would tell him what they wanted him to say, as Evan Attorney did.

When it was all finished and written down he signed it, with Huw Auctioneer to witness it, and the solicitor to write remarks above and below, and endorse it all round. Then he begged them to put the hour as well as the date of it, and would they mind putting it a little earlier, say midnight, for he should like to be before Evan Bowen, who would most certainly write out his own confession and date it yesterday,—so little the draper understood of laws or men, and so little did he suspect the identity of his assailant in the street.

"And he should not be hung now, should he?"

Huw had been mixing a glass of something hot and here, in his exultation, he handed it to the draper, comforting the piteous beseeching of the ghastly head-piece with a fervent,—

"Not this time; I'm afraid. But never mind Jacob; keep a stout heart; an honest man like you is born to be hung,—even if he does it himself. Drink that!"

After that the "crown's evidence" was escorted to the scullery for a thorough wash, and some clothes were found for him to don. A world too big they were, but they were "dry and would keep him from catching cold," said the auctioneer cheerfully. It would never do to let him be taken with a sickness and die out of hand just when he was becoming useful; not to mention the cheating of the rope of its due.

And so he spent a very happy hour or two bewixt then and dawning, holding his bandaged head in his hands, and drinking warm consolation from the glass which Huw Auctioneer so comfortably replenished, as often as it got low.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE RAVENS OF ARAN ARE MOCKING THY
MOTHER AND THEE."

DAYLIGHT was some two hours old when Tom Hawys, true to his promise, returned.

But a great fear fell upon his friends as they read the expression of his face. There was a stern triumph in his eye, and a loftiness in his carriage, that seemed to transfigure him. This man conceived himself to have become an incarnation of inexorable justice in all its terrible majesty. Henceforth he towered over all the

haphazard happenings and pointless incidents of life; he was beyond reach of its possibilities.

When Jacob Shop beheld him he fell back, white and trembling, and crying out in a weak voice,—*"I have confessed; it is all written down and signed."*

The incomer turned and gazed steadily at him, for an instant, while he said, in an even voice,—*"But you were only the poor fool of a tool. The Freeholder was the one."*

Then, striding to the hearth, he faced about and stood before them, and the solicitor felt his heart sink as he looked at him. *"Poor, poor Tom,"* he whispered softly to himself, *"his reason is gone at last,—he is mad now; full mad; in truth he is poor Tom!"*

In his hand he carried a staff; a veritable club, twisted and gnarled, and bristling with knotty protuberances. But that was not alone what made the gazers shudder as they looked at it; it was rather the dark stain enveloping half its length; a stain they all knew too truly for blood.

Then the other three listened in silence as in exalted strain he took up his story.

"You remember, Owen, that you told me how Mynachty felled the ash tree. Well! when its branches crashed through the roof, a seed of it must have fallen beneath the wreck on the floor below. That seed grew up to be this!" and he swung up the thing in his hand.

"On the day when I first came back from prison I did not stay, nor speak with any man, but passed straight through Cildeg and on to Havod y Garreg. I have told you since then, Owen, of my dream that I dreamed years before, and now I tell you that when I saw my old home, I made no more doubts as to the truth of what I had dreamed."

"I climbed over the broken eaves and dropped upon the weed-grown alates heaped on the floor inside. There I found this ash growing, and I guessed how it had come there; cursing in my heart the pitiful spite that had cut down its parent tree. There was a honeysuckle strangling and warping it, so I took out my knife and cut the choking thing way, leaving the sapling free to grow again. But could it ever straighten up and be a fair tree again? Never!"

"All that night I stayed beside this twisted sapling, striving with myself. I looked at this mis-shapen thing, and pondered over it, till I knew it for God's token that my prayer was granted, and His sign that my desire upon my enemy was just; for here to my hand, and on my own cold hearth, was a weapon of His own fashioning, growing in unexpected answer to my years of importuning. Moreover, it was a symbol of myself. Like me, it

had been straight and true, until an enemy seized upon it and dragged it down, making it ugly to look at,—fit only to be an instrument of vengeance.

"But I was not glad to have my desire granted and then bound to this way of fulfilment. All the years in prison I had looked forward to using my bare hands alone, as a strong man should. So I was stubborn now and would have it so, even yet; in spite of the twisted sapling. I stood for hours and strove, until at last, out from the shadows came my mother. Just as she last appeared in life, so she was now, burning me through and through with the fire of her eyes and pointing with a steady finger to the ash. Then I fell down, and when I looked up again she was gone, only the tops of the young tree trembled still.

"So I knew that I must use the sapling, and that God had guided the spite of my enemy to his own destruction, since, if he had not cut down the ash, this weapon would not have grown to be his own destruction. Then, having yielded, I lay there till day dawned and I climbed out and came away.

"You know how since that time I have waited and wandered, looking for the man who broke my life. Last night I found him; found him where I always knew I should find him—for though I followed him in other places, that was only to drive him to the one spot—he sat in his own house, at his own hearth.

"His tool was with him; poor fool! but he ran away, taking the light with him, and leaving me face to face at last with the man I had so hungered to meet.

"I had always pictured myself as standing still at first, drinking in the joy of being within arm's length of him; but now he seemed to pluck up such a courage as made me wonder and eager to have hold of him. A pride sprang up in me that he should fight after all and not die tamely like a sheep.

"He was a tall man; taller than I, while I, too, was wasted by my so long time in prison,—but his strength was gone in years of brandy. Still, he was fighting for his life; he knew that though no word was said; and he loved his life and hated me with a hate that thirsted for my blood to finish what he had already done to me. But I was fighting for revenge, and I laughed at his straining sinews and his struggles.

"While we wrestled, gasping and panting, his foot struck the faggot on the hearth, throwing a thousand sparks about the floor. Then, as we went down together, the flames leaped up and shewed the fury of his face, grey and despairing, and gleamed upon the white teeth behind the dry, drawn lips, and lighted up the hate that smoked

in his staring eyeballs. And I laughed at him, for I felt him getting weaker.

"While I laughed I had gotten a new hold on him and now, in spite of his sinews that cracked and his veins that swelled, I turned him face down, feeling the place shake beneath the stroke of his body.

"Then he slacked his strength by a bursting curse, and I, taking that moment sharply, set my knee in his back, and brought his two wrists behind and with the cloth from my neck made them fast.

"So he was mine, and I tied his feet with his own neckerchief, and turned him over again and set my foot upon him and spoke,—

"'Uchelwr! where is my wife?'

"But he was foaming now, and shouted back,—

"'With your child! dead!'

"And I, that had not expected that, fell back a pace,—and he raised his head and laughed in turn.

"Then the flame in me leaped up, dimming my eyes and hammering at my temples till I had killed him as he lay, only that, through all those long years behind, his death had been planned for another place. So I did but set my foot upon his throat and press till the eyes seemed starting out of his head, and his body squirmed like an adder's.

"When by the flicker of the fire I saw his face grow black, I lifted my foot and stood away, hidden in the shadow, till he came round again. At first, as he revived, he seemed to wonder how he came to be tied so, and he struggled feebly with his bonds. Then he started, looking wildly round, and, seeing no one, cried with white lips,—

"'Help! Help!'

"At that word I stood out into the firelight and jeered him; but the foretaste of death had squeezed the courage from his heart, like water from a sponge, and he shouted louder yet,—

"'Help!'

"Then, seeing that his new courage was gone, I took the short end of a brand from the hearth and stuck the green part betwixt his teeth, gagging him.

"'There! Uchelwr,' said I, 'that is what they used to do to me in prison before I learnt to curse you under my breath. What do you think of prison ways now?'

"After that I searched through the house till I found a strip of board, light and strong, and I bound my captive along it, so that he lay as helpless as a log and as easy to carry.

"And now at last, Mynachty,' I said again, 'the ravens of Aran are mocking thy mother and thee.'

"Valley and mountain side, it is four long rocky miles from Mynachty to Havod y Garreg, but I dragged him to the step of his own door, and swung him upon my back, and started.

"You know that, before I was sentenced, there came no man into Cildeg who could stagger under the weight I used to laugh at. The thought of that was in my mind when I first planned to carry my enemy up the breast of Cefn Du, but now, when the moment came, I found that the prison had made me old, and my bones seemed to creak under the burden. So I laid him down, and went into the pasture by the lane where there was an old mare of his own. Then I tied him upon her with the rope that had fastened him to the board, and so I started, checking the snorting of the mare with the twitch I kept close hold of. The dogs barked in the farmhouses as we passed up the valley, but we met no one.

"The night was clouded and dark, and the track from Glwysva on was rough and difficult, but I missed no inch of the way; I had travelled it too often in my mind to forget it now. Time after time did I stop to breathe the mare, for she was old and the burden was heavy. And each time as we rested I told him by how much we had shortened the gap betwixt him and death, and how little remained to be travelled. The gag was firm in his mouth and smothered all answer.

"At last we passed the gate of the lower croft and came to the house, and there I dropped him down upon the root of the ash; letting the nag go, while I sat down to breathe myself beside him. When I had got my wind again I rose, and, taking a corner stone from the garden wall, under the elder bush, drove the house-door from its fastening and burst it wide open.

"Then I dragged him inside.

"What made the moon show forth so sudden then and shine so long? What but the will of God to prove the righteousness of what I was going to do! I told this to the Uchelwr, as I placed him with his back to the wall and took out my knife. Then I took a loose stone from the wall, and asked him if he remembered the day he tried to murder me with that?

"After I had whetted the knife upon it, I stood by the sapling and told him its history,—and all the answer was only a dim moaning from behind the gag. Then I bent down and cut the ash plant through, trimming away the branches and leaving it as it is now.

"Next I fastened the door firmly, and, turning again, untied the neck-cloth from his feet. Then

standing him upright in the middle of the room, I spoke to him once more,—for the last time,—

"'Will, son of Jen Lwyd of the curse! Freeholder of Mynachty! I would not have it upon my soul that I had killed you leaving you no time to pray for mercy. From here your wildest cry can bring no earthly help, so, when I take out the gag, address yourself to God,—now!'

"With that I pulled the gag from his mouth and stood back, gripping the sapling ready in my two hands. Him! he stood ghastly in the moonlight, stock still for an instant. Then, as the torments of near hell anticipated death and tore his soul, he gave one long scream, like the scream of the damned, and turned to run.

"But his hands were tied, and I knew that he could not climb the walls or get through the door, and I watched him as with spluttering lips and straining muscles he strove to burst his hands free. Frantic at last, he turned, with foaming mouth, and made to rush at me. One step I leaned forward, bringing down the sapling glancingly upon his head. He stopped, shuddered, stiffened upright, and met the second blow that came with a crash and dropped him; a quivering heap; dead at my feet.

"Swift at the stroke the clouds covered the moon, and a blast from the west shook the house, while, thick and awful, I heard the cry of the hell dogs that carried away the loosened soul,—for he had not prayed for heaven's help to save him from them."

The terrible tale paused for a moment, while the speaker, gripping the weapon, swung it up as though in fancy he was repeating the blow. Then, speaking mechanically, he said,—"'It was shortly before the break of day when he died.'"

And the auctioneer, remembering his own using of the words, shuddered.

The figure on the hearth resumed,—

"I waited there till day rose and it was time to come away and give myself up to the dock and the gallows; for I want to have a word with the law and its judge, that are so full of form and so empty of justice.

"But as I left I saw the ravens of Aran circling, and I hastened to leave them to the blood they had betrayed.

"And now, Owen, here I stand, the executioner of the man who made me a convict, and murdered my wife and child,—take me to the judge!"

Yn cael ei barotoi.

I'w gyhoeddi ar fyrder.

Gofiant a Gweithiau

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WALES.

VOL. IV.]

DECEMBER, 1897.

[No. 44.



DECEMBER.

EEBIE charm has chill December, wreaths of snow
Ever drifting, ever shifting, where winds blow,
See the erstwhile rushing river
Still and lifeless, every quiver
Fixed in ice;
Waking glances wondering linger
Where some subtle fairy finger,
Limned a phantasy of
[exquisite device.

Skimming by like swift-winged swallow flying free,
Darting hither, darting thither, full of glee,
Skaters glide o'er glassy ocean,
All aglow with magic motion;
And I ween
Such exhilarating treasure,
Ne'er was won by stately measure,
In the halls of pomp and pleasure,
Graced by queen.

Llanidloes.

Sweet the charms of stilly evening's firelight gleams
Gilding gladness, softening sadness, weaving
In the warmth of cosy ingle [dreams,
Joys of home melodious mingle,
Chiming sad,
When, from shades of darkening embers,
Glide the ghosts of dead Decembers,
And a heart bereft remembers
Joys we had.

Hear the thrilling, rapture filling Christmas bells!
Swelling chorus, pouring o'er us, how it tells
Of a time when white-winged legions,
Flashing down the starry regions,
Filled the morn;
List! the seraphs still are singing,
Heaven's rich hallelujahs ringing,
Joys celestial, earthward winging,—
Christ is born!

LESTER MILLS.

MY SNOWDROP.

THE snow flakes are falling gentle and white,
The flowers love gathered are withered to-night;
I dream of my snowdrop, the snow flakes, and then
See my snowdrop crushed beneath the feet of men.

Snow flakes and snowdrop, thy beauty is dead,
Like a dream in the night, thy charms have fled;
My snowdrop was kissed by the snow flakes, and then
My snowdrop was lost beneath the feet of men.

HOWELL VICTOR.

THERE IS A LITTLE OLD WHITE CHAPEL DOWN AT HOME.

THERE is a little white-washed chapel down at home,
Outside the garden, near my mother's door,
I hear the old folk singing everywhere I roam,
Singing, singing, singing as in days of yore;
Brave Welsh colliers' voices and toilers of the land,
You sing the hymns that my mother sang to me
When I was a little child upon her knee.

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I am now an old man, and my hair is white and grey,
I think of other days by that cottage door;
I hear the old folk singing still as fresh to-day,
Singing, singing, singing as in days of yore;
My heart leaps to join with the toilers of the land,
And sing the hymns that my mother sang to me
When I was a little child upon her knee.

HOWELL VICTOR.

THE ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF RICHMOND.

By H. O. HUGHES.

Persons Represented:

HENRY TUDOR, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
RICHARD AP HYWEL, of Mostyn Hall, Flintshire.
BLODWEN, his daughter.
MADOC OF COETMOR, a Welsh soldier in the service of King Richard III.
RHYS, } Welsh Chieftains.
MEYRICK, }
Soldiers and attendants, &c.

SCENE: *The banquet room at Mostyn Hall, Flintshire, in the reign of King Richard III., shortly before the battle of Bosworth. On one side of the room a minstrel's gallery, the remaining walls being decorated with spears, bows, swords, and other spoils of the chase and battle field. Richard ap Hywel, Lord of Mostyn, enters. TIME: Evening.*

RICHARD AP HYWEL: The moment is a grave one, and methinks I can already hear the din of battle borne upon the breeze. The name of Tudor acts as magic on my countrymen; from far and near they come to pay their homage, and greet him with words of such solemn determination that he already longs to meet King Richard. I have, however, counselled caution lest Richard should have wind of the rising ere 'tis yet time for action, and so dam the mountain torrent ere it hath the strength to wipe him and his ill-gained honours from our midst. God help our cause, for Richard will die hard,—he is a very monster in courage as well as in shape and heart. *[Enter Blodwen.]*

BLODWEN: Father! thine aid is needed to quell a tumult among our guests. Two of them are even now settling with their swords their claims to my hand, though I gave neither one encouragement.

RICHARD: For the sacred cause of thy country, Blodwen, keep these men at peace. Which way went they?

BLODWEN: Toward the outer gate.

RICHARD: Stay here, my child, I will go after them, and teach them to sheath their swords a little longer, they will have enough fighting when they meet the army of King Richard.

[Exit Richard.]

BLODWEN: Was ever maid before so distressed by the number of her wooers. I have to listen to all, smile upon all, and *[sighing]* keep all at peace. Oh! woe is me that I was not born haggard.

[Henry Tudor, the Earl of Richmond, enters as she is speaking.]

RICHMOND: Woe had been ours, fair Blodwen, were such the case.

BLODWEN: *[surprised]* My lord!

RICHMOND: 'Twas not my intention to play the eavesdropper, yet I have discovered by so doing what was ne'er learnt before,—that there exists a maid ready to scold dame nature for making her beautiful.

BLODWEN: Beauty! What good ere came of it?

RICHMOND: Much good to the cause of Richmond if thou art wise.

BLODWEN: I cannot wield a sword.

RICHMOND: Yet thou canst make thy lover handle his with doubled fervour.

BLODWEN: A lover? They are so many, my lord.

RICHMOND: So much the better for Richmond.

BLODWEN: And so much harder the task for me; for I have lavished smiles upon them so freely that I have scarce one left for an emergency.

RICHMOND: A woman's wit is equal to any emergency. And as for smiles, fair maid, there are a million lurking in thy dimpled chin ready to do thy bidding.

BLODWEN: My lord, you do appraise me at too high a value. Had my power been greater it would have helped to keep Meyrick and Rhys at peace. They are measuring their swords at some secluded green beyond the walls.

RICHMOND: Lead me, fair Blodwen, that I may teach these men how during the king's quarrels, private disputes must cease.

BLODWEN: This way, my lord!

[Exit Blodwen, followed by Richmond; attendants enter preparing the table for a banquet, they place several chairs round the table.]

1ST. ATTENDANT: The table groaneth 'neath the weight of the spoils of lakes and forests.

2ND. ATTENDANT: 'Tis not more that our master desireth for the Earl of Richmond.

1ST. ATTENDANT: God grant that the earl finds all his resting places as free from enemies as Mostyn Hall.

2ND. ATTENDANT: There is scarce a hill in Wales that hath not reared a warrior sworn to conquer or to die for Henry Tudor.

1ST. ATTENDANT: And if King Richard's men venture as far, they will meet with a warm reception.

2ND. ATTENDANT: Richard is a master of kingcraft, and will not stop at trifles should he scent danger to his crown. But here come the guests

and with looks that seem enough to devour anything. [*Exit servants. Meyrick and Rhys enter, they looked angered.*]

RHYS: Accursed be these northern hills; one cannot even fight in peace amongst them.

MEYRICK: If thou canst bottle up thy courage till the morrow, I'll find a nook where we can fight our quarrel out.

RHYS: Then let it be a truce until cockerow, at that hour I will await thee beyond the moat. Meanwhile, get thee to an attorney to prepare thy testament, for ere noon thou wilt be beyond the reach of all things,—save prayer.

MEYRICK: If death be my doom, no man hath ever fallen for so fair a maid. Your southern clay can rear naught so sweet as Blodwen. She is a nursling of our mountain sunbeams, of whose charms our warbling brooks and birds have sung.

RHYS: Nature meant thee for a bard, Meyrick; a quill would better become thee than a sword.

MEYRICK: Thine insults add temper to my blade. Thou art in a greater hurry to meet me than thou wilt be to leave when that meeting is past.

RHYS: 'Twas ever thus,—ye northern men are but a race of boasters, hot in words but slow to action.

MEYRICK: Bah, ye southern sloths! I can scarce wait for dawn.

RHYS: Enough of insults; art thou prepared to end this matter now?

MEYRICK: At all times ready to defend the one I love. Draw, and may the God of our northern altar help me.

RHYS: Now by the valour of my southern sires.

[*Richard ap Hywel rushes in, closely followed by the Earl of Richmond.*]

AP HYWEL: What! would you turn my banquet room into a slaughter house? Know you not such conduct is an insult to your host as well as king?

RHYS—MEYRICK: My lord!

[*Both bow to Richmond and put up their swords.*]

RICHMOND: Gentlemen,—Is this your promised loyalty? Do you serve Harry Tudor by striving each to rob him of a soldier?

HYWEL: With my lord's favour, I would ask the meaning of this outrage.

RHYS: We fought for what Richard ap Hywel loveth beyond land and castle,—his daughter.

HYWEL: My daughter!

[*Enter Blodwen. She goes up to her father.*]

BLODWEN: Didst thou call my name, father?

HYWEL: Child; child; thy mother's looks, which thou hast inherited, will be our undoing.

RICHMOND: Nay, gallant Hywel, chide her not. By my troth she is well worth fighting for; and I do envy men that are free to enter the lists for such a prize. But kings have to woo their wives by proxy. Our ministers and bishops do the courting for us, and their sordid minds run more upon the dowry than the maid.

HYWEL: My lord, you do add fuel to the flame. We cannot have these chieftains quarrelling; they do discredit to their country to think of private wrongs at an hour when a Welshman should have thoughts only of his king.

RICHMOND: Come, Hywel, be not angry with our gallant friends, and let us hear what the fair Blodwen sayeth.

HYWEL: Since my Lord of Richmond doth command me, I will listen to what my daughter hath to say.

BLODWEN: Any maid might with pride say husband to both such gallant chieftains.

HYWEL: To both!

BLODWEN: I mean to either, father. Yet 'tis an ill-favoured time for lovers. Men should now be sharpening their swords for their country's foes, and holding the hand of friendship, each chieftain to his brother.

RICHMOND: Thy wit will take rank with thy beauty, Blodwen.

BLODWEN: I thank your lordship for such kind words; and would I were skilled in the handling of a broadsword, also, for I should offer it in your lordship's service.

RICHMOND: Thou hast well and wisely trained her, Hywel.

HYWEL: 'Tis no hard lesson to bid the women, as well as the men of Wales, love the name of Tudor.

RICHMOND: Nor, by my troth, is it to make a Tudor love them.

BLODWEN: I am sure our gallant guests, Rhys and Meyrick, will endorse all my father sayeth.

RHYS: There are none within this realm more true to Henry Tudor than myself.

MEYRICK: Unless I, in this again, prove a rival to my gallant friend.

RICHMOND: In striving to outwit our common foe may all my friends prove rivals.

BLODWEN: 'Tis not my wish that he who loves me should think more of love than the Earl of Richmond's service.

RICHMOND: It doth grieve us to see our cause come between two lovers.

BLODWEN: Nay, my lord; I said not who my lover is, for my heart is free. Yet methinks I could love best the man who willingly faces a test I shall give him.

RHYS: My lord! I submit to any test to which the lady puts me.

MEYRICK: And I, my lord, will be weighed in the same balance.

HYWEL: For my own part, I would hold it an honour to count either of these brave chieftains my son.

MEYRICK: Whate'er be our fate, Richard ap Howel, I dare answer this,—we both thank thee for thy good opinion.

RICHMOND: Now, fair damsel, let us hear what test these gallant chieftains have to face.

BLODWEN: My love is for the chieftain who at all times proves strongest in the cause of Richmond, and who bringeth the greater number of warriors to follow his banner.

RICHMOND: I thank thee, Blodwen, that thy heart and head prompt thee to this wise decision. Whate'er befall the rest, two of my followers in life and death are true.

BLODWEN: My lord, another one I pray forget not, the one who taught my lisping tongue there

lived a prince across the seas to whom belonged by right the throne of England. Oft have we talked of Harry Tudor; oft have our minstrels sung thy praises till all people knew thee, and thought of thee when thou wert far away.

RICHMOND: Fair Blodwen, I shall ne'er forget thy noble father, who, since my dwelling 'neath his roof, is twice endeared to me. When I have won the fight, and sent the ill-shaped tyrant to his reckoning, I shall require Richard ap Hywel to dwell with me, and with his matured wisdom guide me, so that no error of my unripe years may mar the lustre of the crown which his loyalty hath brought so near.

HYWEL: Nay, noble earl; let me but see the crown upon thy head and I will yield that task to others. The pomp and formalities of the Court ill suit my nature, which is simply formed. I find my greatest joy in dwelling here among my people.

RICHMOND: I shall deny thee nothing, Hywel.

HYWEL: A thousand thanks, my lord. I see that all is ready for our banquet.

[They sit at the table. Hywel sits at the head of the table; Richmond and Blodwen at the side nearest the window and facing the door. Attendants are bringing the viands up.]

HYWEL: This mountain air doth whet one's appetite, and I do trust my guests will do full justice to these joints. *[To attendant.]* Bring forth the wine.

RICHMOND: We will feast, friends, and let war thoughts rest.

HYWEL: Yes, 'tis the hour of peace; and all around is tranquil.

RICHMOND: How do you spend the night amid these hills?

HYWEL: In song, my lord.

RHYS: 'Tis so throughout the land,—we hunt the wolf, and spear the silvery salmon, and then, when the day is past, our minstrels sing to us, and keep fresh the memories of our fathers.

RICHMOND: I have not heard minstrel or bard since I left this country.

HYWEL: We have some wandering minstrel nightly 'neath our roof, who for rest and food sings many a ditty. *[To attendant.]* Beckon the minstrel to begin his song.

[Attendant goes up to the harpist in the balcony, who begins to play. The guests are listening, when there is a great uproar heard outside. Hywel, Rhys, and Meyrick draw their swords. Blodwen hurriedly takes Richmond by the hand and points out a secret passage, into which he enters. It closes behind him. She returns to her seat. The door is burst open, and Madoc of Coetmor and some of King Richard's soldiers enter. Hywel stands in front of Rhys and Meyrick, and faces the intruders.]

HYWEL: What means this outrage on my house?

MADOC: I enter by the order of the king, who, hearing that his cousin Richmond does sojourn here, hath sent me with an escort to guide him, with becoming dignity, to his presence. This, friends, is my passport.

[He hands Hywel a scroll of parchment, which he glances at, and hands to Meyrick and Rhys.]

HYWEL: By the order of the king! Had the king given his servant proper warning we would have given his envoy a warmer reception.

MADOC: Methinks, friend Hywel, the anger of your guests proclaimeth it to have been quite warm enough.

HYWEL: Madoc of Coedmor need not be told that our chieftains are ever ready to avenge any insult to their host.

MADOC: Alas! Ever too prone to pick a quarrel,—that is our common failing as a nation. 'Twas commanded me to come thus suddenly, lest Richmond, timid soul, should have mistrusted the good King Richard, and so eluded me.

HYWEL: 'Twould little surprise me if he had. When men have but one head for this world's battle, they do not sleep with it upon a block. What heard King Richard of this Earl of Richmond?

MADOC: That the Earl doth tarry with thee at Mostyn Hall.

HYWEL: The king hath heard truly, for Richmond was here a guest. He is now departed.

[Madoc comes forward and looks at the table. The chiefs move each to his seat.]

MADOC: Then my visit hath been vain. Yet! how is this? You have more chairs around your festive board than you have guests for.

[Pointing to Richmond's seat.]

HYWEL: 'Tis always my custom to keep one empty chair for any wandering guest, and I pray that the king's envoy, Madoc of Coetmor, will honour me this night.

MADOC: I thank thee, friend, and the more since I have the honour of sitting beside thy fair daughter.

BLODWEN: 'Tis a long time since the stranger's seat hath been so well filled, father.

MADOC: There ne'er hath been a guest more qualified by fasting to do credit to thy father's feast, fair maid.

BLODWEN: We will try to help you to forget your toil.

MADOC *[looking at Rhys and Meyrick]*: Our friends seem filled with pensive thoughts. 'Tis a long way for Rhys to come, and Meyrick's Castle is not too near.

[Rhys and Meyrick look angered.]

HYWEL: My daughter can best give thee a reason for their presence.

MEYRICK: Is Madoc of Coetmor unable to divine the cause?

MADOC: Fair maid and gallants,—of all I crave forgiveness. Some deadly dulness hath possessed my faculties that I saw not how the rose of Mostyn is sufficient to draw men here from the corners of the earth.

HYWEL: Friends, you hear that the envoy of King Richard asks forgiveness.

RHYS: 'Tis as readily granted, Hywel.

HYWEL: Come, friends. My cheer is of a sorry sort, I fear, so we must ask the harpist once more to strike a cheerful strain.

[The harpist in the balcony plays.]

MADOC: Many a year hath come and gone since I last heard the music of the harp. The din of battle and the language of the camp have taken its place. Yet every chord reminds me of my home amid these hills, and of songs which are as ancient as their echoes. Ah! well, 'tis over; I am in the service of the king, and true to him until death itself release me, for Richard trusts me, and hath said,—“When all the Welsh save one man have deserted me, that one will be Madoc of Coetmor.”

BLODWEN: Are there neither minstrels nor bards in the king's court?

MADOC: Bards! Why, I had forgotten them; have ye any here?

HYWEL: I fear me we have none this night.

BLODWEN: Nay, father! Methought I saw one! I will look. [*Exit Blodwen. The minstrel also leaves the gallery.*]

MADOC: 'Twould have saved fair Blodwen a journey had thy servants ordered a bard hither.

HYWEL: Order a bard! As soon would I think of giving the north wind orders, or of telling the stream to stand still. They are the proudest, haughtiest, and poorest lot in all the land. Yet, woe to the man who will offend their dignity. Use them well and they are your servants; treat them with haughtiness, and they will gibbet thee in verses which shall drive thee to madness or the grave. Yet thy memory remains a byeword for ages. [*Enter Blodwen.*]

BLODWEN: I have found one grey headed bard much bent with years, who promiseth some few words for our guest's benefit. He will be here anon.

HYWEL: How fares the king now?

MADOC: His enemies are daily becoming less.

BLODWEN: They say he hath a telling way to keep them quiet.

MADOC: Ah! Mistress Blodwen, thou art too young to have such cruel fancies.

BLODWEN: I pray thee tell me is his majesty a widower now?

MADOC: That is a question more becoming thy sex; women have never been too young to think of it. His majesty was a happy husband when I left him. He truly loves the marriage bells.

BLODWEN: We women have a like taste; 'tis a ceremony that ne'er hath been deemed complete without us. They tell me the king knows all service by heart, and that he hath performed it as often as he has had birthdays the last half dozen years.

HYWEL: Blodwen, thou shouldst pay less heed to scandal.

BLODWEN: My father, I do honour royalty in deeming the king of all good things leader.

HYWEL: Tut! child! our guest is angry by thy foolish talk.

MADOC: Nay, gallant host! I do much cherish thy fair daughter's prattle; 'tis a sweet change after our life in camp.

HYWEL: Then shalt thou tarry and hear more of it.

MADOC: Alas! that it should not be so, but Richard will be angry if I find not his cousin of Richmond, which I fear cannot be done should I tarry here.

HYWEL: I see not how thou canst find him, Madoc.

MADOC: Dost think I have been bred blindfold amid these crags. There is not a crevice I am stranger to. I will track him as the hare is tracked.

RHYS: Poor man! then his death is not to be envied.

MADOC: I have no wish to injure him, but I must find him and escort him to the king with little loss of time.

HYWEL: Be not so hurried, 'tis but early. Let the bard approach.

MADOC: For all their arrogance I love these rugged bards.

HYWEL: King Edward laid so many low at Conway, 'twas thought their music had been stilled for ever. He knew no harm of them save that they loved their country, and for that crime they were crowned as martyrs. His was a sorry deed. They were the chroniclers of our country's glory, and in their death he sought to blot our noblest past.

MEYRICK: Which he failed in.

RHYS: Aye! God be thanked for that.

MADOC: The royal Richard hath no such enmity against our country.

MEYRICK: 'Tis true, for we are strangers to him.

RHYS: Perchance we are for that reason safer than if we had been relatives; some of whom have so mysteriously quitted this life that of their death there is not enough known to form an epitaph.

HYWEL: Nay, friends, you are too hard upon the king.

MADOC: A right good hearted king proved to me, and all my services have been requited with honourable posts or missions.

HYWEL: A valiant man, beloved and trusted by his king, thou art indeed fortunate, Madoc. Ha! here comes the bard.

[*Enter Richmond into the bard's seat in the balcony, he is disguised as an old man.*]

MADOC: An ancient looking one! Right glad am I to see him. As long as bards teach our youth to be valorous, and hate deceit, I cry long life to their order; but if after every vain usurper they cry “Behold a god!” then for their country's good let them all perish.

BLODWEN: I offered him a seat here, but he prefers the balcony. Friends, press him not against his will, else will he wrap himself up like an hedgehog, and sting whomever toucheth him.

MADOC: Rest assured, fair lady, we will due deference pay him. And he who would quarrel with a bard doth hold his arms full. They have a venom in their verse that hath blasted full many a reputation.

HYWEL: Let us hear the bard. Come, friend, thou lookest old and tired, and so we will not ask much of thee.

RICHMOND: He would be an ungrateful bard who, at the hospitable board of Richard ap Hywel, had lost his tongue, and could not sing the praises of the house of Mostyn.

HYWEL: Kind friend, I thank thee, yet pray thee to expend thy wit upon some fairer subject.

RICHMOND: Then I will speak about thy daughter.

MADOC: Thou hast made a wise choice, bard, for none here will quarrel with thee for being eloquent in her praises.

MEYRIK: No bard can do her justice.

RHYS: On this, at least, Meyrick and Rhys are in complete agreement.

BLODWEN: Oh! stop this flattery, or the little sense I have will turn to vanity.

RICHMOND: She will marry a man of valour, and from a host will pick him who most deserves the honour. May he prove worthy of her; what she is worthy of can never be too good.

MADOC: A prophet as well as bard!

RICHMOND: In these sad troublous times men should be ready with divers parts. There are kings who may yet die peasants, and chieftains who may yet be kings.

HYWEL: 'Tis true, friends. We know not what changes are to greet us in life.

BLODWEN: Father, if you put on such gloomy looks our friends will fear to have their future life unfolded.

MEYRIK: For my own part I care not what mine be.

RHYS: Neither do I, and I know as little concerning it as the bard himself.

RICHMOND: I will tell your failings, friends, that you may mend them. In the first place you should both travel, for thereby would ye learn of mountains, castles, rivers, dales, besides these ye are bred among; he is a poor patriot who loves not his home; he is a foolish one who denies the same rights to others. Beware of jealousy; 'tis a blind disease that giveth a distorted look to all ye gaze upon, and breedeth quarrels among those who should be friends. If ye would journey far, ride your tempers on the curb. Passion is a fiery steed, unsure of foot.

MADOC: A sage bard; but what of myself?

RICHMOND: If I do speak much to thee I do hinder thee in thy duty, for thou art upon a journey, and he who beareth the mandate of his king hath no time for feasting.

MADOC: Thou dost hit me hard, bard.

RICHMOND: King Richard will deal thee a harder knock if thou dost not his work with less delay.

MADOC: Heaven bless thee, bard, for teaching me my duty. I must away.

HYWEL: Nay; 'tis against the custom of our house to let a guest depart at this dark hour of night.

MADOC: Friend Hywel, I thank thee, yet cannot tarry longer. As for the darkness, friends, do ye forget that I was nurtured on these hills? There is no pass among them that I could not walk through blindfold; no ford in the rivers that I know not of; no cave in which a rebel could hide to which I could not track him. Hywel, the king shall know of thy kindness. Bard, thou hast taught me a wholesome lesson which I shall ne'er forget,—“He should not tarry who bears the mandate of a king.” Meyrick and Rhys, brother

chieftains, do not quarrel, and may the one who faileth to win fair Blodwen not die of a broken heart, but let him draw his sword for the king, and become, like Madoc of Coetmor, a soldier of fortune. And as for fair Blodwen, there is no happiness so great that Madoc of Coetmor doth not wish it for her. Farewell.

HYWEL: I will escort thee.

MADOC: Nay, trouble not, friend Hywel, for my horses and men are already saddled and waiting by the bridge.

[Exit Madoc and Hywel. Richmond also leaves the gallery as the others are bidding Madoc farewell.]

RHYS: When Madoc is well out of hearing, I will have another word with that bard.

MEYRIK: He cornered us, for we dared not display our anger or Madoc had suspected our loyalty to Richmond. *[Re-enter Blodwen.]*

BLODWEN: What makes you both look glum, friends?

RHYS: I am angered with the bard for he had put the king's messenger on the track of Richmond.

MEYRIK: And I am angered with myself that I skewered not the body of that white haired ancient when he prattled on the mandate of the king.

BLODWEN: And I am angry with both. Have ye so soon forgot my word,—“I will love him who showeth most devotion to the cause of Richmond?” Ye had the chance, yet neither of you showed you cared a jot for me. Oh, fie! valiant chieftains, when men prove thus fickle I will have none of them.

RHYS: I will follow Madoc.

MEYRIK: And I will have a reckoning with that bard. *[Enter Hywel.]*

HYWEL: A reckoning with the bard! Who would thus make a breach through our ancient customs by attacking a guest in a friend's house, where in his wandering from castle to castle this innocent bard hath turned for shelter!

BLODWEN: Thou hast come at the right moment, father, else there had been foul murder committed 'neath thy roof.

HYWEL: *[laughing]* Ha! ha! Pardon me friends, but your anger tickleth me.

RHYS: Call him not innocent, for he a traitor hath proved to the cause of Tudor.

MEYRIK: Give him the traitor's doom.

HYWEL: By my troth, friends, unless ye both mend your manners, methinks 'twere better my daughter called the bard hither to read you another lesson.

BLODWEN: But first let both understand that he who injureth him doth make of me a mortal enemy. Therefore, put up your swords. I trust you, and will call him. *[Exit Blodwen.]*

RHYS: Richmond ere this may be hard pressed by Madoc.

MEYRIK: And we here in idleness! 'Tis maddening.

HYWEL: Be careful both to follow one precept of the bard's,—“Ride your tempers, friends, upon the curb.”

[Enter Blodwen, leading Richmond still disguised as a bard. Richmond stands in the

centre, facing the audience. Hywel on his right, Blodwen on his left, and Meyrick and Rhys beside them.

RHYS: Wretch!

MEYRICK: Villain!

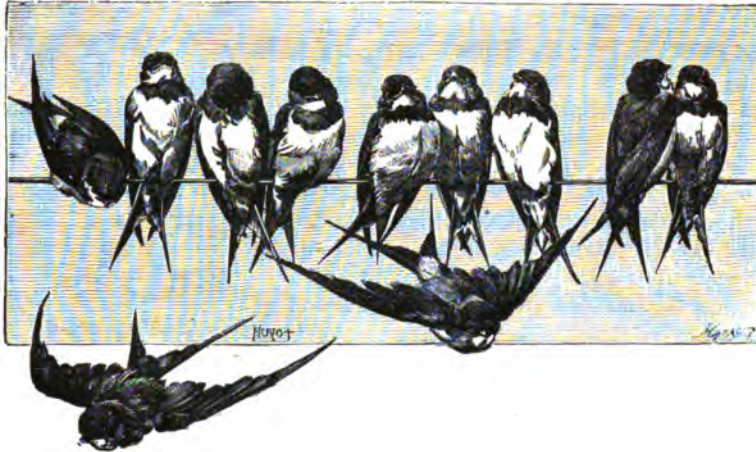
BLODWEN: Be careful, or till your dying day ye shall repent your rashness.

HYWEL: Until the bard hath spoken, friends, I do pray you keep a little distant.

RHYS AND MEYRICK: Who art thou!

RICHMOND: I was a bard, but now [*throwing his disguise off*] I am your king.

[*Meyrick and Rhys kneel before him. Hywel and Blodwen on each side of him. Curtain.*]



TO TEACHERS IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

IT is generally felt that teachers in elementary schools are under great disadvantages in their attempt at fitting themselves for the important duties of their profession. The work of the pupil teacher leaves very little time for a continuation of his education,—that education is continued at the expense of the schoolmaster's time for recreation and study; and, again, in a purely Training College the teacher sees teachers like himself, and these only. Would it not be better for the teacher, if possible, to enter a University, and to carry on his direct preparation for the duties of his profession at the same time? One way of doing this is made possible by means of the Oxford University Day Training College.

In the year 1892 the University of Oxford, with the sanction and co-operation of the Education Department, established a Day Training College in order to enable successful candidates in the Queen's Scholarship Examination to receive the necessary training for their professional career, while at the same time they are qualifying wholly

or in part for the degree of B.A. Candidates for a degree at Oxford are required to fulfil conditions of two different kinds,—(a) they must keep terms of residence during three years; (b) they must pass certain examinations either in the Pass or in the Honour Schools. The Education Department has made regulations by which students of the Day Training College are enabled to comply with both these conditions. The usual training course of two years may be extended to three with the permission of the Department. A special professional curriculum is prescribed for the third year, and students receive the government grant up to the end of this period. If they wish to reside during a fourth year in order to have more time for an Honour School, they may obtain permission to do so. But during the fourth year they receive no grant, and have no special course of study prescribed under the Department. In order to facilitate the passing of the examinations necessary for a degree, the Education Department exempts those who pass certain University examinations in any year from a part of the

whole of the examinations in Part II. of the syllabus for that year. Particulars regarding these exemptions may be obtained from the principal. The University appoints the delegacy* which acts as the committee of the Training College; and the delegacy appoint the principal† and master of method‡ and other officers, and make all the necessary arrangements for the practical training, and for the discipline of the students. It should be remarked that the college has no buildings or premises of its own. "Day Training College" is the name for the organization provided by the University, and for the body of the students. Each student must be a member of a college or hall, or a non-collegiate student. He resides either within the walls of a college or hall, or in lodgings licensed by the University, and receives from such college or hall, or from the Delegacy of Non-collegiate Students, instruction in the subject of the University examinations; and every student is amenable to the rules and discipline of the University and of the body within the University to which he belongs, as well as to those of the Day Training College.

The following further details will be found of service to teachers.

1. Candidates for admission must be men who have obtained a first class in the Queen's Scholarship Examination, and who either produce evidence that they have passed in Latin in the Queen's Scholarship Examination, or passed an examination of the Delegacy in Latin of about the same

* DELEGACY FOR THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.

The Vice-Chancellor.	} Official.
The Senior Proctor.	
The Junior Proctor.	
The Censor of Non-Collegiate Students.	
The Controller of Lodging Houses.	
The Provost of Worcester.	
The Rector of Exeter.	
The President of Magdalen.	
H. T. Gerrans, Esq.	
G. R. Scott, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Merton.	
J. Wells, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Wadham.	

† PRINCIPAL OF THE TRAINING COLLEGE.

Reginald Carter, M.A., Lincoln College.

‡ MASTER OF METHOD.

Mr. Frank Roscoe, formerly Assistant Master of Method in the Borough Road Training College, London.

standard as that of the Queen's Scholarship Examination. Men who have obtained a second class in the Queen's Scholarship Examination may also be admitted provided that they pass Responsions or an examination exempting from Responsions before entrance. In accordance with art. 115 b there may also be admitted without examination, (1) any certificated teacher who has not previously been trained during two years and who wishes to enter the college for a year's training in the course prescribed for students of the second year, or (2) any graduate or person qualified by examination to become a graduate in arts or science of any university in the United Kingdom. Candidates for admission (under clause 1) are required to have passed Responsions or an examination exempting from Responsions before admission.

2. Before candidates are admitted they will be required to produce (1) a certificate of birth; (2) satisfactory testimony as to moral character from two responsible persons; (3) testimonials from head teachers and managers of schools in which they have been trained. Also in accordance with art. 117 of the code, "(a) the medical officer of the college* must certify that the state of their health is satisfactory, and that they are free from serious bodily defect or deformity; and (b) they must sign a declaration that they intend *bona fide* to adopt and follow the profession of a teacher in a public elementary school or Training College."

3. All students on joining the Training College must become matriculated members of the University, either as members of a college or hall, or as non-collegiate students. They must enter the Training College in October. The university year begins in October and ends in June. Residence will be obligatory during this period except during vacations. The period of residence required in the year by the university and college regulations amounts to twenty four weeks, divided into three portions of eight weeks each. Students of the Day Training College will also have to reside for such further period (if any) as may be required by the Education Department.

* W. L. Morgan, M.A., Exeter College.

4. No fee will be charged for admission to the Day Training College, but each student will be required to pay the fee for the medical examination.* The sum of £25 per annum will be allowed by the Education Department for the maintenance of each student, and the whole of this sum will be paid to him in instalments as received.

Applications for admission and enquiries are to be addressed to the principal of the college, Reginald Carter, Esq., Lincoln College, Oxford.

5. The expense of living will vary according to the arrangements made by students. At the present time undergraduates can live most cheaply as non-collegiate students. The fees and dues to be paid by non-collegiate students before matriculation amount to £9 1s.

The necessary annual expenses of a non-collegiate student may be reckoned as follows,—

	£	s.	d.
Board and lodging for 24 weeks at 30s. a week	36	0	0
University and delegacy dues ..	6	0	6
Examination (fees on the average) ..	2	2	0
Tuition fees (paid to the delegacy) ..	6	6	0
	<u>£50</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>6</u>

The student of the Day Training College will have the Government allowance of £25 to set off against this sum. On the other hand, he will have to reside somewhat longer than other undergraduates, thus incurring an extra charge for board and lodging. He may also have to be provided with some special tuition. But it is thought that the Government allowance of £10 made to the Training College for his instruction will be enough to cover this latter charge.

Scholarships are offered to university candidates by the Pupil Teachers' University Scholarship Committee. Information may be obtained from A. H. Baker, Esq., 28, Cautley Avenue, Clapham Common, London, S.W.

The above estimate does not include

travelling, books, clothes, incidental expenses, and the cost of living in vacations.

Information about the conditions of entrance and expenses of membership at any college must be obtained by application to the head, or senior tutor, of such college.

6. All information about the university examinations can be obtained from the "Examination Statutes" (published by the Clarendon Press, price 1s.)

For general information see Students' Handbook to the University and Colleges of Oxford (Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.)

I know that, in Wales, there are greater facilities for a university education than in most parts of the kingdom. Still there are teachers in Wales,—counting among them possibly all the ablest and the most ambitious, who would prefer the degrees of the old universities; it gives a man so much more energy, and greater love for his profession, when he feels that the highest posts in it are open to him.

Many of us feel that, at the present moment, the elementary schoolmaster is the most important factor in the education of a progressive people. He can wield almost boundless influence, if fitted for it by the best training; he can leave the impress of his mind, more than any other man, on the district served by his school. And it is of the greatest importance to future citizenship that elementary schoolmasters should have every possible opportunity that college and university can give, to fit them for the supremely important duties of their lives.

The difficulty, evidently, at present, is the pecuniary one. Two of the Oxford colleges,—Balliol and Lincoln,—have determined to do what they can to open their gates to the elementary teacher. They offer exhibitions for which elementary teachers only are allowed to compete.* It has been calculated that, with the help of these exhibitions, the best teachers can find, if successful in getting from all available sources, about a hundred pounds a year. This would be enough to cover all expenses at the colleges where economy is most practised.

* The fee for the medical examination on entrance is ten shillings and sixpence. The fee for the annual examination is five shillings.

* For information apply to O. M. Edwards, Lincoln College, Oxford.

JUSTICE FOR THE DEAD FRIARS.

By the Hon. MRS. BULKELEY-OWEN (*Gwenrhian Gwynedd*).

SURELY the author of the "Bards and the Friars" is mistaken in saying that all the monasteries in Wales were disloyal. That is a very heinous charge to bring against any body of our countrymen. The following facts prove the contrary,—

First, *Notes on the Transcripts from "Llyfr Coch Asaph," 1274, A.D.* Transcriptum literæ Abbatum contra Episcopum. [Anian II., "y brawd du o Nannau," a Dominican, who had been confessor to Edward I. in the Crusades.] The Cistercian abbots "de Alba Domo, de Strata Florida, de Cymhir, de Stratmarchellch, de Aberconway, de Kemes, de Valle Crucis," address the Pope in exoneration of Llywelyn, Prince of Wales, against whom letters of excommunication had been issued at the instance of the bishop of St. Asaph. They not only deny the truth of the charges of violence, etc., brought against him, but assert him to be "tutor strenuus ac præcipuus ordinis nostri singulorumq' ordinum et ecclesiarum in Wallia personarum tam pacis quam guerræ temporibus retroactis. Dat' apud Strata Florida."

The only disloyal abbot in North Wales, as far as I know, was the Abbot of Basingwerk, he had been perverted by the English. There are two orders extant, providing that the inmates of Basingwerk Abbeys should have no intercourse with what are described as "the Welsh rebels." There are writs for calling their abbots to parliament, 23, 24, 28, 32 and 34 years of Edward I.

Secondly, on 6th October, 1275, we find Prince Llywelyn sending a memorial to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and other bishops in Convocation, signed by the Abbots of Aberconway and Ystrad Fflur, stating that no place had been chosen "where we could with safety do him [Edward I.] homage." In 1281, the same noble and devout prince writes to Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, complaining of the "great damages which are done unto us by the Englishmen, to wit . . . the robbing and burning of churches, the murdering of ecclesiastical persons, as well religious as secular . . . the destroying of hospitals, religious houses, killing the

men and women professed in the holie places, even before the altars."

Honour be for all time,—aye, and when time shall be no more,—to the brave Cistercian monk of Abbey Cwmhir, who, at the peril of his life, ministered to our prince as he lay in his dying agony. Yes, I say advisedly, at the peril of his life; for history tells us that in consequence his ministerial vestments were snatched off his back by Roger Mortimer. A sacrilegious act, worthy of one, who afterwards murdered the infant sons of Gruffydd ap Madoc, Lord of Bromfield, in order to seize upon their inheritance.

Doubtless, after the conquest of Wales, and the murder of so many "men and women professed," i.e. Welsh monks and nuns, the Normans filled their vacant places with English men and women. This must have been the case at Maenan, or two English chaplains would not have been required. No wonder that "an honest Welshman" could with difficulty be found to act as chaplain there.

Think what must have been the feelings of our countrymen as they saw Aberconway,—the religious house founded by their greatest king,—Llywelyn Fawr, razed to the ground, and the cruel conqueror's castle rising from its ashes.

It is pleasant to read that, two hundred years later on, a Franciscan friar was also a bard, I refer to Tudur Aled, who lived between 1480 and 1520. We may also conclude that Basingwerk Abbey had returned to its national allegiance, for Guttyn Owain, one of the most distinguished bards of the fifteenth century, was its historian and herald bard. He filled the same offices at Ystrad Fflur, and resided alternately at those two monasteries.

The failings of the bards have been severely commented upon in the mabinogi of Taliesin. I should not allude to them, save that it is well to remind ourselves that we are all liable to err.

The virtues of courage and of loyalty have been found alike under the cowl of the monk, the robe of the bard, and the helm of the soldier. Patriotism belongs exclusively to no age and to no garb.



A LAPSE OF MEMORY.

By LYDIA A. HUGHES, Llanengan.

L LYWELYN HOWEL was about twenty five years of age, a straightforward, upright, and good tempered young man, and, when in addition to these solid good qualities, he was possessed of irrepressible wit and a keen and subtle sense of humour, it will be readily understood that he was a prime favourite wherever he went; at home, amongst his fellow workers, and in the different clubs and guilds of which he was a member. He was a descendant of a yeomanry stock in Lleyn, but his father, whilst still a youth, had gone to London to seek his fortunes, and had met with moderate success. He married an English woman, and for this reason, and because of other circumstances connected with his avocation, he was not able to associate himself closely with Welsh institutions and societies in the Metropolis. But let no one in the mother country take for granted that he, therefore, was a good example of Dic Sion Dafydd, that type of "a man with soul so dead," who has not only *for-gotten* his native land, but *despises* it when brought to his remembrance. Whether that type is extinct or not, William Howel did nothing to revivify it or to promote its longevity. Long ago he had read on the cover of "*Y Brython*," a Welsh periodical that came to his father's house when periodicals were not so numerous as at the present day, "*Câs gŵr na charo'r wlad a'i macco*," and patriotism was interwoven with every fibre of his nature. The honour of his native land was dear to his heart, and in all things he so conducted himself that not through any failing of his could the finger of scorn be pointed at his

countrymen. More than once he had been told, and his ears tingled when he listened, "*You are the only Welshman I have ever known that is worth trusting and loving*," which saying, uttered in good faith by impartial observers, *suggests* that some Welshmen, when amongst strangers, do not think of the honour and good repute of the land that gave them birth.

Few things gave Llywelyn more pleasure than to set his father talking of the scenes and incidents of his youth, until Lleyn and many of its inhabitants, some of them original and unique, were almost as familiar to the son as they were to the father. And the young man himself was no mean hand at telling a story; he had inherited the fine sympathy and delicate sense of humour of the Celt, for let it be said in a whisper, our excellent English neighbour *is not very witty or very humorous*. He *laughs* enough, in fact, he is so cheerful and laughs so much, that a sensitive Welshman, whilst in his company, begins to imagine that he, himself, must be a rather gloomy and unsociable kind of being. But it is chiefly "smart" retorts and "cheap" fluency that he has to offer for wit and humour. But it is one of his many strong points that, without any loss of self respect, he can appreciate good qualities in others, which he himself does not possess, and Llywelyn Howel was the favourite story teller with his English friends.

One night last autumn, when they had all settled down to the work and duties of winter, it was suggested at one of the guild meetings that they should devote

one evening to holiday anecdotes,—remarkable occurrences, strange adventures, or comical events that they had witnessed in their holidays. The suggestion was taken up and acted upon, and several anecdotes were forthcoming. One man had been on an Alpine tour, and had climbed a higher peak than any of those who had gone before him; another was nearly lost in a Highland fog; another cycled through North Wales, and told of some queer experiences that befell him; whilst a fourth, a lady, had the high privilege of being at Copenhagen whilst the Prince of Wales was there. But at length Llywelyn's turn came, and this is what he told them,—

"Most of my holidays, as you know, are spent at my father's birthplace. A quiet repose is the chief characteristic of the place, and when I have also to confess that I have never been in a railway accident, a ship wreck, or engaged in any stirring adventure, I fear that I cannot give you a thrilling account of my holiday experiences, but I might tell you of a very curious lapse of memory that once befell me. I was, as usual, spending my holidays at Llanddewi. I have told you before of the beautiful scenery, the dreamy soothingness of the surroundings, and the leisurely habits which almost charm me into thinking that this mighty city with its turmoil and unrest is but a phantom, and that it is quite unnecessary to be particular as to dates, that a week, a month, or a year, more or less, in the completion of a work or the fulfilment of an engagement, is not of very much moment. I have also told you of the kind hearted inhabitants, and some of the notable characters amongst them. I must not enlarge on these topics just now, or some of you will be accusing me of rhapsodizing. But I may tell you that the days glided by peacefully and happily. They passed away all too swiftly, and I awoke one morning wondering whether that day would turn out to be just such another as its predecessors, and I thought, as I had 'done' the neighbourhood pretty thoroughly, I would have a quiet day on the farm with my uncle Rhys. I had been to chapel on Sundays; and I had also been to the week night service at the parish church, for the sake

of my forbears that sleep in the graveyard. Like the good boy I am I had gone through the ordeal of going to tea to the houses of several old friends who tolerate me because I am my father's son. I had been out with the mackerel fishers in their little craft, and had grown friendly with the lighthouse keeper on the island. I had been bathing in the blue waters of Porth Canol, and had watched the stormy breakers dash themselves in fury on Creek Head. I had left my bicycle at home, preferring this time to find my recreation on the sea and in converse with the people. I dressed leisurely, and from my window I could see the fields that separate the old home from the village; the ancient church and churchyard where 'the forefathers of the hamlet sleep,' and the village itself with hills nearly 'round about it.' I watched the smoke curling peacefully up and losing itself in the blue sky; I could see part of the white road leading to the chapel, and I thought how all life, moral and intellectual, in a Llein parish, flows from and in turn flows to the chapel; I could see the windmill crowning one of the hills, and I remembered how these scenes were the earliest that my dear father's eyes had rested on. I proceeded with my dressing in calm forgetfulness of the wide, busy world, in which my lot is cast. But suddenly and overwhelmingly a change came over my consciousness, and I seemed to realize that a dreadful thing had happened. *I was to have had a fortnight's holiday,—I had started early in August, and now it was the middle of September!* Instead of a fortnight I had been away six weeks. How on earth did it happen? Why did I not go back at the appointed time? Or, if anxious to stay longer at Llanddewi, why did I not write to my employers for permission? Or if dreaming and loto-seating had taken away my senses of responsibility, how was it that my parents did not send me a reminder? Why did not my Welsh friends, who knew well enough I intended staying with them only a fortnight, give me a hint to go? Thus I fretted and fumed and blamed everyone and myself most of all. Again and again I asked myself how it happened, and what would be the con-

sequences? Must it cost me my situation, and, more bitter thought, lose me the good opinion of my employers, which I had always prized so highly?

"I wearied myself with torturing doubts to no purpose, and after a while my bewildered astonishment and impotent rage found a belief in the best channel,—physical activity. I began with feverish eagerness to gather my goods together and to pack my portmanteau. The most hard hearted among you would have sympathized with me could you have seen the enormous difficulties I had to conquer in order to achieve this apparently simple object. I could find none of my things in their accustomed places, and I had to ransack the house from garret to basement, and force open the locks of certain drawers where aunt Angharad keeps some of the 'best things' wrapped up in tissue paper accompanied by bunches of thyme and sprigs of rosemary. When after this unheard of search I had gathered all my treasures together, I had to use all my strength in getting them into the allotted space, and my wrist was nearly sprained in the strain I had to put upon it to get the portmanteau locked, and I might have been the only human being in the place, for no one offered me any help or any sympathy. However, I was at last safely landed in Daniel James' conveyance, which would take me to Pwllheli, the nearest railway station; of the transference of myself and my luggage from my bedroom to the car I have no recollection whatever. I felt as in a dream, and responded to the kindly farewells of the villagers by a stony stare. I passed my own and my father's lifelong friends without even waving my hand in parting salute. The dear old village seemed but a shadow; the beautiful bay but cloudy mist, and the animated conversation I usually held with my genial driver was out of the question. After what seemed an endless ride I reached the station at Pwllheli three minutes too late for the train I wished to catch, and there, in numb and dumb agony, I had to wait for two long hours. That weary time of waiting came to an end, and I was once more on my journey. The dreary wildness of Eifionnydd and the majesty of Arfonia

were entirely lost upon me, and I knew no more until I got out at Bangor. There I had to change carriages, as I had been unlucky enough to miss the London carriages, which, in the summer months, take you from Pwllheli and the neighbouring stations on the Cambrian all the way to Euston. At Bangor I could get no information of my train, either from porters, huffy or good tempered, or from guards, genial or stern. Though, in fairness to them, I must confess that I may not have put them intelligible questions, as I seemed to be in a half paralysed, helpless condition. However, wandering about to try and find out by my own observation, seemed preferable to any more fruitless parleying with these officials. Finally, I found myself in a long tunnel, black as night. But before I could gather my slow wits together and retrace my steps, it was lit up by the red, fiery eyes of a gliding serpent, and I knew an express train was bearing down upon me. I could neither utter a cry, nor move a muscle. Even now, when I remember the horror of that moment, my heart seems to stand still and my hair to bristle 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.'"

Here Llywelyn's audience was moved with pity, and excited by the desire to know how he escaped what seemed inevitable destruction. After a short pause he resumed.—

"Perhaps you would like to know how it was that I escaped a horrible and merciless fate? I was not led by any instinct of self preservation to throw myself down between the rails and lie still, and thus through lowliness save my life; I was not favoured with a special interposition of Providence striking the panting monster with the chill of paralysis and causing it to stand still; neither was my deliverance wrought in any such manner as is related in fact or fiction. *I simply awoke out of a troubled sleep to find myself safe in bed*,—like the 'man of Elatow,' I awoke, and behold it was a dream!"

The horror that had frozen the mind of the company gradually gave place to a sense of profound amusement, which, at last, found vent in shouts of hearty laughter, and a loud burst of applause.

THE HOUSE OF THE TWISTED SAPLING.

AN IDYLL; A FARCE; AND A TRAGEDY.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL,

Author of *The Jewel of Inys Galon, Battlement and Tower, For The White Rose of Arno, etc.*

BOOK III: A TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE JUDGING OF THE JUDGE.

THERE is no occasion to linger over the preliminary details which prelude the final trial of a man indicted for murder.

Since his new incarceration, Tom Hawys had borne himself with a deep calm which nothing could ruffle; a strong patience which neither murmured at the weariness of delay, nor chafed at the suggestions of the defence. His work on earth was done; he was now merely existing till the empty forms of those laws, which had so failed before, should finish up their handiwork with what seemed their one end,—the gallows. Nothing that anyone, even the administrators of the law themselves, could now do would avail to stay the final act, any more than to bring back the dead. Therefore why trouble? Let be!

And Owen Bevan, listening to all this, felt a chill of despair creep over him as he recognized that all efforts at saving such a man would likely be stultified by that man's own words from the dock.

He tried argument and appeal until Tom answered in a manner which showed at last how absolutely beyond all argument he was.

"As to taking up my life afresh in this world,—even if I were allowed to do it,—what is there, or can there be, in it for me? When all I have, or want, or look forward to, is in the other world?—my wife and child and vengeance.

"A merciful sentence, as you call it, would mean penal servitude instead of hanging. But that mercy would keep me here in this life, whereas I want to leave it to follow the Uchelwr. I sent him to God for God to judge, and now I must follow as a witness against him. For you surely do not consider the killing him to be enough punishment for what he did to me! I only killed him to send him to where he could be punished; something not possible here on earth.

"How could it be? He had no wife or child to suffer through, and above all, right in the beginning comes the point that he was guilty and I was innocent. Absolutely nothing in

this life, or on this earth, can offset the difference between those two, guilt and innocence, and so weigh out a proper punishment. If he had been so placed here that it was possible for him to be punished on earth, do you think I should have killed him? No, I should have stayed alive and worked at his punishment. But it was not possible; only God could do it, and so I sent him up to that bar to be judged. As to the mere death, that is only stepping through a door, from one life to another. It may be terrible to a man like Mynachty with a conscience loaded as his was, but that was not because of the pain of death, but from fear of the judgment hereafter.

"Even if I could have sent him by way of laws and gallows I would not have done it, for then God might think I did not feel my wrongs so much. But sending him myself is like making a clamour before the great throne. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' and that means that God waits till the man comes before him to be judged, and then deals him out justice, full and absolute. That is what God is, justice! That is what He is for. I tell you that if we did not know for certain that there was a God and a hereafter, then we should have had to set them up for ourselves and believe in them; for there are so many injustices here on earth which no laws of mere man's making could ever fully recompense till the balance was level again, that we have to fall back upon the omnipotent justice of God after death. If not we should become like mad dogs, and die foaming and mangling one another from very impotence of ultimate redress. I thought these things all out in prison. I was thinking for seven years and it always came out the same. I know. God is justice!

"So now what do I want with delay? I only want the law to be quick, for I am impatient for the Uchelwr's punishment to begin. But because his punishment is certain, and because he is gone where there is no escape, I will wait with patience on the ordinary delays of the law. Only do not make any more,—for my sake let it go its own gait."

And so the solicitor had been forced to leave him

at that and fight as hard as he might outside, hoping against hope the while.

Thus once again Tom Hawys stood in the same dock as before and,—by what he held for no chance but the will of heaven,—before the selfsame judge.

When the clerk of the court put the question,—“Guilty or not guilty?” the answer rang through the gloomy courtroom like a trumpet.

“Aye! this time I understand you; I can speak English! Yes; I killed Mynachty,—the man of education and standing in the community,—I executed him. Proceed!”

Then, as the prosecution called the first witness, Owen Bevan, he broke in, calling to the judge that he would tell them the whole story himself,—he seemed to have suddenly emerged from his apathy at the sight of the functionary upon the bench. When he was told that it was necessary to formally prove the case he yielded at once, remaining on the alert however to bring out the various details and supplement them when the witness, with grave demeanour and modulated voice, would have kept them back or slurred them over at most. He listened with manifest impatience to the account of the confession of Jacob Shop with which the solicitor prefaced the rest, and later, when the draper followed the auctioneer in the witness box, his lips curled in contemptuous scorn as he watched the judge through the tale, never once taking his eyes off him.

And the judge, as he listened to it; what of him? At first he attempted to phoo! phoo! his conscience with platitudes. “Justice was bound to err occasionally, and what if this man had been innocent of the actual stealing of the seven sheep, or had not really gone the full lengths of revolutionary agitatings and spoutings before attributed to him? Did not his whole line of conduct since his release prove him to be a dangerous man, who had hitherto merely lacked the occasion for such outbreaks?”

“The man’s nature was fundamentally criminal, and therefore the particular point of his entry into prison did not really signify. Had it not been one thing it would have been another, and if not sooner then later. Moreover, as things had turned out, it would have been infinitely better all round had he been sentenced for life instead of simply seven years; there would not have been this brutal murder, and consequent most annoying exposure, to have disturbed everybody. It was a great pity.”

Then as the evidence proceeded and witness followed witness, blow upon blow forging the links of his own condemnation, he began to face round upon his soul with that earliest defiance,—

“Am I my brother’s keeper? I am here to administer the law according to the evidence brought before me. Am I responsible if that evidence be false and my deductions consequently faulty? Does not the blame lie rather with the prosecution upon that occasion?”

But instantly came the answer,—“Yea! thou wert this man’s keeper at least. The evidence is not the uttermost all; there is the weighing of it and the seeing that no jot or tittle of impediment be allowed to hamper the accused man in his defence. And if this man knew no English, or even only enough to carry him stumblingly through the petty businesses of a trivial day, was it justice for thee to deny him an interpreter and say that he should be tried as if he knew English as well as his judge did? As he stood in the dock all his mind was on the stretch,—what language then should he be asked to speak in save the one he always thinks in? Was it justice to make him in his defence forego the use of the instrument he was familiar with, and so could make full use of his own language, and instead to force him to use another instrument, his judge’s language, with the full significancies and niceties of which he was not thoroughly acquainted? Is it not a boast of your law that a man is held innocent till he be proved guilty; and that no innocent man shall be penalized? This man had not yet been proved guilty,—why then was he penalized by being denied an interpreter? And if it be answered that he was suspected of knowing English, still, there was a doubt upon the point. Your law says that if there be a doubt then the prisoner shall have the benefit of it,—why then was this man not given the benefit of the very reasonable doubt that he had a full and thorough knowledge of a second language besides his own? A judge is supposed to have no other aim than the administering of impartial justice; but impartial justice takes account of the accused man’s mind and gives him every help to defend himself. Didst thou do justly then by this man?”

Thereafter, as he listened to the words of the witnesses from without and the accuser from within, his confidence ebbed away and his trepidation increased, so that when the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict of “Guilty” and he, previous to assuming the black cap, asked the prisoner if he had anything to urge why sentence should not be passed; he sat in strange silence and gave unaccustomed licence to the speech that came in answer.

For at the question the prisoner straightened up at once and spoke, looking full at the judge as he did so.

“Seven years ago I stood in this dock, dumb,

for I could speak no English, nor understand it. And because I could only speak one language and not two, straightway your pompous self-sufficiency swelled out till it filled up all the path between me and justice, keeping the light from me and causing me to stumble at every step, instead of you standing aside and letting me have straight and clear course. Because I could speak only my own language and not yours, you shackled me the whole way through, and then sentenced me to what you yourself called a severe term of penal servitude; while I, God help me; stood like a sheep and knew nothing, or, rather, what was worse, knew only things distortedly and in pitifully fantastic shapes. You cared nothing that the end and aim of pure justice is to get at the absolute truth first, and then to let the law step in and act upon that truth when found. Pure justice is so anxious for the truth that it is patient as the day and broad as the day's light; setting out things as unshrinkingly on the right hand as on the left, and seeing as clearly towards the one horizon as the other. But were you patient? Were you broad of vision, straining as earnestly and seeing as clearly on the one hand as the other? No, you thought rather of the dignity of yourself than of the dignity of your office. You were so savagely set upon your seat, clutching your robe to you lest the world should forget you wore one; vindictively wrapping the ermine of the judge about you to soothe the self-love of the man, that you never thought of lifting your eyes and looking to the larger issues before you. You thought only of yourself and not your office. And so you sentenced me and in the same world sentenced my wife and child to death, for they died in consequence of what had happened to me.

"I thought of all these things in prison; I had seven whole years to think in. I knew that it was impossible for earthly laws to give me full recompense upon you all. Moreover, I remembered always that it was the Freeholder who had brought all the rest upon me. So I chose him for my chief object, and sent him up first before me to the only judge who can consider all the wrong and all the blood that lies between us to the last drop. But when the gallows sets me free to go on after him; and when I have stood and witnessed against him and seen God do justice upon him, then I shall still be sitting in that court, patiently waiting for the day when you also must come after. I will be witness then against you too for what you did here on earth to satisfy your distorted sense of your own importance. There are three lives against you to be answered for.

"And now I am done!"

The judge upon the bench listened spellbound.

The poor rags of dignity which he had attempted to draw round him when the first witness unfolded his damning tale, unstrivingly yet pitilessly condemning him, fell away completely before the ringing tones of this doomed felon in the dock, triumphantly arraiging the powers that tried him. There was a majesty in the man's presence,—grand with the simple grandeur of an unanswerable indictment; grand with the awful grandeur of one who must so soon face the court eternal,—before which the empty fripperies and wizened trappings of this stultified court shrank away into nothingness.

He could not withdraw his eyes from those deep eyes opposite and, when the prisoner so solemnly cited him before the judgment seat of the Almighty, he shivered visibly.

As the echo of the last word died away, deep silence fell upon the court. The tension became unbearable; the judge writhed in his seat. Then a murmur arose around the door of the hall, increasing to a clamour before the usher awoke to a sense of his duty.

That official's strident call for silence, however, brought some reminder of the judicial character of the proceedings. The judge made an effort to play his part.

Hastily assuming the black cap he mumbled over the dread sentence of death upon the man who was the least moved of any there. Only when the last solemn formula,—“and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul,”—was spoken, the prisoner answered with steady voice, “Amen!”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

“THE PRICE OF HAVOD Y GARREG.”

JACOB SHOP was in a pitiful case. There was now no one to be crown's evidence against or for, and all his confession had only swamped him deeper in the detestation of Cildeg. He dared not go home again and face his infuriated wife; her dire threatenings anent the vanished bank account were the common taunt of the gossips who congregated in the road outside his present refuge.

Up to the date of the trial Huw Auctioneer had been his protector in hope of benefitting Tom by the confession; but since that hope was come to an end, he had begun to confer with Owen Bevan as to stirring up the authorities, or the powers that were, or the treasury, or some equally ferocious and uncomprehended quantity, against the miserable outcast.

Jacob, crouching in one of the many warehouse sheds of the auctioneer's riverside premises, only heard this by way of rumour, mingled with the scornful taunts and epithets hurled at him over

the wall from the street, for he certainly would not have shown himself openly in public.

Threats, too, were frequently mingled with the general opprobrium, and the circumstances of the Freeholder's wild death and desolate burial, unwept and unattended, were held up as something even to be preferred in comparison with what was coming for him. The police would catch Evan Attorney soon, and then!

For the police were really upon the track of that ornament of the law. When, after biting off the ear of his client in his sudden mania, he had fled eastward, he did not reckon upon having his own tactics turned upon himself. But the screams of his victim brought Humphry Constable rushing into the road, barefooted and breechless, just as he had jumped out of bed. Prompt as any younger man, he caught at the fleeing figure as it passed and managed to get a firm grip of the coat. Quick as an eel, however, the other slipped out of the wide garment and with a hissing curse sped on, leaving the constable staggering to regain his equilibrium in the roadway.

Pursuit was hopeless, the lawyer, middle aged as he was, was yet far too young and agile for the grey headed corpulence of the other, and besides he was booted as against bare feet. On such a rocky road that settled it. With daylight, search had revealed the severed ear lying in the road at the exact spot of his interception and that, in conjunction with the coat, the voice heard in cursing, and the solicitor's absence, clearly proved the identity of Shop's assailant.

Everybody, of course, knew the exact reason for this attempt at murder; as everybody would very soon have let you know did you care to listen,—only, everybody had a different explanation to everybody else. Therefore, things being in such a state, folk were eager for the capture of the fugitive, in order, as everyone said, that each person's distinct and individual theory might be proved to be correct, and each other person's entirely otherwise.

Also the police had taken possession of the office and papers of the decamped attorney, to the unbounded satisfaction of the lean servant, who now not only saw some prospect of at last obtaining her arrears, but also became a person of the first importance, when, with hands under apron, she fulminated against her vanished master to the gossips unwontedly gathered round the back door.

And if any man wants to know what a man's character can come to, he ought to have heard what was said over that doorstep.

Fresh tidings of the fugitive came every hour, even though nobody came into the town in those hours, and telegraphs were yet unknown. van

Bowen had been traced to Chester, to Liverpool, to London. The police knew his hiding place and were watching it,—in all three places at once, for, according to as many cliques, he must have become equal to the bird of famous memory.

To-day he was to be captured; to-morrow brought back, said the Red Dragon, and no rival house dared more than defer the date in controversy upon the reliability of the news. "Therefore," said everybody at once, "let us go and tell Jacob Shop." And accordingly they went.

By the time they reached the auctioneer's place, however, the number of prospective arrests had been doubled, and the draper, lying in the loft of the middle shed and roused by the volley of old pails and tins flung over to attract his attention, heard the delectable news that Evan Bowen was even now being brought into the town by the police, and his own arrest was to follow that very evening.

Then it rushed upon him that his protector had looked vindictively at him that morning, and that he had not long since heard a sound as if the lock had turned in the door. Many a time in the night just gone his mind had swelled in amazement as he wondered what he could ever have seen in money that it should have tempted him to risk this for the sake of it. And hour by hour of this morning his pitiful cry had gone up from between dry lips,—“Och! if I had only known!—if I had only known!”

Thus at this jeering announcement from without he rushed at once to the door with the intention of instantly escaping. Heavens! it was too true! the door was fast! locked from the outside! He fell on his knees in despair. Yes! it was all plain now. This confirmed the horrible news thrilling in his shrinking ears. That shrilling mob of pitiless demons outside! would they never cease? Oh for an earthquake to swallow all up together!

Terror ran riot through his anchorless soul. Covering his ears with trembling hands he strove to shut out the fearful exultings, but in the new silence the old picture of Judas and the hanging came again to his staring eyes. With a broken sob he bowed his face between his knees to blot out the terrible vision.

But there are no lids to the mind which can be closed on such a picture, and in his brain it showed with lurid distinctness, edged as the horrible figure was with a million-coloured corona. And between his sobs he moaned in despairing repetition,—“Three lives! oh if I had only known! if I had only known.”

Suddenly a large stone struck the slates above and, rolling down with a hideous clatter, fell crash through the roof of a lean-to below. At this fresh

horror he started up. He was to be stoned to death! he could hear them prompting one another to it. Caged and cornered! trapped like a rat! to be worried and pounded to death!

But he would not wait for that; he would escape at once; this instant! Yet how?

The one window was at the end overhanging the river and not overlooked by any other building or point near. That was the way! but,—the drop was thirty clear feet to the boulders below. Bah! he looked sharply round upon the oddments and remnants of past auctions, lumbering the room, and spied out a couple of short lengths of rope. So! tied together these would reach quite far enough. This thickest and shortest piece made fast to that spike inside the window sill; and this other tied to the end of that; and then,—but speed! speed!

How the glass cut his hands and knees as he clambered out and began to slide down, with the room behind him thundering to the bombardment of stones. That knot was loose! never mind,—ha! he felt it give and then, with a stifled shriek, he fell the remaining half distance to the stones below.

Bruised, bleeding, and half stunned; yet under the influence of that all dominating fear he rose again at once, still unconsciously clutching the untied piece of rope.

How the river swirled and eddied in that wide pool! chin deep and icy cold to him; but he pressed dazedly on till he reached the thicket on the farther bank.

Ho! this was dry land, now run! run!

How slow his chilled limbs moved. Beat them! strike them! But no, the feeling would not return. Stagger on then! stumble on! drag on! anything rather than be caught.

This way; along these fences, so! faster now, the numbness is gone from the legs. What is this? The eastern bluff of Drumhir clothed with thick woods to the summit! The very thing! on! on! What a steep climb! what rocks! never mind! upward, ever upward, with the breath coming in gasps and going in sobs, and the eyes blind with the throbbing. The crest at last, and now out along the open heather, struggling, stumbling, staggering, but never halting; never looking back; never pausing to listen or think; push on!

Then the blood faster and the feet slower; slower yet and more wildly unguided, till, at last, sheer exhaustion; blank oblivion!

A shudder of the limbs; a long drawn sigh; a gasp,—ha! where was he? What place was this? Ptah! this was where they had turned back from chasing the seven wethers when they left Reuben Ploughman to drive them on in that other life.

With a yell he turned and fled forward again.

Along under the line of the cliff! This was the way those seven grey fiends had gone when the long, black devil of Mynachty had bought his soul, long, long ago! Those seven were now behind and chasing him as once he had chased them. Of course, this was part of the compact, but the Uchelwr had been too cunning to set it out in the terms when he bargained. On! on! was this the beginning of his damnation? Was this to be his eternal torture? One never ending flight through a desolate waste of rocks, driven by that ghostly seven?

His breath whistled in his throat, tearing it like pincers; the cold of early winter nipped the wounded place where the ear should have been. "Ho! of course, now he knew! That other secondary devil; the attorney devil! he had bitten off that ear so that the seven should know him,—it was the sign of him in this new life. On then! on!"

His blood hammered at his temples and swung in his brain like sledge strokes; surely his head would burst! But he was failing again,—he was down! Then to it, hands and knees; crawl, drag! strive! another yard! just one!—with a wild scream of despair he stretched along a second time insensible.

Once again he recovered consciousness and started up. "Ah, Heaven's mercy! what was that sailing round so close above his head; a raven!" Who had spoken of a raven? Ah, yes, that was Tom Hawys of Havod y Garreg,—his tenant. What had he meant by that? Let him see. What was he saying, oh yes, "what—had—he—meant—by—that?" How could he tell? But it had something to do with himself.

Ah! that was it! those seven that chased him,—the answer to that riddle would be the spell with which he could defy the grisly seven.

Kind and good Tom Hawys; that had always been a good man and never behind with his rent. He would go round now to the Havod and ask him the answer. This huge white mass in front! that was Aran, snow clad and frost wrapped. He must turn to the right here across those beech-hung boulders. But how slowly he was moving!

This thing was the cromlech and he would gain a respite here while the seven halted to report to the one demon who had lived under that stone since Aran was first upheaved. Now through the Dinas, the dead city of legions of dead devils, and once more upon the other slope with a straight run for the Havod.

How ominously dark those clouds overhead,—that would be the pall which canopied the mouth of Gehenna. And those few flakes that once would have been snow,—they were the white ashes

of the wretches who burnt forever. That wind from the east, which would have been so cold in the other life,—it burnt like hot swords! it was the blast of the unquenchable fire. Of course; for it came straight from the Havod where the good Tom Hawys had overcome the great Uchelwr devil, whom the earth had opened to receive.

Aha! this was Havod y Garreg, why! it was in ruin! Where was Tom Hawys? And the seven,—they were close upon him now. Inside! Shut the door and bar it; quick!

Ooh! there was no roof! they would leap over the walls!

This thing in his hand; what was it? A rope! how came it there? One such had broken and let him fall from the loft,—had it pursued him? Yes; it must be so; was not one end of it frayed and unravelled? That was how it got along the ground; like a snake,—not a crawling, curving snake; but erect and moving without effort or struggle; gliding along, noiseless, unresting, remorseless; Nemesis!

Oh! that he had seen it in time! he would have shut the door and kept it out. Vain! Vain! It would have come over the wall or through it. Not all the mass of Aran piled upon Y Garnedd would have availed to stay the progress of that awful Thing. But he would flee once more,—better the pit pat of the Seven than the silence of this One,—better the mumbling mouths of the others carrying him down to the Pit, than the still fearfulness of this! And, what? three strands? That was it! Three strands, three lives; three that he had sold; and they had twisted themselves into one rope to hang him. Of what use now his struggles to leave the others behind thus to become the prey of this goblin horror?

See! how it clung to his hand although his fingers were wide stretched like claws! He could not cast it loose; it burnt and seared itself fast to the shrinking palm beneath. Mercy! mercy! see how it forced his stubborn fingers to tie a knot and slip a noose in its firm end,—would his bowels burst too?

Ha! that was all that had lacked; it forced his hands upward,—it forced his eyes upward. There, against that black lift a blacker thing!—the end of the broken roof-tree. The noose wriggled in ghouliah glee; it leaped upon the beam! it hung fast! See! see! upon the eaves the seven, mumbling and stamping, and upon that broken beam the crouching form of the great black Uchelwr devil,—but they were late! Kind friends, all too late to save him now,—the goblin rope had shaped another noose in its frayed end,—it leaped upward with a piercing yell and tightened round his neck.

“Yah! Holl!”

Then the black night with its snow storm shut him in.

For two days the whirl of that early storm hid the uplands in a tossing pall of grey. On the third morning the farmers in the valley, casting their eyes upward as the day struggled forth, were gladdened by the rose pink of the higher peaks; the crystal white of the lower hills, and the sapphire of the valley sides,—the storm was over and the sky was clear. Then the young sun flung back the cloak from his brows and the world lay before his feet, flashing and scintillating in wondrous beauty, clothed in exquisite loveliness,—a robe of dazzling tinting.

Not to the farmers in the lower lands, however. Good honest hard-heads; they distrusted the beauty of that robe; it was too apt to choke the life out of the sheep on the mountains. They must be up and away to dig out the flocks it had buried.

The new tenant of Glwysva was the first to reach Havod y Garreg on his way, and while he paused to breathe himself he thought he would just glance in and see if any of the stock had taken refuge there from the snow.

“What is that? Evan! Evan! here! quick! See! Jacob Shop is hanging!”

“Ah! dear king! Jacob Shop is dead!”

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONCLUSION.

ALL Cildeg was agog with the news of the draper's death. So determined he must have been to hang himself like that, with his toes touching the ground and his body fallen forward in order to choke himself to death by his own weight on the rope.

But, then, what took him up there? Oh! that was plain enough. He went up there to hide, thinking that nobody would ever dream of looking for him in the house of the twisted sapling. But again, in that case, how came he hanging? Could it be that Evan Bowen had been up there also on the mountains and, seeing him come, had cunningly hidden till he passed and then tracked him down and hung him; sitting beside him till he gasped his last. It must have been that way; there could be no other for it.

Thus oracled the men in the market square, but the old grandmothers knew better than that; or, rather, could explain it better. And the wee folk, clinging to granny's skirts and crouching to her knee from the flickering shadows of the evening

hearth, started at each new gleam of the flame upon the farther wall as they listened to the awe inspiring whisper in which granny told them how Evan Bowen had sold his soul to the evil one and how Jacob Shop had baulked him by his confession; so that he had only so many days more to live, and how he had utilized the last day of his time by luring Jacob Shop up to *Havod y Garreg* and there hanging him, sitting astride his neck till he was dead, and then giving himself quietly up to the devil, who had been squatting on the beam above till the deed was done.

And, those young folk being the fathers and the mothers of the *Cildeg* of to-day, it is therefore well known that this is the true version of the end of Jacob Shop,—and of Evan Bowen. Moreover, look how easy it was to prove the correctness of it. Hadn't everybody been talking of how that attorney had been caught by the police? And yet it turned out after all that the police had never seen so much as the print of his foot since the moment of his slipping through the hands of Humphry Constable. Nor from that day to this has anyone whatsoever ever found sign or track of Evan Bowen, solicitor, *Cildeg*.

Meanwhile Owen Bevan and Huw Auctioneer would carry the news to Tom, in the jail away in the assize town, and take a last farewell of him. They were sitting this night in the former's office talking the whole thing over again previous to starting on the sad journey to-morrow.

The solicitor had just finished recounting to the auctioneer the story of the pagan oath, as Tom had told it to him long ago, and an eerie silence had fallen between the two at its conclusion.

Several long minutes the silence had lasted and the ticking of the tall clock was growing louder and more aggressive, till Huw Auctioneer began to shift uneasily in his seat.

"Jen Lwyd's curse," he broke forth at last. "Jen Lwyd's curse! I've heard my mother talk of it often when I was a boy, and a fearful curse it was. And it sat upon the bedfoot when she came to die, for she died hard with the terror of it. They had to open every door and window in the house to let her spirit pass, and even then she would not let go, for she feared the ravens would seize it. Aye! they killed a black dog at last and sprinkled the bedposts and the window sills while they spoke spells, and then she would

hardly loose her hold on life. It was an awful dying as I've always heard say.

"And, too, if Tom Hawys swore that oath, then be sure, Owen, that nothing could ever save him; for the long stones and the black lake never did let a man go yet that ever swore by them. They never slacked their grip yet and never will."

"What nonsense you talk," replied the solicitor, with a fine attempt at ridicule.

But the other was not moved by that. He shook his head while he answered sturdily,—"*Nonsense? Nonsense yourself, Owen Bevan. You know that it is true, for all your law that works out anyhow,—the swearing by the circle works out always the same.*"

"I'll have to tell the parson about you."

"Then tell him the truth,—that you believe it too; and then he'll like as not tell you that he can't explain it, but,—and there he'll be stuck fast like yourself. 'Tis a victim of the circle we are going to see to-morrow."

And the lawyer only filled the glasses before him for answer.

The storm had threatened to renew itself and therefore they had given themselves an extra day at starting to visit Tom. But already as they breasted forth the snow was falling fast and the wind moaning in strange cadence, boding rude blasts to come. Wilder and wilder grew the storm as the day wore on, and dawn of the second morning found them snowed up in a wayside inn. The precious last Sunday came and went, but the country was utterly impassable to any conveyance. Then in desperation they fared on afoot, floundering through the deep drifts at a hopeless rate, till at last the dawn of the fatal day found them still some few miles from the jail.

Though there was no longer any hope of seeing their friend again in this world, yet still they struggled on, until at last, topping a rise that gave upon the town they sought, the gloomy mass of the prison met their view. As they paused to look, the deep boom of a bell in solemn telling fell upon their ears.

"Hark!" cried Owen Bevan. "The passing bell! his passing bell! too late! All is over!"

And the auctioneer, baring his head, fell upon his knees in the snow to pray the pitying Christ that he would meet the soul of poor Tom Hawys.

[THE END.]

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